A Maid of Old New York

Amelia E. Barr

"CORNELIA LINGERED IN THE GARDEN."

A Maid of Old New York

A Romance of Peter Stuyvesant's Time

By AMELIA E. BARR

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I Dedicate this book to
GENERAL PETER STUYVESANT,
Governor of New Netherland,
A. D. 1647—1664.

Confidant, that wherever he now dwells, and by whatever name known, he is fulfilling God's will and work with triumph and acclaim.

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CHAPTER ONE

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

It was the feast of Candlemas, the second of February A. D. 1653, and the Birthday of the City of New York;* a fine winter day, cold and clear with a glorious sunshine over land and sea. The frosted trees sparkled and shone above the white streets, noisy with a happy crowd of men, women and children. The men had an air of triumphant gravity, the women, dressed in their best garments, were visiting from house to house, and the youths and maidens were going with laughter and chattering to skate on the Collect Pond or the East River.

For this was a day of rejoicing, and there was a release from work of every kind. It was the birthday of a new city in the world; and its citizens may have felt—though they could not see—the glory of its future. They had spent seventeen years in remonstrances against the autocratic rule of Governors who followed their own wills and whims; but now the Great Company whose subjects they were had granted them a civic government, after the free and noble pattern of their Father-

*New York was then called New Amsterdam

land. They had won a great victory; its result was music in their ears, and they eagerly followed the official with the Proclamation in his hand as he read to a fanfare of trumpets and the rolling of drums the welcome words. They could not hear them too often. From the Fort to the State House and the various hotels, they escorted him with exultant cheers, and were much displeased because the cannon on the ramparts had shouted no welcome to the new born city.

Its present Governor, the austere and despotic Peter Stuyvesant would have spiked every one of them rather than have set them booming over such an event.

"There is nothing to rejoice over, Anna," he said angrily when his sister entered his presence with this request; "nothing to rejoice over."

"The people are calling for the cannon, Peter," she answered, "and they have a right——"

"They have no right—not a rag of a right! The cannon belong to the Company. Dost thou think I will use the Company's powder to help the bawling of rebels against its lawful, supreme authority? Thundering, blundering idiots, all of them, but the devil will send the consequences fast upon their heels—that is to be hoped and looked for—yes, indeed!"

Anna Stuyvesant Bayard was a tall, fair woman, with clear, blue eyes, placid countenance, and a resolute mouth and chin. She drew a

chair opposite her brother, and sat down; and the angry man was instantly disconcerted.

"Give them the cannon, Peter. They are rejoicing over their right. If, instead of being Governor of New Amsterdam thou wert one of its citizens, no one would make more noise than Peter Stuyvesant."

"Anna, the citizens of New Amsterdam are a mob of all races and conditions, with enough of English among them to breed treason naturally. It is a mob, Anna, a mob. Is a mob fit to be trusted with self-government? As for the English——"

"They are rich and respectable."

"They are malignant fellows, disturbers of the peace, never satisfied. Somebody is always injuring them. They are born rebels, born usurpers of other men's rights. They are also godless men who never attend divine service, or take the Communion. I know them, Anna! Yes, I know them!"

"The English are not in the question."

"Confound them! They are the whole question. They joy themselves in exciting the people against the servants of the Company, and their sovereign rulers. This trouble is of their brewing."

"Before there were any English here the Dutch were imploring the Company for a civic government."

"Civic government, indeed! Mob government, rather! A fine mess they will get the colony into. God ordered Kings, and Rulers; Principalities and Powers. He said nothing about the mob governing themselves."

"God gave way to the mob, and let them have their desire."

"He did not."

"Peter, thou hast forgotten. Before the Jews chose Saul, God had been their King. But when they objected to God, and wished to govern themselves, the universal public demand was one which even God recognised, and submitted to."

"Anna Bayard, we are Christians — not Jews."

"I think the Massachusetts Colony——"

"I won't have that Colony named! It is made up of low-minded, greedy creatures; niggardly, money-loving men, full of valor—on a foraging expedition I have tried to do right by every man; but the dishonest abuse me, and the stupid misunderstand me. I wish that God, ordinarily or extraordinarily, would show me what to do among such a low, unreasonable crowd."

"Well, Peter——

"I tell you, Anna, eighteen languages may be heard on our streets. For such a rabble of a city, there is only one good government, and that is the will of a strong, wise, honourable man."

"Like thyself?"

"Yes, twenty times yes! I have been a good governor, yet they complain and complain of me, end without end. It is treason to complain of magistrates. Yes, it is high treason."

"If they should deserve it, Peter?"

"It is treason, whether they deserve it or not. Men who do so, should be thrown into a dungeon —they should live on bread and water—they should be hung—hanging is too good for them. I would——"

His temper had risen with every declaration, until it dominated, not only his words, but his actions. He struck the table violently, and his voice rose and rose, until it reached the screaming *alto* of an uncontrolled passion.

Then the door of the room was gently opened, and a very pretty woman entered. She was small but well-formed, with large, soft hazel eyes, and a complexion rosy and brown as an apricot. Her hair was fashionably dressed, her clothing of rich material and glowing colours, and its make after the last French mode. On the floor her high heels made a tap-tapping, and the Governor turned slightly and looked at her. She answered the look with a smile, and the next moment laid her small hand on his shoulder.

"My dear Peter!" she exclaimed, "I am afraid Anna is troubling thee——"

"I was only trying to make Peter do what he ought to do, Judith."

"But always Peter does what he ought to do! Is not that the truth, dear?"

"There are some people who think I never do what I ought to do, Judith."

"No, no, Peter. Always thou art wise and prudent, but the people whom thou hast to govern are the most ungovernable creatures in the whole world. I do think that."

"They are idiots and fools, Judith. And this hullabaloo and uproar is because they have at last worried a city government out of the Company. There is nothing wrong with my government."

"It is perfect. It is much too good for such ungrateful men and women. But if thou wilt remember, Peter, twelve of these idiots are coming at two o'clock to dine with thee, and no doubt they will begin coming at one. And thou art not dressed as Director General Peter Stuyvesant ought to be. Look at me!" She spread out her skirts, and beamed upon the angry man, and his temper waned and wasted, so that in a few moments, Anna rose and left the room. But she did not forget the last word so dear to women; for as she held the door open for her exit, she said:

"Peter, set the cannon booming for the people. It is their right."

"I'll be shot if I do!" was the Governor's answer; but it was lost in the somewhat emphatic closing of the door.

"Peter, thou must make some haste. Allard

Anthony will be here before anyone, and he will be dressed like Solomon in all his glory. Put on thy velvet suit with the slashed sleeves, and thy Flemish laces."

"Nay, I like the plain linen collar best, Judith."

"Please thyself, but wear the Company's scarf, and the ring they gave thee. On the table in thy room is thy new black skull cap, and I have embroidered it round with a little wreath of gold laurel leaves. It will be like a diadem round thy head, and when thou art dressed, like a king thou will look, every inch of thee."

Peter laughed. "I will tell thee something, Judith," he said, "Van Duncklagen called me to Van der Donck, 'Our Great Muscovy Duke.' He said further: "I was like the wolf; the longer I lived, the worse I bit."

"Who told thee that?"

"One who saw the letter in which it was writ."

"Then that one told what was secretly given to him. Such a man I would not trust further than I could see him. He is a little villain, and is only waiting for the opportunity to be a big villain. Have a care of him, Peter."

"I fear him not. If I could fear any man, Judith, it would be Paul Van Ruyven. He says few words, but he hates me, that is as plain as the lion on his guilders. And he takes every occasion to thank God he has his own business, and

is none of the West India Company's servants."

"Thou should have asked him why the West India Company was not good enough to be his master?"

"I did that."

"Well, then?"

"He answered! 'Because I am a man of honour and honesty, and it is well known the Company's servants both bite hard, and carry away.' And that is true enough, Judith; but he need not to have added: 'Moreover, I like not to have men of small behaviour set over me!' With that I took fire and gave him some words which he has set down in his memory against me."

"He can bring nothing evil against thee to pass. Dress, as I have told thee. Go down and look thy bravest, and tell these contradictious men all thy mind, and there will not be one of them able to say 'no' to thy 'yes.'"

And as it often happens, while Peter Stuyvesant and his wife were talking of Van Ruyven, Ragel Van Ruyven was talking to her husband about the Governor.

"Make thyself of some importance, Paul," she said. "This is the day thou hast waited and wished for. Be glad in it. Ever thou art too quiet."

"Listen then to the noise on the street. I am tired of it. When the town was quieter, men had more business, and more contentment."

"Tell me then, how any town could be quiet, or even peaceful, with Peter Stuyvesant at the head of it. If he but come into a room and there is only one man in that room, the quarrel will begin. Since ever he landed in New Amsterdam there have been quarrels going on. If you only look at the man, you feel as if you had got a challenge to fight him. That is so, Paul."

"I know; I have felt just that way."

"I thought this day thou wouldst be happy. For now we shall govern ourselves by the law and the people's votes, as in the Fatherland, and the great Director must abase himself a little."

"Not he!"

"But he must give us what has been granted. Thou, and others will see to that."

"He will strip and pare down, and interfere, until little will be left; and there will be more quarrelling than ever. That is what I fear."

"Hoping is as cheap as fearing, Paul. Wait and see."

"To speak it plain, Ragel, the Company gave Stuyvesant absolute power, and never has he been backward in using it. Will he give any of it away to a City Council? He will not."

"But the Company——"

"The Company do not want us to have a civic government—far from it. Their own will and way, through a Director sworn to their interest, is what they wish. The States General forced the

Company to let us have the rights of our Fatherland, but Stuyvesant will have private instructions, and these he will follow."

"And then?"

"Will come quarrelling, and fines, and imprisonment—and in some way or other, Stuyvesant will make void everything granted us."

"I will hope that all the good men in New Amsterdam will be too many, and too much for that one man. Keep thy eyes and ears open, Paul, I shall want to see and hear through them; and Agratha also will be curious."

"Where is Agratha? She should not be from her home in the mornings. She ought to be helping thee, and learning about house cleaning and house keeping."

"Thou knowest she is lifted above that care. Why should she learn how to clean a house?"

"Where is she?"

"At the Anthonys'. She is learning to speak high English from them. It is good for her."

"'Twould be better, she was learning how to cook a good dinner at thy side. The Anthonys are not much liked."

"That is because they dress so showily, and as for the fashion, not even the lady Judith Stuyvesant can match them. There is no harm in that."

"They are English to the top-notch, and live in the English quarter. Allard Anthony calls it

the 'Court End' of the town—city I mean. I want not Agratha to get English customs and ways—nor yet their high English speech."

"'Tis the Court way."

"The Grammar way is good enough. What do the Anthonys know of the Court? I think not much."

"Well, well. We will talk about Agratha's English to-morrow. Go now to thy Dutch Governor. Perhaps he may please thee better to-day."

She watched her husband out of sight, and then had the fire built up and the hearth swept, and sat down to her wheel. Its humming was conducive to thought, and her daughter Agratha always furnished her with plenty of material. For Agratha was a fairy child, who had had both her hands filled with gold before she was five years old. At that age her uncle Christopher Barent died, and left to his niece Agratha Van Ruyven everything he possessed.

This man, though the financially great man of his day, has been forgotten, for he did nothing to give humanity cause to remember him. Many great works and charities appealed to him for help, and he had had moments in which their claims might have been listened to; but one day, as he was carrying his little niece about the garden, she nestled her pretty face close against his, and said in her baby patois: "Ratha loves Uncle Chris, she loves him in her heart." This

was a love he could not doubt. He blessed the child unawares, and told her to say the words again and again, and a great love sprang up within him for the beautiful child who "loved him in her heart."

From this cup of love he drank for nearly three years, and then dying left all his great wealth in return for it—farms and warehouses in Holland and his splendid residence at the Hague; all his large holdings in the ships and shares of the rich East India Company and rolling money in the bank of Amsterdam; large interests in England, mostly in real estate—and in New Netherland one vast track of land, lying between the Hudson and Passaic, and smaller ones in the best settled portion of Long Island.

But though now nearly sixteen years of age Agratha had been told nothing of her inheritance. It had been her uncle's special instruction that she should not anticipate her fortune. "She shall have my gift," he said, "with the joy of surprise on it. A full joy she shall have, not one that has been dribbling away in years of weary waiting."

But although the secret had been carefully kept from the world, it was difficult for the mother to be silent. Agratha was such a vivid element in her future that it seemed as if the girl herself had a certain prefiguration of her destiny; as if the Inner Woman, consciously or unconsciously, was

forming a personality proper for the mistress of a great fortune. The love of splendor was inborn and native to her, and extravagance of all kinds the natural way in which to spend money. No clothing was too rich, no equipage too ornate, no house too large. Nothing she saw in New Amsterdam satisfied her ideas of a possible and sufficient magnificence.

For she read much history, and she was constantly in the company of the best English families, who carry their traditions and their family romances all over the world with them. To their tales of the grandeur of old palaces and manor houses, and the stately pomp and luxury of Court festivals, she listened greedily. These stories, doubtless exaggerated by time and distance, fed her imagination; she dwelt in old romantic castles, rode and danced with nobles, and feasted at the King's table. In those days there were no novels, but she told herself a thousand stories, and Agratha Van Ruyven was always their heroine. It is a dull soul that has no premonitions. Agratha's soul was eager and lavish, it promised her all things desirable, even though their possession seemed then an impossibility.

Often while she sat sewing by her mother's side, she talked to her of what Lady Moody, or the Allertons, or Stillwells had said, and afterward when she freely expressed her own desires and in-

tentions, Madame Van Ruyven did not discourage them. On the contrary, her usual answer was:

"What may happen when thou art a woman, no one can tell, Ratha."

"*Agratha*, moeder. It is much finer to say Agratha. Madame De Montaine is always called Agratha, and Lady Moody told me one day that Agratha was the name of a duchess."

"Well then, thou may be a duchess some day. It may so be. Stranger things have happened."

"Then I should be spoken of as, Her Grace the Duchess Agratha. And his High Mightiness Peter Stuyvesant would have to bow to me, and be polite. Now, he is often rude and disagreeable, moeder, and I wish I did not have to go to the Fort for my lessons. Why do I go to the Fort, moeder? I would like to go with the other girls to the City Hall, and——"

"It is a great favour, and a great honour that the Governor gives thee. For his own help and convenience he brought here to be his Secretary, the famous Domine Luyck, from Leyden—from the great University of Leyden—Remember that! And because thy uncle was, in youth, his comrade and friend, he looks a little after thy education. Very proud and thankful thou ought to feel."

"My uncle's friend, he may have been; I do not think he is my father's friend."

"What can thou know about men and their

friends? They are not like women, always saying sweet words to one another. Men often say hard words to each other and yet remain good friends."

"They say bad words, dreadful words. The Governor says them very often, if Lady Judith is not present."

"And if she is present, then he does not say them. Is that so, eh?"

"That is so. She looks at him and he is quiet. But his wood leg is not quiet; he knocks the floor with it very hard. It says the bad words for him."

"And then?"

"Madame smiles, and smiles, and very soon the Governor goes away, and Madame has the best of it. Oh, I listen and look, and I put this and that together, moeder; and when I am a Lord's wife, or a duke's wife, I shall behave as Madame Stuyvesant does."

Between mother and daughter such conversations as this were frequent, and they supplied Ragel Van Ruyven with plenty of romantic thoughts, as she sat at her wheel that memorable second day of February. Indeed the afternoon went so pleasantly and swiftly, that she was suddenly astonished to see the grey night looking in through the window. Then she rose, set by her wheel, and called a man to throw some light wood upon the red bed logs, and just as they filled the

big living room with their dancing lights, the door was pushed swiftly open, and Agratha entered. She ran straight to her mother, crying in the sweet treble voice of early girlhood:

"Moeder, moeder! Look at me; I am wearing snowflakes." She was a slight little figure, dressed in a dark cloth pelisse, trimmed with raccoon, a crimson satin hood and overboots of raccoon closed with small silver latchets. She made a charming picture for a moment, as she stood in the red light of the blazing wood. Joyously she laughed and chattered as her mother helped her to take off her outer garments, and when the crimson hood was removed, the charm of the girl was more perfectly revealed. It was the magic of a face full of the faculty for enjoyment; the features finely modelled, the eyes dark blue, laughing with boundless good humour and sweetness, and a complexion like the freshest of wild roses. Her golden brown hair was pushed behind her pretty ears, and then left to wave and curl in picturesque freedom, and her clear, sweet voice had in it tones that only the spring birds know.

The grace of a girl allowed to grow up in perfect liberty was in all her movements—that physical grace which comes not by the dancing master, but by light, freedom, exercise and plenty of fresh air. She carried herself proudly, and anyone who wished her friendship or company, had to court her, she would never court them. This

latter quality had been quickly noticed by Lady Moody, who declared it to be the natural democracy of a fine natured child; for she added "the noblest children, whether they be male or female, are born democrats." And as Lady Moody was herself an uncompromising democrat, and had suffered many things for her opinions, we may in this matter accept her dictum.

In less time than it has taken to make these observations on the girl, her snow sprinkled garments had been removed. Mother and daughter were talking merrily, as the latter unclasped her fur boots, and stepped lightly out of them. Then she shook herself gently, went to the hearth and stood before the fire. Her bright hair, dark green dress and scarlet shoes, tied with a bow of ribbon, made her a delightful picture in the glimmering lights and shadows of the blazing wood.

"And who brought thee home, dear one? Was it the Governor's man, William?"

"With my fader I came home."

"Where then is thy fader?"

"At the garden gate, finishing his quarrel with Mr. Van Derlyn. Soon it will be over, for I heard fader say: 'That is all about it, Sir, all about it.'"

"About what?"

"The Governor, I suppose. When men quarrel, it is about the Governor, or the English—one or the other."

"That is the truth, but how dost thou know it?"

"Moeder, when a girl is more than fifteen years old, she feels things; she does not need to know them."

There was the sound of heavy footsteps, as Paul Van Ruyven opened, and shut and locked the front door. "It snows, it blows, it is zero cold," he muttered crossly, "and no one is going out again this night."

"No one is wanting to go out, Paul. What is the matter with thee? Art thou cross?"

There was no answer to this question, for while Madame was speaking a young man had entered the room, and was assisting Van Ruyven to remove his wet cloak and boots. No one noticed him, and his presence was evidently a common and expected event. Yet in that youth's person was embodied such ruin and wrath, such loss and sorrow, as will never again occur in this world unless the world runs backward to conditions, now almost forgotten.

He was not handsome, yet no one passed him without a second look, for his stature was great, and he was extraordinarily graceful and supple in his movements. No Indian could outrun him, and his agility was a constant source of wonder to the slow and heavy Dutchman. Only that morning Van Ruyven had seen him place his hand on the top of Timothy Hall's five-barred gate, and

then vault over it like a bird. But his face was thin and sombre, even sad, his hair red, and his large brown eyes nearly always cast down. And he spoke little and rarely, even his "yes" and "no" were generally signified by a movement of assent or refusal.

However, his short, speechless visit to the living room made a change in its atmosphere. Van Ruyven, thoroughly comfortable in his warm house coat and slippers, forgot his irritation, and with the utmost satisfaction sought the comfort of his big chair on the hearth. Agratha was shaking up its soft cushions and beaming a loving welcome on his approach. Madame was setting the supper table; the tinkling of china and glass made a pleasant sound, and whenever the inner door was opened, a delicious aroma of coffee and hot wheat bread and cooking meat, floated in with refreshing suggestions of good things to come. The antique homeliness of the room, bright with fire and candle light, was what Van Ruyven loved. He looked at his still handsome wife moving about between the table and the cupboards, then glanced upward into the bright, beautiful face of his little daughter and flung off frets of every kind, as he would drop a garment that hurt him, as he said with a sigh of thankfulness:

"Glad I shall be of my supper. I am a hungry man, Ragel."

"Listen once!" cried Ragel. "Listen once,

Agratha. With the Governor thy father dined not three hours since, and he is a hungry man!" Then with a laugh, she asked:

"Had thou not a good dinner at the Governor's, Paul?"

"The dinner was not bad for men who like that kind of dinner. For me I want something I can chew between my teeth."

"To be sure, but then Madame Stuyvesant's dinners are always praised."

"They are good enough for women and children. How the Governor keeps up his temper on them I know not."

"Perhaps she could not manage Peter, if she fed him on good fat sausage meat, or red juicy beef. Some men have to be fed low. What did thou have to eat?"

"Eat! The first dish was not eatable, we took it with a spoon."

"Soup, I suppose?"

"Clear soup they called it. Very clear indeed it was, just like the barley water thou gave me when I had the fever."

"Many people like such soup, Paul. When Madame Stuyvesant introduced it, everyone thought it tasty and genteel."

"It may do for cradles, and sick beds, Ragel. I like my soup as thou makes it; rich and brown, with a taste of vegetables in it, and little joints of ox tail through it."

"Still, Paul, Madame Stuyvesant seasons delicately."

"Well then, season is not substance, and thy seasoning is the best I ever tasted."

"What else did thou have?"

"Chicken done up in a French name—fricassee. I like thy chicken pot-pie better."

"Fricassee and pot-pie are much the same thing, Paul."

"They don't taste the same, and there was some yellowish powder on the fricassee, they called it curry. The devil must give you the appetite to eat it."

"Curried meats, and curried rice, are now the fashion, Paul."

"Then God help men, if fashion is to order their food, as well as their clothes."

"Always, Paul, thou will set the fashion for thy own table. What was next served to thee?"

"Some cold, raw miscarriage of a dish, called a salad—leaves covered with oil. Not even in winter weather, would a cow touch them!"

"Fader, dear, Lady Moody always has a salad to her dinner. She grows lettuce under glass for it."

"Well, then, I am sorry for Lady Moody. A woman of her rank ought to know better."

"She says the great Oliver Cromwell delights himself in a good salad."

"Oliver Cromwell did not do his fighting on

oiled lettuce leaves, I will swear to that. Now, Ragel, give me some more sausage and fried cakes, and Agratha will tell us where she spent her day."

"First of all, fader, I went to the Fort and the Domine heard some of my lessons, but not all of them. In two hours I was free to do as I wished, and I decided to go to the Anthonys'. But as I was going down Broad Street I met Anna de Sille, and she asked me to go home with her. Moeder, she is only fourteen years old, and she is the mistress of her fader's fine house. They are going to have a large supper party to night, and Anna has the management of everything."

"Well, then," said Van Ruyven, "the most of the men who were at the Governor's to dinner, will be at de Sille's to-night. Then they will say what they think of Director General Peter Stuyvesant; and some of them think as bad as they can of him. Nicasins de Sille can talk plain enough when he thinks it safe."

"You should say the Hon. Nicasins de Sille; Anna always gives her fader his title."

"Anna is a silly child. Does she think New Amsterdam is the Hague?"

"Anna says her fader entertains here, just as splendidly as he did at the Hague. She showed me their famous dinner set of blue and white china, and their tea set brought from Pekin, with strange figures painted on every piece; and oh, moeder,

such silver! and such crystal! And Anna is so bright and clever, and has so many beautiful dresses, and is so fond of me. I am proud of her friendship, it is a great honour to me."

"Nonsense, I say! Her friendship is no honour to thee! it is the other way."

"Well, then, Agratha," interrupted Van Ruyven, "did thou go to the Anthonys' afterwards?"

"No, fader. Anna and I sat a long time talking and eating."

"Very foolishly, no doubt."

"No, moeder, we had a good meal, and I liked it. We had some chocolate, and krullers, and apple pasties, and whipped cream, and nuts and raisins, and an orange beside."

"And I dare say, thou wilt have a headache to-morrow."

"I think it will be fader who will have the headache. Poor fader, with the clear soup and raw vegetables!"

"Well, then, did thou go to the Anthonys'?"

"Yes, fader, but all was in confusion there, and I felt myself in the way."

"In confusion! Why?"

"There is to be a supper and dance at the Stillwells', and a young Scotch Lord is to be one of the guests. Elizabeth Anthony said she had seen him, and he was handsome as a prince; young and gay and beautifully dressed."

"That is too much, I believe it not."

"Moeder, Miss Anthony and her sister have got such pretty gauze dresses to dance in, and white sandals, moeder. I wish I was a young lady! I want to go to a real ball so much!"

"Thy day will come, Agratha. Wish not thy good, sweet girlhood away. Was there any talk of the Moodys?"

"Lady Moody is at the Stillwells', fader. She came in to meet Lord McIvar, who is the son of her cousin. Sir Henry is not coming, I believe."

"That is strange."

"No, moeder. Sir Henry likes books better than men and women, and I heard Mrs. Anthony say, 'Sir Henry Moody lives among the angels.' I did not like that, for I think she was mocking at Sir Henry."

"I hope thou kept quiet. Sir Henry Moody can fight his own battles."

"I said only, Sir Henry is very good, and I wish I was as good as he is. Then Elizabeth Anthony called me a little Quakeress, and I went away."

"Elizabeth had no right to call thee such a name. The Governor would be angry at her; for he likes thee, and he hates a Quaker. It is a great pity Elizabeth is so sarcastical."

On these subjects Madame and her daughter fell into a pleasant gossip, for Agratha had heard a great deal of conversation between Madame

Stuyvesant and Bayard, concerning Lord McIvar and the hospitalities to be shown him. "They are going to give a ball at the Fort for him," she said softly, with a sigh, "and do you think, moeder, the Governor will ask me? If he does not, I shall coax Madame to do so. I only want to look on!"

"No doubt the Governor will ask thee. He is always so proud to say to any stranger—'this is my ward, Agratha Van Ruyven.'"

"Why is he proud?"

"Because God has made thee so beautiful. I will see to it, that thy best white dress is in order."

"Moeder, I want a new dress of white gauze with silver stars all over it, like Elizabeth Anthony's dancing dress."

"Well, then, it may be so, if I can get thy fader in the mood to give it to thee."

They had let this conversation gradually fall into low tones, and Van Ruyven had apparently been lulled to sleep by the soft monotony of their voices. But when the big Dutch clock, with its little ships rocking on the waves every time it ticked, struck nine, he instantly stood up, alert and wide awake. Sharply clapping his big hands, he threw open the door leading into the kitchen, and immediately two men and two women entered and ranged themselves in a row behind Madame's chair.

Then Agratha laid upon the table a copy of the

superb and scholarly States General version of the Bible A. D. 1619, a massive volume a foot and a half long, one foot wide, and half a foot thick, with its four corners ornamented by chased triangles of solid silver. The girl carried the book reverently upon her outstretched hands to the table, and then took her place between her father and mother.

"We are standing in God's presence," said Van Ruyven. "Listen, then, to His Words!" In a slow, ponderous, but very effective manner, he read the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm, and at its close all joined in reciting the short, beautiful evening prayer from the liturgy of the Dutch church: "*The day is far spent, the night is at hand, temper our hearts to good thoughts so that our sleep itself, may be to Thy glory.*" The invocation was followed by a few moments of perfect silence; the simple rite being over the men and maids went quietly away, and Agratha lighted her candle, and bid her parents good-night. Her father walked with her to the foot of the staircase and watched her out of sight; he had begun the practice when she was a little child, and he could not be happy if he omitted it.

When he returned to the living room, Gus was bringing in a little brass kettle full of boiling water, and Madame was setting out the Hollands and sugar and the goblet in which to mix the bedtime drink. Van Ruyven filled his pipe, and the

man Gus took a hot coal from the fire with the tongs and lit it for him.

"Good-night to thee, Gus," said Van Ruyven. "Have my boots and cloak fit for me by eight o'clock in the morning." Gus bowed assent, and left the room.

"That boy is next door to dumb, Ragel. Can he not talk?"

"That question I do not ask myself, Paul. There is noise enough with the other three."

"Sit down, I want to speak to thee now."

"Why not before, then?"

"Many reasons I had for silence. I care not to speak against Stuyvesant before Agratha—that reason will do for to-night."

"Paul, thou art learning thyself to hate the Governor. That is unwise. While he is Governor, we are as much at his disposal as the shoes on his feet. We must walk as he wills. It were better for thee to try and think well of him."

"There is good sense in thy words, Ragel. Also I wish not to be unjust, for I remember well that Isaac Allerton said to me, we ought to judge a great man by his excellencies—not by his faults."

"And surely Stuyvesant is a great man? Many say that, Paul."

"Stuyvesant is a magtigen (mighty) man in his own ways, but his ways are not often our ways. Sit near me, and I will tell thee what words he said as we eat our dinner to-day."

Then Ragel Van Ruyven drew her chair to her husband's side, and after he had taken a drink, and smoked a minute or two, he was ready for that confidential talk, which is the prudence and solace of all husbands worthy of a wise and loving wife.

CHAPTER TWO

THE BALL IN THE FORT

Ragel began the conversation with a reference to his poor dinner but Paul answered: "No, Ragel, it was a good dinner for those who like their meat after the French fashion. And I can tell thee, if the food was Frenchified, the talk was straightforward Dutch. The Governor stripped his words naked. He left none of us any excuse to say we did not understand him."

"So far, good. Was he handsomely dressed?"

"He wore the Company's colors as a scarf, and the big diamond ring they gave him on his right hand. On his head was a fine silk skull cap, with gold leaves raised round it, and a gold cord and tassel."

"I saw Madame making that cap. It was very handsome."

"And though he was in his own house a trumpeter announced his approach, and his four halberdiers, with their axes, walked before him. Truly, Ragel, if he had two legs instead of one, I say plainly he would be a most majestical man. As he entered the room, we rose, and as soon as he was seated he began to reprove us."

"Well, then, for what?"

"Thou guess for what."

"The rejoicing in the city?"

"Listen once! for our want of piety, and our disrespect toward God."

"Now Paul, thou art making a deceit!"

"The truth I tell thee. He said 'if we considered the occasion one to glory in, he thought men brought up in the Kirk would have had the decency to praise God first. But no! Even Domine Megapolensis had not thought of that duty. Every house in the city was open for revelry, every mother's child eating and drinking and making a vile noise over it. Only God's house was shut and silent! If the change in the government was a case for triumph, why was it not carried into God's house,' he asked, 'and were the citizens ashamed to take it there? He believed they were—he hoped as much,' and so on."

"What nonsense!"

"William Beekman said the fault could be amended on the coming Sabbath, and Stuyvesant answered, 'Please God, I will take care of that.' Then he asked me what I thought of the change in the government; and I told him, that it was a steady principle with me not to meddle with other people's business. 'The government is the business of Director General Stuyvesant,' I added, 'it is not my business.' And he was pleased with my words and answered: 'You are right, Van

Ruyven. The government is good as it is, and those discontented men who are always complaining are not my friends.' "

"Well, then, if he is their enemy, they had better go and live in another place."

"That is so, Ragel. When Stuyvesant can pay back an injury, he does it item by item; and usually he can pay that debt. But Ragel, there is another side! If he is the friend of any man, he will stand by him through thick and thin, through fire and water, right or wrong to the very end. I like that. A man should stick to his friend."

"Even if he be such a one as the wicked Van Tienhoven? Every man, woman and child in New Amsterdam hates Van Tienhoven, and all men know that the spoils of the company stick to his ribs. Yet Stuyvesant stands by him through every evil report."

"A man must stand by his friends, that is so, for our likes and our dislikes, Ragel, are often beyond our understanding. And Stuyvesant is a discerning man, yes, indeed. He knows human beings as some persons know horses and cattle, by just looking at them. I have seen him throw one sharp quick glance at a stranger, and then I am sure he knew exactly what manner of a man he was."

"Then he ought to know Van Tienhoven."

"He does know him."

"Then why does he stand by him?"

"Thou ask Stuyvesant 'why.'"

"No; he will ask me, why I stand by thee? Did he tell his company just what Holland has done for us."

"Yes, he said the States General had given us a municipal government like that of Amsterdam, and graciously allowed us to elect our burgomasters and schepens."

"Good! Great! What did Stuyvesant say to that?"

"He said he would allow no elections. He would appoint the city officials himself, and he there and then appointed Arent Van Hattam and Martin Cregier burgomasters, and Van Grist, Van Gheel, and William Beekman schepens. When Allard Anthony said the people would not be satisfied if they did not elect their officers, he stopped him sharply, and taking the words from him said, as he struck the table a blow that made the glass shake and rattle, 'I will have no public elections! I will not have the men round me playing with fire. Public elections! what kind of representatives would they give us? Fools tossed to the top, on the wheels of chance; and the electors would be still worse. I know what popular government means. *Christus!*' he shouted as he struck the table again, 'no country is well governed that asks the opinion of the mob. Popular Government! Popular idiocy!'"

"Well then, he may be right, Paul. Did anyone answer him?"

"William Beekman, who can take more liberties with Stuyvesant than any other man, said, 'There are exceptions, Governor,' and the Governor shouted, 'No, no, Schepen Beekman, not one.' '*Holland! Fatherland!*' came like one voice from the men at the table, and then Stuyvesant passionately answered: 'Holland, God bless her, is not in the latitude of 1653! She is a few centuries ahead. Be silent, all of you, and answer me one question.' Then we sat still waiting for the question, and after he had drunk off a goblet of Portugal wine, he said: "Do you think it is right and wise that the vote of every fool and knave, of every blackguard and pauper, should be as potential and valuable as the vote of the wisest and noblest, the most learned and wealthy in the land? A government on such a foundation must come to an early end; yes, likely to a violent end. It ought to, it deserves to. It is contrary to nature; it is contrary to order; it is of very necessity destructive. For God's sake, and for your own sakes, if you have any common sense, judge this question by it."

"And what was the answer, Paul?"

"Every man lifted his glass and took a deep drink. There was a sort of murmur, what it meant I could not understand, but the Governor took it as an assent to his opinions. For when

Van Hattam asked what was to be done in such a case, he said: 'We must put our feet down flat on all popular government pretensions, and one of the most powerful snubs to base, beggarly political upstarts will be to inaugurate a great and little Burgher Society as in Holland.' Van Hattam said, 'I see not, Governor.' The Governor snapped him up like a whip lash and answered: 'Then you are as blind as a bat, burgomaster! You have lived too much in the wilderness? If you cannot see that, the only way to keep down and smash underfoot a beggarly low-minded, greedy, popular government is to create over against it an exclusive, dominant aristocracy. That is now the first thing to be done, and I shall move in that direction to-morrow; no later.' He said these words and many more with his usual sauce of Latin and Dutch oaths, and abusive epithets."

"Paul, it is the man's way. Thou and others should think how long he has been set over rough soldiers, who like enough did not mind anything he said, if it was not said in the devil's name. Shall we be any safer or better off, because our village has been made a city? That is the chief thing."

"Well, then, I think not. It is a grudging favour at the best, and I am sure Stuyvesant has his private instructions from the West India Company. Our dear 'Hollow Land' is so far,

away, and the West India Company is at our table, and on our hearth, and in our Kirk, and our good or ill fortune is in its hand. Stuyvesant told us plainly, not to imagine that a civic government had in any one lessened his power. He said he should preside at every civic meeting if he wished to do so, and also at all trials by the Court; and bringing down both his hands furiously on the table, he advised us to remember, that within all the bounds of New Netherland Petrus Stuyvesant was Governor, Domine, and Magistrate."

"So it is! Dost thou not remember, Paul, that about three years ago, when Holland sent our burgher guard, arms and a stand of colours, Stuyvesant would not allow the guard to have them. Yes, and when they complained, he said they had interfered with his power and publicly took away from them their pew in the Kirk."

"I remember, Ragel, and I remember also that when the guard followed him crying—'Give up the colours!' he turned and faced them like a lion, and shouted back: 'I shall do as I please.'"

There was a few minutes' silence, while Paul refilled his pipe and Ragel threw some fresh wood on the fire. As she resumed her knitting, she asked with a fresh curiosity: "What art thou laughing at, Paul?"

"At Van Gheel," he answered. "He is used

to drink beer only, and the Governor's heavy wine was too much for him. He fell asleep at the table, and made some queer noises, and Stuyvesant looked at two waiting men, and they lifted him by head and heels and carried him into another room. I wonder me if he be yet sleeping and snoring there? It was hard to keep the laugh secret, but the Governor's face was like a stone, and before the drunken man was out of sight, he turned to Allard Anthony with a fight on his face."

"For what reason, Paul?"

"For asking the Governor if he had met the young Scotch lord who was paying a visit to Lady Moody?"

"Well then, had he?"

"Who can tell! He said almost angrily: 'Mynheer Anthony, I take leave to say we all of us know too many English. They are a race of unprincipled, malignant, brazen villains. They go bouncing and swaggering over the earth, as if it belonged to them; and whether you believe me or not, we shall have all we can do in New Amsterdam to prevent the English from lifting the latch of every house door, and thundering at the Fort with no runaway knock. Well I know they are preparing to do it at this very hour.'

"'They talk of such things, Governor,' said Van Hattam, 'but words do not take forts, or slay men.' Stuyvesant did not notice Van Hattam's opinion, he went on declaring that he could

not understand why God made the English, unless He sent them as Apollyon, to try the faith and courage of other men! 'Yet,' he cried out, 'Mynheer Anthony, and the best of our Dutch families, are talking of feasting this lord and his companions. *God!* If I am any judge, we shall soon be buckling on our armour to fight them,' and the passion in his voice, and hands, and eyes, I can not show thee, Ragel."

"Well, then, I have seen Stuyvesant in a rage. One does not forget that sight. What did Anthony say?"

"There was no need for Anthony to speak. Paul Lenaertse, looking Stuyvesant full in the eyes, answered, 'We have had enough of talk against the English. They are rich and respectable. They pay their taxes without grumbling. They always stand by the law and the government. I intend to entertain Lord McIvar. He is a handsome, kindly youth, and a sort of cousin to our general friend, Lady Moody.'"

"And how did Stuyvesant take those words?"

"He cooled down like a fire of straw, and sat sulkily silent until Lenaertse ceased speaking, then he answered in the voice of an injured man: 'I am obstructed and doubted on the right hand and the left, but though all should turn up their noses and the palms of their hands at my words, I will say again, beware of the English; for be sure, if we let them sit in our councils and feast in our

homes, we are dragging the Trojan horse within our gates.' Nobody answered this remark, and he stood up and said more pleasantly, 'Gentlemen, we will drink together a parting glass to the city of New Amsterdam.' Then he looked at Van Hattam, and Van Hattam said, 'Peace and Prosperity be within her borders'; and Stuyvesant answered: 'If it be so written, so it will be.' That was the end of the dinner and Van Derlyn walked home with me, but to speak it plain, Ragel, he is no friend of the Governor. He talked too much about Lenaertse's rebuff."

"Well, then, everyone talks about the power Paul Lenaertse has over Stuyvesant. They say they were long together in the West Indies, and that Stuyvesant called for him on his way to New Amsterdam, and brought him here with him. He has the finest house in the city, but he does no business, and people do wonder and sigh and shake their heads, and look all kinds of suspicious things. Old Madame Van Laer said plainly one day, as she took her long pinches of snuff: 'There will be—some counting of guilders between them. Every wrong thing—beds itself—in guilders. Our Governor—is not badly off—Lenaertse is rich—very well—in some way it is guilders! Guilders!'" And Ragel laughed a little, as she imitated the snuffy interruptions.

Paul answered with decision: "Far wrong are those that think guilders could stop Stuyvesant's

rages, or stay his tongue. Lenaertse has a more powerful weapon than guilders. All men say that."

"Well, then?"

"Say it should be a woman. There are beautiful quadroons in Curacoa."

"Paul! What art thou saying?"

"Keep what I have said secret and silent. Madame Stuyvesant hath a great spirit and a high temper. Stuyvesant, who fears not to change words or blows with any man, would quail to look her in the face, if she heard some love story from Lenaertse. And back to Holland she would go with her boys. I make no doubt of that. Then the Company would be making inquiries, and then, the Governor's life would be everyway ruined."

"It is your thought that he may have a quadroon wife in Curacoa, and perhaps a family? Paul Van Ruyven, I believe nothing of the kind. It is well known Peter Stuyvesant frowns on all immoralities, and a better husband and father does not live. That is the truth. All women say it is a matter of guilders."

"Yet——"

"Yet what?"

"Stuyvesant has been young once, and most men have their little romance hid away in the bygone years. But if Lenaertse should begin to tell anything of this kind, every man in New Amsterdam would stand with Stuyvesant."

"So, so! That is right. The pot should not call the kettle black. No, indeed!"

"Listen to me, Ragel. What I have said on this subject, is a secret to thee only. If thou but whisper it to one other woman, then in a week all the women in New Amsterdam will be whispering it to each other, and what would come of such whispering the devil knows best."

"Thou may safely trust me, Paul. I will tell thee one thing—the Governor will have to entertain the English officers and the young lord.

"He will not."

"I say he will be compelled to do so. To-day Agratha heard Madame Stuyvesant and Madame Bayard arranging an entertainment for them. It is to be a ball and supper in the Fort."

"Well now, if the women have decided on it, what can Stuyvesant do? I am sorry for him, he has to give up so often."

"Very good that is for him. We shall be certainly asked; wilt thou go?"

"I see not how to help."

"We shall have to take Agratha with us. She has set her heart on that."

"Well, then, why not?"

"She must have a new frock and a pair of dancing sandals. The Governor likes to watch her dancing, and she will want thee to step a galliard with her."

"Not out of my own house, I am too heavy."

"I will go to Cornelis Steenwyck's store in the morning and get her a white dress."

"Wait until we are sure it will be wanted. I say Stuyvesant will not have any entertainment for the English."

"Madame Stuyvesant will; then what can he do?"

"He will retire—he will not make an appearance."

"Thou wilt see. And now it is late and we will go to our good sleep. Very kind it is of the Blessed One to break our lives into little portions and give us a rest between them. I know not else how we could bear the long years."

Paul sighed heavily, but it was a sigh of content. No one enjoyed more fully the comfort of sleep, no one respected its demands more readily, or satisfied them with more pleasure. Madame was of a more alert disposition, the restless mercurial temperament of a French grandmother had vivified the sluggish nature of her Dutch ancestry — a nature slow enough on ordinary occasions, though passionately prompt and dauntless when the occasion was extraordinary.

The expected invitation came early on the following day, and caused some excitement.

Agratha watched her mother's face anxiously, as she read the note, and then asked: "Does Madame say anything about me, moeder?"

"She says the Governor will be disappointed unless thou art present."

"My dress, moeder! When will you buy it?"

"This morning. Put on thy hood, and I will take thee with me."

"The Domine will not like me to miss my lessons."

"That I cannot help! Thy sandals must be fit to thy feet, and I want thee to have the dress that pleases thee."

"The gauze with the silver stars?"

"Well, then, if there be any of it left. We will go to Herr Steenwyck's and see what can be found. Madame Beekman told me that he had a wonderful stock of the latest patterns in silk crapes, and gauzes, coloured and white, satins, gloves, ribbons and everything beautiful."

"I like Herr Steenwyck, moeder. Everyone likes him, and he is so handsome and dresses himself so finely, also he is very polite."

"Well, then, he came from Haerlem, where they have manners as fine as at the Hague."

"Last week I was in his store, and Elsie Van Dam came in, and she was so badly dressed, I did not notice her, but Herr Steenwyck was very polite to her."

"Elsie Van Dam is a beautiful girl."

"Oh! He was very polite to me also."

"That was because thy fader is a rich man."

"Elsie's moeder is poor. Herr Steenwyck

showed her some cloth, and she said she could not afford to buy such fine goods. I thought it was improper to tell people in a store, that she was poor. I was ashamed for Elsie."

"To be ashamed was foolishness. When people are poor, they may say so. Poor people are necessary to society. Come now, put on thy hood; we are wasting time."

So the dress was bought, and the lessons excused, and Agratha went with her mother to the dressmaker's, and freely expressed her wishes about the fashioning of it. "I will have no ruffles, either pleated or gathered," she said, "and no overdress—a plain, straight skirt with my broad white sash, will be the prettiest style, and just so long as my ankles, moeder, then my silk stockings and white shoes will show themselves." And she had such a charming, commanding way of expressing her desires, that they were readily granted.

On the following Saturday, trumpeters went through the streets proclaiming the religious ceremonies whose omission had so offended the Governor. There was much excitement, and a little extra preparation in every family for the event. From some unknown source a report had sprung that the new city was to be named *Stuyvesant;* and though this supposition was contradicted by the very formula of the grant of citizenship, many did not know this, and many who did know it, considered Stuyvesant quite capable

of changing any name for his own. So there was a good deal of feeling and much curiosity about the Kirk service, and long before the appointed hour the streets were full of a leisurely crowd, on the look-out for anything unusual.

Fortunately it was a particularly bright and cheerful day. The sky was blue and cloudless, the sun shone bravely over the crow-stepped gables, and roofs of many coloured tiles; while the silver-toned Porto-Rico bells rang out joyously, as the new City Fathers in their official robes proceeded in solemn and stately order to the Kirk in the Fort. A remarkable figure walked a little in advance. It was Peter Stuyvesant, in a coat of dark blue velvet, profusely decorated with gold buttons and gold lace. The long skirts were turned up at the corners to show the white satin lining, and parted behind to show the canary coloured breeches; and on his head was a hat of soft beaver, with a thick silk cord round it. The Beggars of the Sea had worn such a hat, and their descendant still affected it. In one hand he held his sword, in the other his gold headed cane, and his wood and silver leg always appeared to be boldly in advance.

But it was the soul of Peter Stuyvesant that gave some extraordinary quality to his appearance, for no other man, though dressed exactly like him, could have so completely dominated his surroundings. Even those opposed to him polit-

ically, were proud of him in many other ways, and the wood and silver leg, which would have been an impediment to most men, was to Stuyvesant a distinction, a kind of royal order, signifying his patriotism and his bravery.

Their march through the city to the Fort was attended by a respectful and interested crowd; for it was a ceremony in which all felt themselves to have a share. As they reached the Kirk, Madame Stuyvesant and Madame Bayard entered it; but Stuyvesant—who was the soul of courtesy to his lovely wife—did not notice her; he wished everyone to understand that at this hour he was entirely devoted to the city and its interests. His neglect, however, was not shared by the congregation; every eye was for a moment turned upon the beautiful woman, costumed in violet cloth, bordered with minever, her hood and muff of the same fur, lined and trimmed with violet satin. She was the visible part of the government to which all rendered a willing admiration and obedience.

As the little stir of seating the congregation ceased, Domine Megapolensis entered by the chancel. He stood at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and placing his hat before his face prayed silently for a few minutes, the congregation bowing their heads as he did so. That morning he preached especially to the new City Fathers, and if they were not impressed by the importance of their

position and their duties, it was not the fault of Domine Megapolensis. Indeed his admonitions were continued until the sand in the hour glass was fully run out; and the clerk thought it necessary to rap thrice upon his desk in order to remind the preacher that he had spoken long enough. Then the deacons collected the benefactions for the poor, the little bells on their black silk bags making a not unpleasant tinkling through the building. It was the first intrusion of mortal life into the still sacredness of the scene; for after it, there was but a verse of song and a short benediction, and the congregation were at liberty to hasten home to their chicken pot-pies or roast spareribs or whatever other delicacy represented their Sabbath dinner.

To Agratha the whole scene had been a little drama. No part of it had wearied her, for her vivid imagination had turned personalities and incidents into whatever she could wish them to be. Yet she was a little disappointed when the English officers and Lord McIvar did not appear; but this disappointment had been a general one. Even Stuyvesant commented upon their absence:

"Those English, whom I have allowed to anchor off Nutten Island, ought to have been at the Kirk this morning. I do not like men who neglect divine service," he said with scornful anger. "They have had a hospitable welcome, and they ought to have been courteous to our Sab-

bath; but they are a proud, insolent lot, and would not be civil to anyone's God but their own."

"Thou art too hard, Peter. Captain Schofield sent me a pretty little singing bird in a gilt cage, that he got in the Canary Islands. I have called it 'Peter,' and often I have heard that on English men-of-war there is divine service every Sabbath."

"Service on board a man-of-war! Is that a reasonable, or respectable place for worship, Judith? In my judgment it is not."

"Service in a Fort, with cannon and fighting men around, is that a more reasonable or respectable place, Peter? In my judgment it is not."

"We have the true faith, Judith, that makes the difference. Holland is Holland, because she has the true faith. The English are Lutherans," and these last four words he uttered with a scornful intolerance no one but Stuyvesant could translate into language.

"I have read the English creed."

"So have I, and I have compared it with our grand Belgic Confession of Faith, which I learned joyfully when it was revised in 1619. I was a young man then, a soldier under arms, but I could feel its beauty and I vowed my soul and body to all it required."

"I learned it at my dear mother's knees, Peter, and I have rested my whole life on the deep, sweet

harmony it sounded almost at its beginning—'*God, the overflowing fountain of good.*'" Large tears of loving memory filled her soft, dark eyes. Stuyvesant looked at her, and quieted himself like a little child.

Yet his complaint of their English visitors was a general one. Most of the congregation had expected to see the Governor's pew brightened by brilliant uniforms, and perhaps also by the presence of Lord McIvar in Court dress, or in the picturesque kilt and philabeg of his native land. The familiar City Fathers in their black silk gowns might be official, but they were not picturesque, or even interesting. Many supercilious remarks were made about Captain Schofield, and Joost Van Dorn was considered very clever because he asked: "What else but ill-nature and bad manners could be expected from a man who called his ship '*The Wasp?*'"

On Monday afternoon, however, Captain Schofield reversed all adverse opinions. He appeared on the Collect Pond with three of his officers and in a few minutes had taken little Elsie Everson by her hand and was gliding swiftly with her over its frozen water. Then the handsome, popular secretary of the province, Jacob Kip, began to make introductions, and the pretty pond quickly became a scene of happy and innocent gaiety. But the Scotch lord came not, and finally Maria La Montague, the lovely *fiancée of* Secretary Kip,

asked the Captain why Lord McIvar had not joined his party?

"He cannot skate," was the answer. "His mother would never allow him to go upon the ice, for on the Scotch locks it is often thin and dangerous, and McIvar is her only child."

These facts were rapidly circulated, and Captain Schofield soon had the pleasure of hearing the opinions of a group of little girls concerning them. Elsie Everson stood in their midst, and in a voice of childish pity and astonishment said:

"*He cannot skate!*"

"What an ignorant man!" replied Jelissa Van Pelt. "He cannot skate!"

"His moeder would not let him go on the ice," continued Elsie.

"What a strange moeder!" from a number of voices in chorus.

"She was afraid."

"For what was she afraid?" asked Jelissa scornfully.

"That he might be drowned."

"*Ja!* Poor Lord McIvar!"

"But, Jelissa," answered Elsie, "he is her only child."

"Only one child has she? Poor moeder! Come, we lose the time," and away they flew all together, the wind behind and the sunshine over them; their merry laughter mingling with their simple condolences for the ignorant young lord.

This little incident opened the way for a week of generous hospitality, beginning with a dance and supper at the Fort. The invitations for this entertainment were necessarily few in number; not so much from social distinctions, though social distinctions were strictly observed in New Amsterdam; but chiefly because the Governor's house in the Fort had not been built with reference to young men and maidens meeting there for the purpose of dancing. There was, however, one large public room, and Madame Stuyvesant, by opening the living rooms into it, managed to find comfortable space for about twenty of the most distinguished citizens of New Amsterdam, and a very merry company of their handsome sons and daughters. The Beekmans came early, hoping to be of some assistance to Madame Stuyvesant; but they were quickly followed by the Van Cortlandts, Creigers, La Montagues, Anthonys, Van Ruyvens and others.

The Fort itself was but a shabby place, but this night the Governor's rooms, plentifully dressed with hemlock branches and lit by many candles and blazing fires, had a gay and comfortable appearance; while the show of silver, crystal, and of costly clothing and jewels was almost an incredible one, considering the wilderness behind the little city and the great ocean before it. But not incredible, if we remember that a great number of the early colonists of New Amsterdam were from

Dutch families who had long been accustomed to the luxuries and refinements of a highly civilised life; and that they did not relinquish these things, because they had emigrated to a new country. On the contrary, they regarded them as the insignia of their long family wealth and respectability.

The Van Ruyvens had always been remarkable for the splendour of their clothing and household furnishings, and also for the beauty and value of Madame Van Ruyven's jewels and pearl ornaments. She said they were very old, and that the pearls had been in her family for two hundred years; but, even so, they still represented a considerable amount in current guilders, while the gold lace, velvet and satin of their attire was a wonderful exhibition of the value of such clothing in augmenting the dignity and beauty of the human form.

It was on this occasion that Agratha took her first step into the fashionable world, but she had the serene, simple aplomb of a child who has always been of the first consideration in her own little world, and never dreamed of any condition where she would be of less importance. As soon as she entered the lighted, crowded rooms, a great elation inspired her; the hum of voices, and the distant sounds of the violins blending with them thrilled her young heart. She threw upward her head, her feet hardly touched the floor, she forgot she was Agratha Van Ruyven. Some finer

essence stirred within her, some spiritual force that made her eyes shine like stars and her face become almost translucent. She was perfectly happy, and she stepped as lightly at her father's side as if she were already in some blessed world beyond the reach of sin and sorrow. For a moment everyone ceased talking, and gazed at her; and Stuyvesant, who was standing amid a group of which the English officers made a noticeable part, came to meet her. It was an unusual honour, and Paul Van Ruyven bowed proudly as they met.

For a few moments they spoke of the weather and the company, then the Governor, taking Agratha's hand said, "Come now, Little One, I want to make you know some of the people who are here to-night." Agratha stepped to his side with a smile, and leaving her father and mother went away with her guardian. Van Ruyven could not hide his annoyance.

"See how he presumes!" he said in a low, angry voice, "he forgets too much lately, that I am Agratha's fader."

"This night he is her host," replied Madame Van Ruyven, "and it will be prudent and civil in thee to remember that."

"He is taking her straight to those English officers—*Sacrament!*"

"Keep thy words and thy oaths until thou art in thy own house," whispered Madame. "I will not listen to them here. Go and talk to Martin

Creiger about something, anything, hang not around me. I am going to Mrs. Anthony," and with these words Madame Van Ruyven rose, and her husband following her advice, sat down by burgomaster Creiger and said:

"If we were not at a dance, but in thy office, Creiger, what would be thy price for the sixty beaver skins thou received from Van Hattam yesterday?"

So while Martin Creiger and Paul Van Ruyven discussed the price of beaver skins, Peter Stuyvesant walked slowly through the crowded room with Agratha's little hand upon his arm. She was in a dream of pleasure, but she knew what was going to happen, knew that her name was blending itself with Lord McIvar's, and heard it as music far, far away but sweetly personal and familiar. And just as the introduction was in progress, Stuyvesant was hurriedly wanted, and McIvar took her hand and led her to a seat.

"I am most fortunate to have heard your name," he said, "though indeed I have known you ever since I saw you enter the room."

"But how? Where?" She lifted her face, and the glancing of her eyes was caught and tangled in the steady gaze of passionate admiration with which he regarded her. She was fascinated, held as by a charm, there was even in her heart a slight desire to cry out, as if the excess of her pleasure was painful. It was only a momentary enchant-

ment, but very real while it lasted, for it came from a far more vital source than mere flesh and blood. It was, in fact, a veritable betrothal, though neither was conscious of it. Physically, Governor Stuyvesant had introduced them, but what power or influence had in that one co-mingling glance, re-incarnated the old Love, with all its faults and failures forgotten, and all its sweetness and tenderness renewed?

As he did not answer her question, she asked again: "How did you know me? Where did you meet me?"

"I knew you by your bright eyes and shining hair, and by many a token I cannot name. I knew you, and that is all about it, but where I met you before, in faith I cannot tell. Agratha! Agratha Van Ruyven," he said musingly. "You must remember."

Then she looked with frank eyes into the eager, almost boyish face regarding her. It was a handsome face, full of the verve and passion of youth, and again she was aware of that strange thrill of unknown poignant pleasure, so curiously akin to pain and tears.

But she could find no words to answer the question asked, and was relieved to see a remarkably stately woman approaching. She was smiling, but a little shake of her head appeared to negative their companionship. McIvar looked at her, and laughed softly.

"It is my cousin Moody," he said: "she has come to separate us, I dare say."

"She is my friend," said Agratha with enthusiasm. "I often stay with her. I love Lady Moody. Everyone loves her."

"She is a Dear Delight, no doubt, but I could wish her a half a mile away at present."

But Lady Moody came forward slowly, stopping continually to speak to old and young as she passed them; her large, fair countenance sweet and serene; and her head held high with more than a courtier's dignity. She was very tall, very erect, and very handsome, though possibly sixty years of age. Her peculiar dress somewhat accentuated these advantages—peculiar, because its long, plain skirt of black brocade was in absolute contradiction to the be-frilled and be-ruffled skirts and underskirts on all sides of her; and she wore no ornaments, unless the long stomacher and high cuffs of finest Honiton, and a barb of the same lace across her black hair, be considered such. Others might be splendid or gay or picturesque, but Lady Moody was distinguished, and even regal looking. For she had been used to Courts, and though intensely democratic, was not opposed to paying Caesar whatever was Caesar's due in the way of social customs and polite ceremonies.

Smiling at McIvar, she took Agratha by the hand. "You little Beauty!" she said admiringly,

" so you have put off your bib and apron, and got into a dancing frock. How do you like it? "

" Indeed, Lady Moody, I have not danced yet."

" But now they are calling the dance. Do you not hear the fiddles? How can you sit still? Run to your mother, and she will get you a partner."

" Miss Van Ruyven will dance with me, cousin. I have bespoken her company."

" Grant me patience! You are expected to dance with every marriageable woman in the room, and you must begin with Miss Anthony, or you will be out of fashion and favour."

" That is not a tolerable sentence, cousin. And I have only just met Miss Van Ruyven."

" Quite half an hour ago. It grieves me to part you so soon, but I have a remedy, and I will make it a bargain, if so you wish."

" Terms must be good. I am not to be bought for nothing."

" Listen! Captain Schofield is going to bring *The Wasp* to Gravesend in a few days."

" Why? Are not the West India Company's ship builders the best in the country? The Governor told us so."

" The Company's ship builders have made *The Wasp* seaworthy. It is not for repairs she will come to Gravesend."

" We will not talk of *The Wasp*. It is no great entertainment."

" She goes to Gravesend to victual. All the

best farms are on Long Island, and she can get her cabbage and pork easier and cheaper at Gravesend than at New York. I am going to ask Miss Van Ruyven to go back to Gravesend with me, in order to help Captain Schofield—and others, pass pleasantly the few days of their detention."

"Dearest cousin, I shall vastly enjoy a visit to your home, indeed I may say I have longed for it. You will certainly ask me as well as Captain Schofield?"

"Captain Schofield is dancing this very minute with Miss Elizabeth Anthony, and you are not even on your legs. Go, and do some steps this evening with every pretty girl on the floor, and Miss Van Ruyven shall pay my debt at Gravesend for the obligation:" then turning to Agratha, she asked, "Will you not do so, my dear?"

"Very great pleasure that would give me, Lady Moody, if my fader and moeder consent."

"I will ask so much from their favour."

"And I kiss your hand, my dear cousin, for your miraculous kindness," said McIvar.

"Then our bargain is made. Come, Agratha! Your mother desires your company, and as for you, McIvar, follow me, and I will take you to the loveliest girl in the room."

"Alas, no, you take me from her!"

Then Agratha turned away, and McIvar watched her until she was seated at her mother's side. "Isn't she a darling? Isn't she a darling?"

he exclaimed. "In faith, cousin, you are hard on me."

"I must protect a child like Agratha from you. Her mother entreated me to do so. Your marked attention was being adversely noticed, and to-morrow the Dear One would have been torn to pieces by envious and jealous women. See! She is already dancing with Carel Van Dorn, and I will introduce you to Maria La Montague. She is French, and takes all the new steps perfectly."

Agratha had said she only wished to "look on" but a beautiful girl of fifteen years is a delightful partner, "where feet fly fast, and hearts are light." And she had her place in every dance, even in the minuet which she performed with Carel Van Dorn to the delight of everyone present. Never before had her father been so proud of her, never before had he so fully realised what a treasure of lovely life was committed to his care. He watched her jealously, was hot and angry when she was dancing with Lord McIvar, or any of the young men from the English quarter, and was proud and pleased when she stepped out with Carel Van Dorn, or Jacob Kip, or any of the young Dutch beaus present.

So between dancing and eating, the hours slipped quickly away, and all were amazed when it was two o'clock in the morning, and the last Country Dance was called. Agratha had McIvar for her partner, and she felt that the climax of the en-

tertainment had been reached. Nothing more delightful could happen to her, and she was strangely satisfied and silent. Usually she was ready to talk, to describe, even to criticise, but about this fateful entertainment she had nothing to say; her heart was too full for words, and she slipped quietly away to her room without expressing an opinion.

Van Ruyven was amazed, but her mother said: "The child is too weary to talk. We shall have enough said in the morning. Take thy smoke and then we also will go to our good sleep, for I can tell thee I am weary and have not a word to say this night—I mean this morning—for it is anigh to three o'clock. Think of that."

So Paul removed his fine velvet coat, and drawing his chair opposite the fire, lit his pipe and smoked placidly, while Ragel put away her pearls and lace, and splendidly embroidered petticoats. Paul was not sleepy, he had talked a great deal at the Governor's table, and he felt that he would like to repeat the conversation to his wife. He was sure that she would enjoy it, so he said:

"Sit down beside me, Ragel, for one-half hour. I must have my smoke, and it is no good for me, if thou keep moving about on thy tip-toes."

"Well, look now, Paul, this is the very hour of my morning sleep, and I will not cheat myself of it."

"But I cannot sleep, Ragel."

"That is nonsense. What is there to keep thee awake? Put on thy nightcap, shut thy eyes, and lay thy head on the pillow, and if thou art not asleep in one minute, then I will wonder, I will fear, I will call up the house, I will send for the Doctor. But there! Sleep comes to thee as easily as breathing."

"In my judgment, that is the right way, Ragel."

"Well, then, see thou take the right way, and that very soon. Good-night to thee, Paul!"

CHAPTER THREE

AGRATHA'S LITTLE TRIUMPH

In the morning Paul was late to breakfast, and so hurried at dinner time, that Ragel quoted pointedly: "'Late to breakfast, hurried at dinner, and cross at supper.' That is the old proverb, Paul, but I advise thee not to be cross at supper. I am likely to be cross myself before night," she said, "and if two in the house be in that temper, no doubt there will be trouble and quarrelling."

"When I got to business this morning," retorted Paul, "it was ten o'clock and nothing done that should have been done—every moeder's son of the lazy fellows, talking about the dance last night."

"That was natural, Paul."

"In business hours, it was dishonest, impertinent trifling. Well, then, I have kept them on the quickstep dance ever since, and to-night they will stay two hours over time. Yes, indeed, they will!"

"The poor young men! Thou hast taken all the pleasure out of their good time. Once thou wert young, Paul."

"I was always honest and diligent in my bus-

iness. That is one of my principles. Listen, Ragel! I will not go to any more midnight nonsense. I have a headache. I am sleepy, and the day's business is at sixes and sevens."

"Come home early, and make up thy sleep."

"And let everything in the store go to the mischief. That is like a woman. I may be two hours later than is my custom."

"I should think thou would, if thou art not, keeping thy clerks two hours later will be of little use."

"If thou hast a pudding, let it be brought quickly. I cannot spend the best hour in the day talking."

"There is no pudding."

"That is what I expected."

"Then I am glad thou art not disappointed."

"I am going. Things seem to be as much out of kilter here, as they are at the store."

"Of course they are. I am glad thou had the good sense to expect it."

Paul looked at his wife angrily, but Ragel, with a face of smiling good humour, was carefully cutting herself a choice slice of roast mutton, so she did not notice his displeasure.

"I am going," he said again, pushing backward his chair with unnecessary noise and haste.

"No one hinders thy going," answered Ragel, "but I advise thee to come home early, and finish thy sleep. Also, there is a storm brewing, and

in thy present temper, it would be easy for thee to take cold."

He shut the door emphatically to this remark, and Ragel laid down her knife and fork and watched him stamping down the flagged garden walk. "Men are cross, queer creatures," she thought, yet the thought passed away in a smile, for she knew that Paul's temper was easily in her management, one way or another, "but he will come home early, and finish his sleep." She gave the last sentence audible speech, and felt so certified by the sound of the words, that she bade Gus make a good fire, and put his master's house blouse and slippers before it.

Two hours earlier than usual Paul came home and went straight to his bedroom. Madame Van Ruyven and Agratha were sitting sewing and talking in the room beneath, and they heard him kick off his shoes with a noise calculated to inform them of his obedience to the advice given him. Then Madame smiled, she understood all his little ways of attracting attention, and she nodded at Agratha sympathetically, and went upstairs to him.

"So glad am I to see thee, Paul," she said, "indeed I was wishing thou would come. Now I will darken the room, and sleep, Dear One, sleep all that is needful to thee. A wise man, as thou art, always pays the debt he owes to himself, before all other debts. Thou hast done right."

"Well, Ragel, I generally do right, that is one of the things I am particular about."

"Everyone knows that, Paul."

Then she left him to the soothing and healing influences of darkness and sleep, and returning to her daughter continued their discussion about the social events of the hour—the parties likely to be given, and the guests that would be prominent in each particular set.

When Paul awoke it was quite dark, and he knew from a certain warm delicious odour, and still more definitely from the sound of silver and glass in contact, that it was supper time. He rose hastily and at the top of the stairs saw Agratha with a candle in her hand waiting for him. It made him happy. He took the candle from her and clasped her hand in his, and so she led him to his chair on the hearth, shook over again its cushions, gave him his comfortable blouse, put on his slippers, and then took a kiss for her service. It was all delightful, and when Ragel and the supper entered, a great content filled the large bright room, and the unhappy dinner was quite forgotten.

They talked during it of Agratha's lessons, and Paul was proud to be able to explain to his child some of those classical allusions so common in the writings of that period. For Paul was a University graduate, and never spoke of Mother Leyden without raising his hat or hand in salutation to

her. It was natural enough then, that he should tell Agratha about the Governor's reference to the Trojan horse, and the blank or puzzled looks with which it was received.

"I am even sure, Ragel," he continued, "that I alone understood him, and what Allard Anthony and the rest thought, I know not. No one present ever named the Trojan horse to me except Peter Van Couwenhoven; he asked when I next met him if I had ever seen a Trojan horse, and surmised they must be ugly ill-tempered brutes to need dragging into any place."

Madame said she did not blame Couwenhoven, nor anybody else for not understanding, or believing such an improbable story. And she would like to know what the Trojans and the Greeks had to do with New Amsterdam, and its government? She thought that if the Governor had to set off his speeches with old sayings and old stories, he might find some nearer home in good plain Dutch. "Why," she continued, "Van Hattam, whom he has made one of our burgomasters, lives mostly among the Indians, and I dare say never heard of a war with the Trojans; indeed, I wonder he did not ask the Governor if the Trojan tribe were allied to the Mohawks?"

"Well, then, I can tell you, Ragel, that our best and most respectable men are very much impressed by his Latin quotations, and they and his classical stories will silence a quarrelsome meeting

when common sense and good Dutch would have no effect. Old Vanderhoff once went to Domine Megapolensis and repeated as well as he could some Latin phrase used by Governor Stuyvesant. 'He threw it in our faces as if it was powder and shot,' he said, 'and I would like, Domine, to know what it meant.'"

"Did he tell him, Paul?"

"The Domine spoke the phrase correctly, and being assured it was the Governor's quotation answered: 'I am sorry that you have asked me, Mr. Vanderhoff, and I have little inclination to tell you its meaning.' However, being strongly urged, he said: 'If you will have it, then it means in plain Dutch, that you are a lot of jabbering idiots and jackasses, and not even honest ones.' Vanderhoff has never spoken to Stuyvesant since."

"Governor Stuyvesant will not care if Mr. Vanderhoff does not speak to him," said Agratha.

"The flying of a crow overhead would have as much effect on him," added Madame.

In such pleasant, intimate conversation the evening passed; and in the morning Agratha began eagerly to watch for an invitation to some of the festivities she had heard were certain. But none came to her, except from the Stillwells, and as Lady Moody was staying with them, she knew whom to thank for it. Every afternoon or evening, there was some kind of pleasuring on hand, and she could hardly keep back tears when a pro-

cession of sleighs filled with merrymakers passed. She knew that they were going to a famous road-house three miles distant, and were to have an cyster supper, and an informal dance after it. It was the Anthonys' courtesy to the English visitors, and she thought they might have asked her to join them.

"They were all young people, moeder," she said with a sob in her voice, "and I should have been so happy with them."

"Thou art too young yet, Agratha. Except from the Governor and Lady Moody thou cannot expect social invitations for some years yet."

"Years! Oh, moeder!"

It was however a fact, that Agratha's presence in the young people's set had not been kindly received. The marriageable girls felt it to be an unfair intrusion of youth and beauty, fresher than their own, and Elizabeth Anthony said plainly:

"The little minx had no business among us. She is too attractive, and she knew well enough how to coquet with the most desirable young men present. I shall not notice her in any future social gathering."

"It is her mother's fault," replied Mrs. Anthony. "She thinks her daughter a very lamp of beauty, and is sure we all wish to gaze on her. The child already is not permitted to keep any company, unless they belong to the top of the tree. *But then!*"

"This is the truth, mother," continued Miss Anthony; "girls of twenty-two, or so on, had no chance of favour when this dressed-up school girl was around. And will you believe it, her fine dress —just like mine—was made in a babyish kind of fashion. If she had any corsets on, they must have been short and soft, and I do not think such dressing on a girl of fifteen moral and respectable."

"I shall tell you how matters stand, Elizabeth," said Mrs. Anthony, "if you and the other girls of twenty-two and so on, refuse to countenance her, she will not be invited out. A child like Agratha Van Ruyven is absurd in a ballroom. As for her great beauty, Madame Van Ruyven should consider that blossoms are not fruits. Agratha is pretty enough now, but what she will be five or ten years after this time, who can tell?"

These opinions regarding Agratha's presence at the Fort ball were very general, and the Anthonys had sufficient influence to enforce the child's seclusion. She felt it keenly, and Madame made polite excuses for refusing all the future festivities of that period. She was indignant at the slight shown to her daughter, and disposed to tell everyone that Agratha had only been present at the dance in the Fort in obedience to a special request from the Governor and Madame Stuyvesant.

In consequence of these little annoyances, Lady Moody's invitation was an acceptable triumph.

After all, Agratha was going to have the best of it. Instantly Madame began the few changes proper for the visit. A simple evening dress made over the same corsets Miss Anthony thought so reprehensible, her cloth pelisse more handsomely trimmed, and her little fur hood re-lined with new scarlet satin, were not obvious preparations, and Van Ruyven was not aware of his daughter's intended trip to Gravesend, until the evening before it was to begin. Then on coming home he noticed Agratha's trunk downstairs, and he surmised its purpose at once. Her mother frankly admitted she had promised Lady Moody to let her have Agratha for a week, and Van Ruyven said:

"I am not pleased at that, Ragel. She will miss her lessons, and she does that too often."

But he was not only inordinately fond of Agratha, he was also proud and touchy about everything concerning her; and when Madame feelingly related the small slights and neglects she had recently been compelled to accept from older girls jealous of her beauty, he was quite ready to give the child any compensating pleasure within his power.

"Let her go with Lady Moody for a week," he said, "but only for a week, no longer."

However, he did not know at this hour that Lady Moody was going home on *The Wasp*, and Madame did not think it well to tell him. "There

is a time for everything," she thought, "and the proper time to tell Paul will come."

So Agratha went quietly away in the morning. Gus carried her trunk to the Stillwells', and Lady Moody's own sloop took them to Nutting Island, where *The Wasp* lay at anchor. There was a little anxious fear at the mother's heart, for she had to trust her darling to events, and be left in ignorance of those events for an uncertain time. For there were no telephones or telegraphs or even regular mail service in those days, and Madame Van Ruyven knew that she might have to wait for any information until Agratha brought home her own news.

This is what she told herself as she went with less spirit than usual about her house duties. But in the afternoon she was delighted to see Blandina Wolfert open the garden gate. If anything unusual had happened, Blandina would know it, and Madame gave her a warm welcome, remarking as she did so:

"You are very smartly dressed, Blandina. Have you been at a wedding?"

"I have been with the rest of the crowd to see the English war ship sail. There may be a wedding hid away in her. Nobody knows what a shipfull of Englishmen may hide or carry. Where is Agratha?"

"I think you know where she is, Blandina."

"I was wondering if you knew."

"I know that she has gone to spend a week at Gravesend with Lady Moody. Why did you go to see *The Wasp* sail?"

"I went because the whole English set were going. A crowd went down to the Island this morning, and I thought I might as well see what they were up to; and as I stood watching and listening —for it is my way to notice everything—I saw Lady Moody's sloop coming. And I noticed that after Lady Moody and Agratha landed, the sloop went straight up the river again, with Mr. Hubbard at the wheel."

"Were you on board *The Wasp?*"

"Good gracious, Madame! she was guarded as if she was an enemy's country. No one was allowed to board her, but we noticed that the gangway was down and covered with scarlet carpet. So we all expected to see Governor and Madame Stuyvesant, and some were not pleased with them for paying so much attention to people who are always interfering with our rights and interests; but as for me I said nothing—which is my way when there are disputes—and in a few moments I was glad I had been so prudent."

"Why?"

"Because, after calling 'good-byes' to Mr. Hubbard, Lady Moody and Agratha went straight to *The Wasp*, and lo! and behold; a sailor in full uniform let down the rope which had been across the gangway, and Lord McIvar came hurriedly

from the upper deck. First he led Lady Moody on board, and then returned for Agratha. He stretched out both hands to her, and acted just—as I suppose—a lover ought to do. We were all astonished, and many thought Agratha was running away with——"

"Stop one minute, Blandina," said Madame with a touch of anger in her voice, "you all knew well, that Agratha was not running away with anyone. She is only a child. Does it hurt you, that she should have a week's holiday and a little pleasure?"

"For myself, I say no; but there are others who talk of playing with fire, and so on, and so on. And handsome young lords are just a kind of consuming fire. The girls in New Amsterdam have been in a very blaze of jealousy, ever since Lord McIvar was seen. *But then!* Please to remember that is the way with the English, they put everything in order of battle wherever they come. May the God of peace and good will keep them far off, for the rest of our lives."

"*Pshaw*, now! The English can't trouble me. My next door neighbours could do it easier. See here, once, Blandina, as you go up and down, you may say that Agratha Van Ruyven's visit was planned and promised before *The Wasp* came here, and Lord McIvar has nothing whatever to do with my daughter."

"Well, then, he should not carry on in the

way he did. I wish you had seen him once, clasping her hands, and smiling into her face, and——"

"And I take leave to say, that I am sure he clasped Lady Moody's hands, and smiled into her face in just the same manner. There is no dispensing with these fopperies in decent society, but no doubt the English are too obvious in their compliments. Kindly excuse me speaking it so plain, Blandina. Allowances are to be made in judging strangers, especially when we have given them such freedoms as we have given the English. They take advantages; that is natural."

"Their impudence is past declaring," answered Blandina, "and as for their compliments, they are like the wind, for everyone. Now my maxims are truth and common-sense, and so I never listened to anything they said; that is, I gave it no regard."

"A very wise young woman are you, Blandina Wolfert."

"Well then, that is the truth. I am generally known for my prudence. No one may look at my face to admire, but my conduct is——"

"Come, now, Blandina, you have just told me one of your maxims was truth, and you are not living up to the truth now. You know you have a pretty face, yes——"

"Well, then, I may be pretty. If it is the truth, I will not deny it. But it is not my way

to praise myself, I do not think it respectable or pious. It is against the Holy Scriptures, and I respect the Holy Scriptures. So I do not praise myself, I praise others, that is to my credit, Domine Megapolensis has said so, often."

"Then I hope you will put to silence any foolishness about Agratha's visit to Gravesend. You know the truth now."

"I shall do my best, Madame, but—" and but—and still but, until Madame was weary and a little offended. Then Blandina went away with a pretence of hurry, and a cackle of words not consonant with that Spirit of Truth, which she claimed as her special excellency.

It was dark when Paul reached home that night, but Ragel knew from the stamp and hurry of his feet he had heard something to annoy him; and she thought instantly of *The Wasp*. But she possessed that clever wifely diplomacy, which comes of an intelligent intimacy, and she met him cheerfully and made no allusion to his being more than half an hour late. Paul felt her mood to be comfortable, and he resolved to delay all inquiries until his supper had been enjoyed. Gus was just putting it on the table, and the viands had a tempting and satisfying odour.

Ragel, however, knew better than to delay until her husband began to question her; that was a challenging she always resented. Therefore, as soon as the proper moment had arrived, she said: "I suppose Agratha left about noon, and I

lieve there was a crowd to see *The Wasp* sail."

"I heard; I heard," he answered in an injured tone, "and I would like to know how Agratha came to be on *The Wasp*. I am very angry, for thou told me she was going with Lady Moody."

"Well, then, she did go with Lady Moody."

"I heard that James Hubbard left Agratha and Lady Moody on *The Wasp*, and then went back to the city with all sail set."

"He did so. Listen, Paul. There was a great consignment of provisions, clothing and other needful things to the Colony of Gravesend, lying at Isaac Allerton's wharf. It had but poor shelter, a storm might come at any hour, and many families waiting anxiously for their flour and other provisions. James Hubbard, who had come to look after them, told Lady Moody he had relied on the use of her sloop, and begged her to favour him and the colony so far. What could she do?"

"Could she not have gone with the goods and Hubbard?"

"Hubbard had the goods to put on board, and he will not reach Gravesend until late to-night, or it may be to-morrow. And while she was talking with Hubbard, Captain Schofield came in, and offered her and our Agratha passage on *The Wasp*. For you know the ship goes there both to get victualing and fresh water. There is no need to say more to thee, Paul, for never wast thou unfriendly or unreasonable since I knew thee."

This excuse, being a business one, was readily admitted by Paul to be a valid one, but he added: "It puts thee and me in a very bad light, and people are talking about it."

"I am not against their talking, if it please them to tell the truth."

"Thy son Nicholas came into my office and said he was astonished and pained at thy carelessness, and he talked in a way that angered me. Some words we had that I will not repeat. And no sooner had he left my office, than son William came with his preachment."

"Pray then, what did our William say?"

"He said he wanted his sister sent to that girl's boarding school in Boston, where his wife was educated."

"Tell him his mother said she would not for her life send Agratha to that school, lest she became in the least degree like his wife."

"He said he did not approve of her going to the Fort, she saw too many men there, and that his wife considered her presence at the Fort ball most injudicious and improper."

"His wife! Paul, I am heart tired of that perfect woman. Before Wim married her, he was a good fellow, a pleasant happy fellow with a smile always ready. Now! Well now, I wouldn't give a shoe-string for his good heart, unless God will the belief that he has the most perfect woman in undertake to mend it. And he noodles along in

the world for his wife! What did thou say to him?"

"I let him talk, till he got to his usual ending: 'those are my opinions, father.' Then I laughed a bit, and told him they were far more like his wife's opinions, and that I had no objections to them, except that they were exactly opposite to my opinions."

"I know how the talk will fly to-morrow, for Blandina Wolfert was here, and I heard from her that people thought our little Agratha had run away with that long, thin, thread-paper of a Scotch Lord—and a lot of rubbishy lies of the same kind."

"The clashing jades!" cried Paul in a burst of passion, "I will have them up before the consistory for slander."

"Nonsense! Everything they have said, or will say, can only come from their jealousy and envy. It is better to be envied than pitied, and it would not become Paul Van Ruyven to stand before the consistory in defence of his little child; who is far off needing either defence or excuse in anyway. The Innocent One!"

"That is the truth. Before there is a defence, there must be an accusation and I will not suppose one against Agratha. No, I will not."

"Cast the whole affair out of thy mind. If any women come to me about my little daughter, I have words ready for them. As for Nicholas

and Wim they cackle after their wives. Little we care what they say, and if again they trouble thee, on any such matter, send them home to study their Fifth Commandment. I suppose they have not forgotten their catechism, or quite put their wives' opinions before it. Is this all that troubles thee? If so, thou art well off."

"The rest I bear with the whole city. Isaac Allerton came to me just after Wim left, and he has little hope of any good from the new government."

"Stuyvesant again, I suppose?"

"Yes. He has ordered that every house selling spirits, beer or tobacco, is to be closed on the Sabbath, and fines for breaking this law, and many others are appointed."

"Well, then, that is proper, Paul. Men should not go to a tavern on the Sabbath."

"Stuyvesant's order will not prevent it. Last Sabbath all the public doors were closed, and all who wanted liquor went in by the family door. What good is that for anyone? It is only adding deception to drinking, and the youngsters think it good fun to cheat the constables. And last night, the constables were empowered to take all the lock-up money to the captain of the watch; he is to hold it for their benefit, and divide it among them four times in a year. See now, Ragel, as the city grows, what a great and secret perquisite this money will become! Many a man

—sailors especially—will be locked up on a false charge to increase it, or else they will satisfy the constable by that subtle secret argument, which comes from the pocket, instead of the brain. Again, if they have a spite at any man, they may lock him up and put him to charges. Ragel, I say it is too much power in the hands of the constables. Oh, we shall pay for it!"

"But the constables must do right, Paul. The City Councillors will see to that."

"Stuyvesant's idea of a City Councillor's duty, is that he unhesitatingly ratify whatever Stuyvesant wills. Yesterday he made that perfect scoundrel Tienhoven Sheriff-attorney of the city."

"But the Council will not accept him. He is the vilest, and the most hated of men. He has robbed the Company, the City, and every man he could touch."

"That is the truth, and also in Holland he is under indictment for grave offences. But Stuyvesant said, 'take him' and no one dared to refuse him."

"There was some opposition, Paul. Surely there was some opposition?"

"No one dared to make any opposition, but his acceptance was accompanied by a humble petition to Stuyvesant, to admonish Tienhoven to treat them well, and endeavor to give satisfaction. I can see Stuyvesant laughing over that advice."

"But the charges against Tienhoven have not yet been investigated."

"Tienhoven has investigated them, and finds himself spotlessly innocent, and Stuyvesant is his friend."

"But, Paul, Stuyvesant has always been reported an honest man. Jan Hoag left one thousand guilders with him to be sent to his family in Holland, and by good investments he made it nearly two thousand, and he sent every stiver to the man's wife. He made no charges of any kind on it."

"Jan Hoag was his friend. Well, then, Stuyvesant would not wrong his friend, or tithe a friend's trust; but Ragel, so many men seem to think a public trust may be, should be, administered for the benefit of the trustee. There always have been such men, and there always will be. Cornelis Van Tienhoven will some day lie mouldering in his grave, but his spirit will go marching on."

"We all know, Paul, that Stuyvesant is a sharp business man, but he is not dishonest."

"A very sharp business man is Peter Stuyvesant, and he carries on all kinds of business, all over the country. He is a brewer, he has several bouweries, he owns three ships trading to Boston, Norfolk, and Jamaica. He is also part owner in several ships trading with Java, and the Far East; he is a general merchant, a trader for furs

with the Indians, and hath ventures in both lawful and contraband articles. What then? Are we not all such and such men? And with so many irons in the fire, Tienhoven can doubtless do many things for Stuyvesant, he could not do for himself."

"But Tienhoven is such a nasty, ugly, foul object. I see not how Stuyvesant can endure his company. I met him last week in Steenwyck's store; he has grown fat and thick, his face is red and bloated, and has a wen on the left cheek, and his sickly-looking white hands were covered with short red hairs. Oh, he was a horrible creature, and yet there are women—oh, how can they?"

"I never look at him, Ragel. If I did, I should long to strangle him as I would a wolf or a dog. But he is now our Sheriff-attorney, and it is Stuyvesant's will that we pay him all due respect. Isaac Allerton says he will not speak to him or notice his presence, wherever he may meet him. I shall do as Allerton does."

"Is he a safe man for thee to follow?"

"He is as good a gentleman as any that live. If he sit beside me, let the rest walk in God's name. Ragel, I am tired, I have felt the day to be long and hard."

"Then, I will call in the servants and thou can read a short psalm, and we will soon find our sleep. To-morrow, I must send Gus to Gravesend."

"But why?"

"To take to Agratha a little frock that was not finished when she left this morning. She must dress to her company, Paul. There is no help for that. I hope she is fast on sleep by this time, and I say to her: 'Good-night, Agratha, and a happy to-morrow to thee!'" Van Ruyven smiled, and though he did not speak, Madame knew her desire had found an echo in his heart.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE VISIT TO LADY MOODY

The day that had been so unrestful to Paul and Ragel Van Ruyven, had been a very pleasant one to their daughter Agratha. *The Wasp* had dropped leisurely along the coast to Gravesend, where she arrived about sunsetting. This colony with few exceptions was intensely English, and the visit of an English battleship was an event stirring every sentiment and prejudice of the race. Lady Moody understood and sympathised with the popular feeling, and it was at her request Captain Schofield as they approached the wharf ordered the English flag to the mast head. As it flew out and above them, a mighty cheer broke forth, cheer after cheer until the very air was vibrant. Strong, bearded men stood bareheaded, flinging up hats and caps to their shouts, and many women were on their knees, sobbing hysterically, when they could no longer speak. Amid this passionate stress of feeling, Lady Moody with Lord McIvar and Agratha went on shore. Captain Schofield was to remain on the ship, but Sir Henry Moody

was waiting to accompany his mother, and Agratha and Lord McIvar walked hand in hand beside them.

There had been some delay in the landing, and it was then growing dark, so McIvar could see little of his cousin's residence, except that it was a large double stone house, with deep set diamond-shaped windows, and a projecting roof. On three sides there was a wide piazza, that in summer time was covered with vines. It stood apart from all other houses, within the high palisades, near the northeast corner. His first impression was, that it looked very like a fortress, and daylight proved this impression to be a correct one. The door was a ponderous affair, double, and both outer and inner door heavily barred with iron. Very high up were large bull's eyes, which admitted a little light. But as soon as this massive entrance was passed, the house revealed a fine and comfortable furnishing, that would have been astonishing, had he not known that Lady Moody had brought with her the moveable treasures of the old Moody Manor House to adorn her home in the New World.

The entrance hall was wide, and like the halls of most English manor houses ran through the whole width of the building. It was in fact the modern reception room, and contained two large fireplaces, fur rugs, a sofa, some chairs and tables, and a rack on which to hang hats and coats, whips,

spurs, and so forth. The walls were adorned with great antlers of elk and deer, stuffed birds and animals, guns, pistols, swords, a flag from Naseby's battlefield, and many relics and curiosities procured from the Indians. Opposite the principal fireplace stood a large eight day clock, which told not only the time of day, but also the day of the month, the year, the phases of the moon and other items relating to time.

On the right hand side of this hall was the guest parlour, and Agratha was sitting there, when her father and mother sent her their loving goodnight. It was an exceedingly spacious room, so spacious that on several occasions it had been used as a citadel when the village was attacked by Indians. Against the south wall there were shelves containing the largest collection of books then in America. They were mostly religious and historical works, polyglots of Antwerp and Paris, flanked by colossal theologians—Augustine, Jerome, Aquinas, Calvin, Luther, etc.; natural enemies in life, here bound over to good behaviour. There was a Babylonion Talmud, and some dumpy vellums of Dutch divines, with the more modern works of Jeremy Taylor, Mr. Richard Baxter's Demosthenic fervour, Howe's Platonic loftiness, and John Bunyan's beatific visions. Most of the early poets had a shelf to themselves containing the works of the Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, William Drummond, John Donne, Cowley, South-

well, Marlowe, Spencer, Fletcher, Shakespeare, and John Milton.

All the rest of the available space on the walls was covered with paintings, mostly portraits, but each one so imbued with the life of the family they represented, that they affected the living like personal presences. A large sideboard shone with silver and crystal, and there were soft large chairs for resting in, and others of carved oak upholstered in Spanish leather, and ornamented with arabesques stamped in gold. Much fine china was in the corner cupboards, and the floor was covered with bright-coloured rugs. Nor was there wanting bits of bric-a-brac, miniatures, crystal vases, filagree, enamel and trinkets, and those little oddities as necessary to a well-furnished room, as trimmings are to a handsome gown.

A large fireplace tiled in the Dutch fashion held a bright glowing fire, and Agratha basked in its ruddy light, listening to the conversation of the Moodys and Lord McIvar. The young man was asking Lady Moody why she had left England, and her beautiful English home; and she answered with a quick decisiveness:

"That I might be a free woman—that I might manage my home without Star Chamber orders."

"But what had the Star Chamber to do with your home, cousin. And where could you be freer than in England?"

"In those days, Gael McIvar, there was no pre-

tence of liberty. The King and Stafford derided the idea. Even people of condition had to walk in the King's harness. It was not tolerable. I went up to my house in London one winter, and the Star Chamber ordered me to return to my manor, and look after the poor, and set them a good example. I was a good Lady of the Manor of Moody. I needed no one to tell me to be so, least of all the infamous Star Chamber. Then and there, I and my son Henry determined to sell the estate, and come to America."

"But why did the Star Chamber interfere with you: Had you been talking politics?"

"I am of the blood and breed of Oliver Cromwell," she answered with a majestic pride, that well became her boast. "Could I help wishing, as I drank my birthday toast, that England might again become free, and bold and prosperous?"

"Oh!—h—h! I see, cousin."

"And loving God with all my soul, could I help going to St. Paul's Cross to hear George Fox tell us about The Inner Light, and Doctor Calamut make plain why Infant Baptism was not the rite that Christ and John the Baptist sanctioned. I had gone to London specially to hear the preaching at Paul's Cross. What right had the King to interfere with my personal plans?"

"I see, cousin. I see plainly why you were ordered to leave London."

"Let me tell you, Gael McIvar, one thing; and

remember what I say: When a man and a woman can neither drink the toast of their heart, nor listen to the Word of God, by the mouth of such holy men as they choose, I say they are slaves. They are not free. For freedom is not an idea. Freedom is a thing you can feel. It means nothing less than the full and quiet enjoyment of your own opinions and your own property. If it does not mean this, call yourself what you like, you are a slave."

"For such freedom you have paid a great price, cousin."

"If I had given up all to the last farthing, I must needs have done so. For Deborah Moody sucked the milk of freedom, was nursed in the arms of freedom, and stood between the knees of Hampden and Cromwell. If she could forget or deny their noble words and brave deeds, their watching and suffering and God-given victories, she ought to be buried in chains with her face downwards." As she spoke she was transfigured, her eyes had the light of immortality, her words were full of flaming passion, and the room felt as if it was on fire. No one could help thinking of that other Deborah —that mother in Israel, singing triumphiantly under the great plane tree—"*My heart is towards the governors of Israel, that offered themselves willingly among the people. Bless ye the Lord!*" (Judges 5:9.)

There were a few moments of intensely sensitive

silence, then Sir Henry said in his soft, slow manner: "We are but the instruments of heaven, Gael, our life and work is not of design, it is of destiny."

Gael did not immediately answer, and Lady Moody added: "Heaven chalked the line that brought us here, and knowingly we shall not step to the right or the left outside of it."

Then Agratha stirred slightly; she felt that Gael McIvar was looking at her, and something within made her uneasy at his regard. The next moment she stood up and in the glow of red light from the well-burned hickory logs, the girl had a bewildering loveliness, powerfully aided by the dress she wore—a dark green cloth skirt, just showing evening shoes of scarlet Morocco, with silver latches and little rosettes. The green bodice over a white under bodice was fastened down the front with crossed lacings of narrow scarlet ribbon, and small bows of the same, and in her loosened golden-brown hair there was a larger bow, fastening the snood that kept it in comfortable confinement. Even Sir Henry, though his mind was busy with some religious problem of Mr. Richard Baxter's, could not help dropping a moment from the heights of a theological surmise to a passing admiration for the purely physical beauty on his own hearthstone. He was much older than Gael McIvar, but the younger man had found out what Sir Henry with all his learning

had failed to discover—that the key to life is not in the brain but in the heart.

There was only a few moments' silence ere Agratha said in a petulant tone: "Lady Moody, I am tired and very sleepy. May I go away? I want to be on the ice early to-morrow."

"To-morrow, child! In what far off country does to-morrow dwell?" And Lady Moody looked at the child almost sadly.

"Perhaps in the country that I dream is my country. I do not think it is this world."

"What then, Agratha?"

"I know not, I am sleepy."

Her childish petulance had a tone of impatience, and Lady Moody touched a small silver hand bell.

"I will call Ladarine Gilpin," she said. "She will get you all you desire."

In a few moments Ladarine appeared. She was a North-Country English woman, taller than Lady Moody, large limbed and very strong. Her face was well shaped, and her complexion fine, her eyes grey and bright, her hair black and plentiful, most hidden under a Quakerish cap. She was gowned in black camblet, and wore a white muslin apron very much embroidered. It was Ladarene's one vanity, and she could always find excuses for it.

"Ladarine," said Lady Moody, "Agratha is tired and sleepy."

"God love her! I should think she was. Children ought to be in bed long before this hour. Come your ways with me, Dearie. Thanks be! there is a good bed waiting for thee."

Agratha smiled tolerantly and with a courtesied "good-night" she went towards the door, but Lord McIvar followed her in such haste that it was opened when she reached it. Though but nineteen years old, the dreamy wistful longing of Love's luxurious woe had come to him, as it comes to all. He was fathoms deep in love with this childish Agratha. It was such an amazing event. For his love had grown so insensibly, and yet so fast, that he could not understand how so slender an experience should imperatively make one soul say to another soul "I love you." Yet he knew that Agratha's image in his heart had become part of himself, and that for good or ill, she must rule his life.

Agratha's feelings toward him were far more indeterminate. She had been flattered by his attentions, and he had given her a taste of that bitter-sweet social success, which had for a few hours set her above all other women present. But she was yet of that age when simplicity of heart accepts and enjoys without troubling itself to analyse causes, or anticipate results. This man had been travelling unerringly his long journey straight to her, but as yet her soul had not acknowledged him. His image was only on the

horizon of her thoughts—she might be this, or she might be that, but she was not in love with Gael McIvar; for though he looked at her with eyes full of love, there was nothing responsive in her countenance.

Her first words to Ladarine were of herself. "I wish, Miss Gilpin," she said, "you would stop calling me child; I am going out to parties with my fader and moeder, now."

"To be sure. I see a bit of difference in thee, but for goodness sake, Dearie, don't be scornful about thy childhood. Happen it is the cream of thy life."

"A child has to sit still and listen to whatever people talk about, and I am so tired of Peter Stuyvesant, and Oliver Cromwell."

"So am I, Dearie. I don't think much of either of them."

"What time is it, Lada?"

"It is going up hill to ten o'clock."

"I thought so. It has been such a long day. It seems like a year since I bid moeder good-bye. I dare say she is thinking of me this very minute, Lada. May I call you Lada?"

"I will let thee do so, but I do not hold with other people saying Lada. I was baptised in Aspatria church, Ladarine, and I was entered in the Baptism Register, Ladarine; so I am against my name being broken in two. I don't like it. It is

out of the question I should. And *Then Above* may not like it either."

"I called you Lada when I was a little girl."

"God love thee! So thou did, and I must have been a right good sort to let thee do it."

"You are just as good now, as then—Lada!"

"To be sure I am, maybe I am a bit better. Now whatever art thou wanting?"

"When I was a little girl, you used to say something to me after the candle was put out—Do you remember?"

"To be sure I do."

"Say it to-night. I want to hear it again."

"Lie down then, and I will lap thee up, and say it."

So Ladarine put out the candle, and drew the logs on the hearth together, and having lapped Agratha in soft fleecy blankets, she took her hands between her own, and said softly with her fine North Country inflections:

"There are three angels round thy bed,
One at thy feet, two at thy head,
One to watch, and one to pray,
One to drive all ill away. Amen."

Then she tip-toed out of the room, for Agratha was already asleep or at least too far on the road to that strange land to answer Lada's whispered "good-night."

In the morning life looked different. The sun was shining, and children laughing and talking in the street. She thought of the ice, and of Lord McIvar's promise to go with her to the pond; and a shade of annoyance came over her face. She did not like the idea of skating even with a lord who might act foolishly, might even fall down.

"And Sir Henry is a very bad skater too," she said ruefully to herself, "and I wish I had never spoken about the pond."

But her fears on this subject vanished, as soon as met, for when she told McIvar of Captain Schofield's description of his ignorance, he laughed heartily. "I was the best skater at Eton," he said, "and Schofield is but a poor foot on ice. He was afraid I would outdo him; I must tell my mother; I never heard her accused of such consideration for others, before."

Indeed MvIvar proved himself very clever on the ice, and Agratha had all the éclat she desired. With an hour or two's interval at noon, they spent the day on the pond, and were as happy together as love and youth, skill and fine weather could make them. About four in the afternoon, Agratha saw Gus coming towards them.

"There comes our house-man," she said. "To me he is coming. Moeder has sent me a letter no doubt. Let us go and meet it."

The letter was in the man's hand, and she took it eagerly. After she had broken the seal, she

looked up at Gus, and was going to ask him a question but his face shocked her. It was white as death, his eyes full of tears, his upper teeth biting his under lip, his hands clasped tight. From Gus she glanced to McIvar, and saw that he also was strangely moved. He was frowning, his face was dark and angry, and yet there were tears in his eyes also. The incident was rapid and silent, the next moment McIvar had recovered himself. Then he asked Agratha, "If she wished to write an answer to her mother's letter?"

"I have not read moeder's letter yet," she replied.

"Suppose we go back to the house, you must be tired," he continued.

"Are you tired of the ice?" she asked.

"Yes—until to-morrow."

Something had happened, the day was over, and almost silently they walked home. McIvar made some efforts to talk, but they were failures; for he felt that Agratha at that hour was not in his life. He wished her away, that he might indulge the passion that filled his heart with thoughts of unspeakable calamities, and blood-thirsty but impossible revenge. Gus walked silently behind them, and Agratha noticed that McIvar turned his head several times, and that twice at least, he swung his right arm backward, and though she did not see the act, she felt positively that Gus clasped it. She was oppressed by a sense of some

great sorrow, secret and hopeless, with whose bitterness she might not intermeddle.

It was an unsatisfactory evening. McIvar had a private interview with Lady Moody after dinner, and then went to his room, and she was very soon left with Sir Henry, who was pottering among his books looking for a mislaid volume. And when Lady Moody joined them, she was full of strange news.

"Henry" she said, "Captain Underhill has just called to tell me that a shipload of slaves has arrived from the coast of Africa. Underhill, Baxter and Hubbard are going in the morning to New Amsterdam, to secure as many as possible for Gravesend. They appeared to be much gratified. I know not what to say."

"Mother, we must have help to till the ground."

"We came here for Liberty, and how can we justly enslave others?"

"Governor Stuyvesant thinks it unavoidable. He will see that the Company gets its full share of profit—no doubt of that."

"Will you go with Underhill and Baxter?"

"No, I have no mind to do that. Who can talk against Stuyvesant and Underhill? I should be talked down, for my opinions are not current ones."

As the conversation continued on this subject, and there was no mention of Lord McIvar, Agratha soon wearied of it, and went to look for

Ladarine. She found her in a small room darning stockings and singing.

"Talk to me, Ladarine," she said. "In the parlour they talk of nothing but negroes, and negroes are not interesting to me. Lord McIvar is not there, and he promised to teach me chess this evening, and it is always the way."

"He should not have turned his back on a promise, should he?"

"No. Has he gone to *The Wasp?*"

"Not he! He went to his room."

"Did our house-man go with him?"

"Whatever art thou asking questions for?"

"I want to make you answer them."

"Then thou sets thyself too hard a job. It isn't my time for answering questions."

"I think Lord McIvar and Gus know each other."

"I wouldn't wonder. Men know lots of people they have no business to know."

"Do you think Lord McIvar will come to the parlour again to-night?"

"I do not think he will. Thou might as well go to bed."

"Do you think I would wait up to see him?"

"I know thou would."

"I think you do not like Lord McIvar."

"I don't dislike him. He is a bit proud, but in the main, he is a good sort. I have nothing against him, not I!"

"I wish I could see him for a few minutes."

"What for?"

"To bid him good-night. I want to go to bed."

"Don't trouble thyself about good-nights. He has other kinds of talk on hand at present. He won't miss anybody's good-night."

"May I say good-night to you, Lada?"

"I would feel badly, if thou did not."

"Will you come upstairs with me, and call the angels round my bed."

"To be sure I will. Happen they will keep thee from thinking of Lord McIvar."

"I do not think of him."

"That's right, I never would, if I were thee."

"What for?"

"Because he is bound to forget thee, as soon as Gravesend is out of his sight."

"Many, many times, he has told me he would never, never forget me."

"And I'll warrant, thou believes him."

"Yes, from his heart the words came."

"God love thee! Thou art an innocent babe, to think so well of any man." Then she put her housewife in a little wooden work box, with the Tower of London painted on the lid, and went upstairs with Agratha. It was about her father, and her mother, and her elder sister living at Albany, that Agratha talked as she undressed, but as

Ladarine was closing the door she called back and whispered:

"If Lord McIvar comes downstairs, tell him Agratha left a good-night for him."

"My Dearie, I will not do that."

"Why not, Lada?"

"He is in trouble, and there is no use in bothering him with a fear he has neglected thee. He'll make a mountain out of that mole hill. Sleep and have a good day to-morrow. *The Wasp* sails the next morning."

"Lada! who told you that?"

"Baxter told me. He was on *The Wasp* to-day. He hangs round Englishmen as if they were Gods."

"Good-night, Lada."

Then the door was closed, and Agratha was alone with the unexpected news. She had been told that the ship would sail on Saturday night, and the change of date to Thursday was a shock. She turned sharply over in her bed and said to herself. "Not much do I care. Let him go, Lada is right. He will never think of me again. Well then, I will not think of him again, after *The Wasp* is out of my sight."

This was her determination, but great changes of feeling often take place during sleep, and Agratha awoke in the morning with a strange tenderness and sorrow in her heart. "It is our last day," she murmured, "our last day! I must

be kind to him to-day. Beside, he is in trouble, and our Gus brought him the trouble. I will get moeder to find out what it means—No, I will ask Gus one straight question when I go down stairs."

But when she told Ladarene she wished to send a letter to her mother by Gus, she was informed that Gus had gone to New Amsterdam at daylight.

"How did he go, Lada?" she asked.

"He went in Lady Moody's sloop, and Captain Underhill, Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Baxter went with him," was the answer.

"I am so sorry, Lada," said Agratha.

"There is no need to be sorry. Maybe it is a good thing. Letters not sent, and words not said are often fortunate things."

The words struck Agratha, and changed her intention so surely and rapidly, that ere she reached the parlour she had positively resolved to keep secret what she had intended to talk about.

"Till the right time comes," she thought, "till the right time comes."

She was settled in this decision by the fact that McIvar ignored the whole circumstance. He said he had had some important business to attend to on the previous evening, and then he took her hand and whispered sorrowfully: "This is our last day, Agratha! Stay with me!"

She drew closer to him, but spoke no word. "I am broken-hearted to leave you, darling, but I shall come back, yes, I swear I shall come back.

Listen, Agratha, I am now over nineteen years old, I am going to Trinity College, Cambridge, until I come of age, then you will be old enough to be my wife. Oh, Agratha! Oh, thou most sweet! Then you will be my wife. You must know that I am passionately in love with you, and past all disguise. Upon my honour, Agratha, I am yours to a degree beyond words. I feel, because I must feel, that you love me a little. When I come back, will you be my wife?"

"Without my fader and moeder's agreement, I could not marry anyone. That is the truth."

"You sweet dissembler! I will then ask your father and mother for you. But now give me a word of promise, from your own lips. Oh, my dear Agratha, listen to me!" and he poured out his young passionate heart in such fervant words, as drew her gently closer and closer to his side.

Agratha thought his tale of love to be something quite new, and the ecstasy of his feelings won her; all the more because they were tinged with the sorrow of separation and uncertainty. His adoring, pleading glances, unbarred her heart, her eyes mirrored his eyes, her hand clung to his hand, and when at last he ventured to touch her lips, she caught love from him in that one tender kiss.

For souls attract souls when of kindred vein, and Gael's soul had at their first meeting rushed towards Agratha's soul, drawn by some profound

and irresistible attraction. Their love was as yet the magnetism of souls, it had no touch of mere wantonness in it, and Gael McIvar could say truly:

"Oh my Love! My Love! My joy fills my eyes with tears."

The day was a miserably wet one, and they could not leave the house, but never again would they spend hours so heavenly innocent and halcyon. They walked up and down the dim, quiet room with clasped hands, and hearts full of the serene stillness of a mutual love. They spoke little, and that little in soft, short words. Between them there was something better than speech—that perfect companionship, which finds the loved one's presence sufficient.

Lady Moody and Sir Henry were both busy interviewing the colonists and making a list of the number and the kind of slaves each desired, and Ladarine's house duties kept her sufficiently far away. But their love-day, hour by hour came inexorably to an end, and in the spacious firelit room—surrounded by the pictured presences of the dead and the fading memorials of the Old World—everything they said became prescient, wonderful, mysterious. To both, Love had given to Life a new meaning; for there are certain feelings so deep in our nature, that only Love dare venture down to them.

The next morning Gael McIvar bid Agratha farewell. He did not attempt to hide his distress,

and at the last moment he kissed upon her lips the words "Two Years! Remember!" She could not answer. She stood white and tearful, unclasping his hand, and the unfastening of that clasp was a wrench she felt to be far more painful than flesh and blood could account for. Hastily she fled to her room, and from its window watched *The Wasp* till she was only a speck on the horizon.

"Now it is all over!" she whispered. "It is all over! The world is empty, and I shall never be happy again. Oh Gael! Gael!" and she threw herself upon the bed, and wept bitterly and despairingly.

"Pray be kind to the child," said Lady Moody to Ladarine. "She is in great trouble. Let her talk to you, if she wishes."

"It is beyond wit to teach wisdom to a child in love. What can a girl of fifteen know of love?" asked Ladarene scornfully.

"In Faith, Ladarine, it is the girl of fifteen who does know. To her Love is a heavenly thing. I nearly died of Love when I was not quite fifteen."

"You! Oh my Lady, I——"

"I nearly died of love."

"Well, I never! I never, never, heard the like!"

"Let me tell you, that at this present, I have not forgotten the man. He was good, and he grew to be great. My love for him is the sweetest memory in my life. So be kind to Agratha. She loved the young man better than she knew."

"I set little by him. He gave himself out as a Lord—who knows?"

"I know. Be sure of that. He is a Lord, and he may become a Duke. He is very rich, both in land and gold. His mother has been saving and scrimping for him ever since he was born. She is also a prudent woman, Ladarene, and for his sake kept on the right side in politics."

"Then she will not let him marry a poor Dutch girl."

"How it will come about I cannot tell, but he is sure to marry Agratha. He loved her the moment he saw her. And he has taught her to love him."

"There's the rub. Women are a soft lot!"

"Perhaps after all, Ladarine, it is just as well they are. Were you never in love?"

"No. The only man in my village that I could have loved, went and died."

"But there were other villages, and other men."

"No. In Oldsettle, where I come from, it is Ourselves, to Ourselves. We don't marry Outsiders. We know better. It is hard to trust the men you are brought up with, strangers are out of the question. You never know what they will be up to. Agratha will be the best off with her mother—when is she going home?"

"I am going to New Amsterdam to-morrow. She will go with me."

"Maybe, you are going to see the Governor."

"Yes."

"About the negro slaves?"

"Yes."

"If it please you, my lady, bring no negroes here. I cannot bear them."

"But you need help in the house."

"Not black help! Praise God, I can do better without it. But if you are going to take Agratha home to-morrow, it is not worth my while spending time talking to her; for I am up to my elbows in work to-day, and hardly know which way to turn."

"Let me tell you, Ladarene, that Mary Busy Body never wants a hard day, but Mary Drone has God to bring and give her."

"I think it a shame for the Governor to start that slavery business. He has honest irons enough in the fire, without the devil's trade."

"The Governor is not to blame. The people here at Gravesend, and at Flushing, and at all the Long Island villages have been talking slavery for two years to Governor Stuyvesant. The Governor is a good man."

"Good, good, good! but God keep my sheep out of his pasture."

"He wishes to do right, Ladarine."

"To be sure. We all wish to do right. It's the *doing right* that is more than we can manage, but right or wrong, God help our aims! Stuyvesant may be bad, but shame to them who make bad worse. That isn't Ladarine Gilpin's way."

The next morning was lowering and windy, but the wind was favourable, and Lady Moody did not alter her plans for wind or tide, unless it was an imperative necessity. Agratha also was anxious to see her mother. She was not sure that she would tell her all that Lord McIvar had promised; it was rather that strong human instinct, which drives all men and women, when their hearts are overwhelmed in sorrow, to the only human heart that will never fail them.

So in spite of dark skies and troubled waters, they embarked in Lady Moody's sloop, and ran rapidly before the wind to New Amsterdam. There was a little private wharf at the bottom of Van Ruyven's garden and there they landed. It was then about three in the afternoon, and Madam Van Ruyven was just writing a letter to her daughter, urging her to return. With a cry of pleasure she rose when Agratha and Lady Moody appeared, and immediately began to assist in the removal of their wraps. All was in a happy confusion for a few minutes, then Agratha asked permission to go to her room and rest awhile. "I have a headache, moeder," she said, "and I am tired and sleepy with the wind."

Then Madame Van Ruyven asked Lady Moody if she also would not like to rest for an hour, and she answered cheerfully:

"In Faith, no, Madame. It will give me more pleasure to talk awhile with you. I will sit by the

fire, and a cup of tea * will make me quite comfortable."

Over this cup of tea the ladies became confidential, which was Lady Moody's intention. Madame hoped Agratha had pleased her ladyship in all matters, and Lady Moody answered: "She is a perfect child-woman. Her little faults even are captivating, and for my own part, I am not astonished that McIvar has gone away in a distraction of love for her."

"I am sorry for the young man," answered Madame. "Agratha's father will never permit her marriage to an Englishman."

"He is Scotch, Highland Scotch."

"Not any better is that. Forgive me! I have heard he is your cousin."

"Only a far off cousin, but I know the youth and his mother well. Agratha can never do better," and as she sipped her tea she explained all the circumstances relating to the young Lord's character and fortune."

Madame Van Ruyven listened with a visible dissent and annoyance. She did not like another woman having made the first step in ordering her daughter's destiny. She told herself that was her own privilege, and there was a certain young Jonkeer at the Hague, the son of a friend of her own youth, whom in her heart she had chosen for

* The use of tea at this time was not general, but rich people, or those having influence with the East India Company, received small packages as a great favor

Agratha's husband. So she listened coldly to Lady Moody's talk of a possible dukedom, and high court patronage, and answered with such prudent reserve, that Lady Moody was astonished, and perhaps a trifle offended. She was also sorry she had taken any step beyond the first civilities, and she wisely turned conversation to the subject passionately interesting the whole community—the introduction of negro slaves.

"There was a deputation from Gravesend yesterday to confer with the Governor," said Lady Moody.

"That is so," answered Madame. "They saw the Governor this morning, and my husband told me they had come to high words. Captain Underhill said all he thought, and 'tis well known what kind of things Captain Underhill usually thinks. People ought to keep their tempers, that is what I say."

"Two years ago all the villages on Long Island petitioned the Governor for negro slaves," said Lady Moody. "I read their petition. They complained that they were too much fatigued by work, and asked for an importation of negroes for whom they promised to pay 'whatever price the Governor will order.'"

"Well then, it was about the price they came to words. My husband says it is easy to come to words with men like Underhill, Baxter and James Hubbard."

"I grant it, yet these three men know how to choose their words for the occasion. What was wrong with the price, Madame?"

"Well then, it was not the price of the negro, but the tax of six dollars a head, which Stuyvesant put on for the West India Company. Underhill said it was too much, and that the burghers would like to know who received the six dollars a head, on the three or four hundred negroes, and Stuyvesant answered: 'I have told you already the Company claims it. Are you fools, asses, idiots, that you don't understand me,' he cried. Then Underhill asked how much of the six dollars went to the Company, and how much went to the Company's servants. And Stuyvesant flew into a screaming rage, and threatened imprisonment and fines and so on—you know."

"Yes. Does any of the six dollars go to the Company's servants?"

"Mr. Baxter said they had information that four dollars out of every six went to Governor Stuyvesant. And the Governor stamped, and swore, and declared they had heard the truth for once. Then Underhill vowed the Company ought to know what extortions and crimes were done in its name. You see how it would be, Lady Moody, and why the Governor called them snarling dogs, barking with envy, because they could neither beg, nor steal a share in the six dollar tax. Then two halbadiers hearing the noise and confusion came

into the room, and the Governor bid them 'away with these whimperings, quarrelsome fellows! Put them outside, and let them howl to the winds. The rest is not fit for women to talk about. No indeed!'"

"Nor for men, either," answered Lady Moody.

"Now these three men are going from wharf to wharf, and from store to store, raising up anger and disturbance."

"In truth, Madame, men like not to be called dogs, and told to howl to the winds. Trust me, they will find ears that will listen to their complaints."

"Yes, I think that."

"And I am glad to have heard this much from you, Madame, for I must now go at once to Governor Stuyvesant, or Gravesend will lose her share of whatever help has arrived. That would be a great loss, for Spring will soon be here, and make it very needful."

Lady Moody found the Governor and his family just sitting down to their evening meal. They were delighted to see her, and the Governor himself placed her seat by his side. She immediately began her petition for slaves to till the fields of the Gravesend settlers. "I do fear without them, Governor," she declared "we shall raise neither corn nor wheat."

"In my judgment, Lady Moody, such men as

visited me this morning from Gravesend ought to be made to till their own ground, or starve!"

"I am sorry, Governor, that you were troubled by their ill-conditioned words. Do not punish me because of their lack of good breeding."

"You shall have all your necessity asks for, Lady Moody, and I will deal as generously as possible with your colony; but Underhill, Baxter and Hubbard, shall not have one man, woman or child. I will not suffer them."

"They must blame themselves in this matter, Governor."

"I am made the burden-bearer of all New Netherland. This is the plain truth, but I know the sort of men I have to deal with, and before heaven and earth, I will drive my will through their teeth! Such barefaced things as they said to me, and have since been saying up and down the city, is intolerable. They lay too much weight on my patience. They are a danger to the Company. I will hang them without word or warrant."

"Now, Peter," said Madame Stuyvesant, "eat thy meal in peace, or it may prove a poison to thee. Lady Moody will settle thy quarrel with those three men."

"In Faith I will!"

"They are slandering dogs! Base, beggarly rebels, and traitors."

"Traitors! Oh no, Governor, I hope not."

"Yes they are. I will swear it before all men.

They are English spies. They are colleagueing with England at this hour. Underhill vowed, in one of his heats, he would fly the flag of St George over this Fort. And the Yankees are with him—every mother's son of them—so also is Hartford and Connecticut—and I can tell you, my lady, the Long Island villages are not to be depended on. To all of them we are—what the Yankees called us—'their noxious neighbours.' I know; I know. If I did what I ought to do, I would send Underhill, Baxter and Hubbard to England to-morrow, in a leaking ship. I would like to do it."

"But for my sake, Governor, you will look over their offence. When I return home I will talk with them."

"They shall not have a single slave."

"In that, Peter," said Mrs. Bayard, "thou wilt be doing good to thine enemies, which is a notable grace in thee. For I take leave to say, enslaving men and women is a great sin."

"A sin of necessity, Anna."

"There are no sins of that kind, Peter. Sin is sin, and the man who sins, he shall die."

"They would die, no doubt, if women had judgment in their power. But Anna, the Lord is a man of war, and He knows how hard it is for an old soldier to endure civilians, who have never learned what decent control and obedience to their Governors mean. And the Lord is the Governor among all the nations, and you may be sure that

He has His own troubles with such men as headstrong, idolatrous Jews, and haughty, domineering Englishmen."

"And what of Dutchmen, Peter?" asked Madame Bayard.

"Dutchmen, Anna, if let alone, are easy-going and good-tempered. All they want is peace and good-will, and plenty of time to be happy with their families, and to make some money. Minuet and Van Twiller were governors in a Dutch Golden age, here in New Amsterdam. I am like poor David, I sojourn in Mesech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar."

"Well then, Peter, all the more thou ought to be forbearing and forgiving."

"Anna Stuyvesant Bayard, I do not pretend to have thy natural grace. If I can keep step with King David, I do well enough, and David not only reproved his enemy Doeg, he prayed against him; prayed, that his lying lips and false tongue might be smitten with sharp arrows, and coals of juniper. Thou ought to read thy Bible more carefully, Anna. I have to correct thee too often," and he smiled at Anna with a domineering self-approval, which might have brought him confusion, had not Madame Stuyvesant suddenly asked Lady Moody if she had brought home Agratha? "We do miss her much," she added.

"She ought not to have gone to Gravesend at all," said Stuyvesant.

"It was certainly cold and stormy, but she enjoyed the visit," answered Lady Moody.

"She has missed her lessons."

"She can make that 'miss' up, I say freely, that she ought now to be at some good school in London, or the Hague. Her mother is so prejudiced against the Boston schools."

"I am glad to hear it," answered Stuyvesant. "It is the best thing I ever heard of Ragel Van Ruyven."

"Her two daughters-in-law were educated in Boston and she approves of neither of them," said Madame Stuyvesant.

Stuyvesant laughed scornfully. "Someone ought to keep a special school for daughters-in-law," he said. "None of them seem to give satisfaction to mothers-in-law, no matter how they act."

"When your two sons marry, Governor,——"

"When they do, Lady Moody, they will doubtless marry to please themselves. I did. I only hope they will manage to win wives something like their mother. They cannot match her in goodness or beauty, but they can take the best left, and be grateful."

Then Madame Stuyvesant said: "There is a report of Elizabeth Anthony's marriage, but nothing certain," and so the conversation turned pleasantly to the social conditions of the city, which it appeared were strangely gay and extravagant.

CHAPTER FIVE

THUS RAN THEIR WORLD AWAY

In the meantime Agratha had bathed her face, put on the simplest frock she could find and after half an hour's rest had gone to her mother.

"Where then is Lady Moody?" she asked. "I thought she would stay with us."

"She thought herself obliged to go to the Fort. Thou must try and do without her."

"Very little that will trouble me! I have thee, dear moeder, and I am at home again."

"Art thou glad to be at home again?"

"No other home is so good, and sweet and happy."

"Did thou have a pleasant visit?"

"Yes, moeder."

"And was Lady Moody kind to thee?"

"She is always kind to me. She is kind to everyone."

"Ah!"

"Moeder, I will tell you. Lady Moody is too good, too kind. I wish she was like thee and myself, all the same as other people. I wish she had some little faults. I am so tired trying to be like her—always dressed—always good-tempered—always busy—always well. See now, if she would

sometimes turn back her gown, and put on an apron, and do things about the house, it would have been pleasant to help her, as I help thee. But no! She is fitly dressed at all hours, her laces and ribbons are never crushed or soiled, her hair is always smooth, her cap always straight. Men and women come to her from morning to night about all kinds of things, and she is never cross or impatient. If anyone is sick, they expect Lady Moody to care for them. She is never sick. If she sometimes had a headache, or a bad cold, or a fit of the megrims, or even got into a temper for nothing at all, then you could love her more, for you could do something for her. I hope I shall never grow to be so perfect. I intend to do things a little wrong, and be cross and untidy, and even have some temper, now and then."

"Look now, Agratha, what good will come to you from being naughty?"

Then Agratha leaned her head on her mother's breast, and answered in a low, crooning voice: "I shall be so happy to say, 'Dear moeder, I am sorry as can be that I am naughty,' and the good will come when you kiss me and whisper, 'Never mind, my Agratha. I do wrong myself many times. It is of no consequence, Dear One.' That is the good that comes—to be loved, moeder."

"Perhaps you are right—you may be."

"Yes. I think of these things. I think of many things, moeder, and I was astonished to

find myself saying to myself, if Elizabeth Anthony were here, it would be cheerful and pleasant; and I do not like Elizabeth Anthony—only she is exactly unlike Lady Moody."

"Did you see much of the woman who is Lady Moody's housekeeper?"

"Ladarine? Yes, I like Ladarine. She is Lady Moody's great friend. She is cross very often, but she has lots of things to vex her."

"How is that?"

"Because Lady Moody will not let them vex *her*. It is Ladarine that has broths to make for the sick, who mends clothes and who feeds and dresses the babies when their mothers are sick. I dare say she scolds them—she scolds me sometimes."

"She has no business to scold thee, and I will not have thee scolded by anyone."

"Moeder, I scold her back, and she laughs, and then I laugh; and so we are friends, more so than ever. Ladarine is so English, moeder, yet she always loses patience with the English."

"For what, then?"

"She says they are so easy to tell in foreign countries, because they never have the knack of making themselves at home. There are only two or three Dutch families in Gravesend, and they are so friendly and sociable. You could tell their houses were Dutch if you never went inside them;

they are so homelike, and they are so satisfied with them."

"Did Captain Schofield spend much time with you?"

"He came to dinner twice—that was all."

"And what of Lord McIvar?"

"He left the ship when we reached Gravesend, and he did not go back to her, until she was ready to sail."

"Then you were in his company a great deal?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of him?"

"He was good company. We went on the ice. He is a good skater."

"What did he talk about?"

"He talked much about himself, and what he was going to do. Here comes fader! I will open the door for him," and away she sped, leaving the question practically unanswered.

There was no opportunity to ask it again that evening, and before morning Agratha had made up her mind to be frank with her mother concerning Lord McIvar, and perhaps—perhaps also about her conviction of some strong intimacy between Lord McIvar and their bondman, Gus. This latter question, however, was not definitely decided. She left it to circumstances and to that motive power, which may often be more safely trusted than any of our own pre-arranged words or plans.

In a great measure she was ruled by the fact that it was Lord McIvar's secret, and she knew not how the divulging of it might affect him. He had not told her anything, yet she thought he must have seen or suspected some intimate relation between himself and their bondman. Love ripens a character quickly, and Agratha found herself debating circumstances, which, a month previous, she would have carried without doubt or question to her mother.

Some time passed before Madame found another opportunity to interrogate her daughter about Lord McIvar. Agratha's ready avoidance of the subject on the night of her return had made her cautious. She could see that the child had become a woman, and she was sure that Love, and only Love, could have effected such a rapid transformation. A voluntary confidence was what she desired, and sooner or later she felt sure it would come.

It came one afternoon about two weeks after Agratha's return from Gravesend. They were sitting alone, and no company could be expected, for a great wind, accompanied by heavy rain was driving everyone off the streets. They were both sewing and had been, in a fitful way, talking of the current household and social news. But the heaviness of the middle of the day was over them, and their conversation trailed off into syllables and finally into silence. Madame Van Ruy-

ven lifted her head and looked at her daughter. Her face was still, and she had an absent look, as if her thoughts were roaming far away.

"You left all your good spirits at Gravesend, Agratha," she said. "You are not like the merry girl I sent there, not one month gone by. What is the matter with my daughter? Is she sick?"

"No, moeder, I am well."

"Then why art thou so silent, so cast down? Thou makes my heart to ache for thee."

"Moeder, I will tell thee. Lord McIvar has gone away. He has gone for two years, and I feel as if there was no pleasure in the world for me. He is a long way off, and yet he makes me miserable. I wish that I had never seen him."

"Perhaps then, he is also miserable. Would thou like that?"

"Yes, he might then come back to New Amsterdam."

"Is it thy will that he should come back? Thou said thou wast sorry thou had ever seen him."

"That is because I cannot always see him. Moeder! moeder! he said he loved me, he said he loved me more than his life. He said in two years he would come again, and ask my fader and thee to let him make me his wife. Two years! That is such a long time. He will forget. I know he will forget."

"He will not forget thee, but thy fader will never allow that thou should be married on him. Never! Thou must try and forget him."

"I will not forget him. Moeder, the poor young man cannot help that he was born in Scotland. Why should he be made to suffer because God did not choose New Amsterdam for his birthplace? He is so good, moeder, even Ladarene can find no fault in him except that he goes to the English church."

"Well then, that only would be fault enough for thy fader. He cannot put up with Lutherans. Only last week, when Hoag and Company failed, he said it was because they had a Lutheran bookkeeper. For this he thought they deserved to fail. He was not sorry for them."

"Moeder, I think you liked Gael."

"Gael!"

"Yes, moeder, he begged me to call him Gael. You liked him, moeder?"

"I saw no harm in him. He was a nice, cheerful boy; and Lady Moody tells me that he is rich, and will have much Court favour when the King comes back again."

"I think not of such things, moeder."

"So then thy fader and moeder must think for thee. Listen to me once. Thou must do thy best way to forget him, that is the wise thing to do, but if thou cannot forget him, then thou must be preparing thyself to mingle with lords and

ladies in such fashion that he will not be ashamed of thee. Thou must go to London, or the Hague, and learn all that noble women learn. That Domine at the Fort, what can he teach thee that a woman in a court ought to know?"

"Many things, moeder, he can teach me—history and geography, and he has made me a good reader and writer, and taught me many beautiful pieces of poetry. Sometimes I say the poetry to my fader in the evenings—when thou art busy—and fader likes it."

"To be sure! Thy fader has been at the Leyden University. When women go there, I suppose they also will like poetry. As it is, I get plenty of poetry at the Kirk every Sabbath. I do not care for it."

"Moeder, I would like to go to a London school. I have heard Bessie Allerton talk about London. Wilt thou go with me? I could not go alone."

"Perhaps both I and thy fader may go with thee. Many years thy fader has been talking of a visit to our old home in Holland, and Holland is not far from England. Now then, talk to me of thy heartache. I know what that pain is. When I was thy age, I loved, and there was no good luck for my love. But very soon thy fader came, and the Other Love is only like a little light in my memory. If we go to Holland, I shall see him, and he will perhaps be just like other men—

maybe poor, or cross, or disagreeable. I am sure he will have forgotten me, and when I say 'Carel Everson, is all well with thee?' he will stare and wonder, and then be ashamed to say, 'I don't know thee, Madame. What is it thou wants with me?' That is one of the ways of Love, Agratha. No one can tell how any love affair will turn out."

"Well then, moeder, what more?"

"Keep thy heart for the man who will be thy husband. All the love in it thou wilt need to live with any man, and see his foolishness, and bear his tempers week after week, and year after year."

"Dear moeder, I will do all you say. I am glad I told you about Lord McIvar. Now my heart is light again."

"And thou wilt be moeder's cheerful, obedient daughter?"

"If I was not obedient to thee, moeder, how could I be obedient to God? And then!"

"Then all would go wrong in thy life."

But Agratha did not yet confide to her moeder the secret understanding between Lord McIvar and Gus. Something she did not understand held her back. It became unpleasant to think of the matter and now that her mother had supplied her imagination with new subjects for speculation, she let the circumstance slip from her mind, and spent her thoughts upon the probabilities of the London school, and the likelihood of McIvar seeing her in London.

After this confidence Agratha was much happier. Madame encouraged conversation about her lover, and the school question, and she gradually talked herself into a hopeful and expectant mood. But Agratha could not reckon with events over which no one in New Netherland had any control. The new city was hardly organised before it was filled with rumours of war. Cromwell had just been made Protector, and there was every reason to believe the war between England and Holland would be pushed to extremities. Stuyvesant had already written to the authorities in New England and Virginia, proposing that such a war should not interrupt their commercial intercourse. But the answers he received had a tone of evasion, and he was convinced that Massachusetts was preparing to co-operate with the English forces when they arrived. Van Ruyven brought the news home one evening about the middle of March.

"What say you to this?" he cried. "England is sending a large fleet to America, and those New England hypocrites are working night and day to increase it. In my judgment we shall have war before the summer is over. For some while back, I have been telling our people they were feasting our known enemies. Would they mind me? They would not. Yet I say this, and it is the truth—trusting the English is like trusting the cream with the cat."

"If war is sure, Paul, why has not the Company sent men and arms to protect us?" asked Madame. "They know well what England is doing, and if they thought war was certain, surely they would send help to hold their own. War! Paul, I believe it not."

"There has been little business done to-day, Ragel. The stores are full of anxious men. many of them have valuable cargoes at sea—that is my case—and on the streets white-faced men and women are listening with open mouths to any dreadful rumour they get hold of. The city is to be fortified, and out must come our purses, as well as our muskets; but those damnable, desolating English shall have a stubborn fight, if they do come. If they see people living in peace and quiet and making a little money, then they blow their war trumpets and cry, 'Thy land is ours!'"

"Paul, thou must keep thyself in thy good senses. Many responsibilities are thine, wife and children, home and business. Let the young men bluster if it please them; I want thee to say nothing and to take a step at a time, as seems wise to thee. Why should thou go out to meet trouble? For my part, I believe not in any English coming here to fight us."

However, Stuyvesant believed it. He called a meeting of the Council and the City Fathers, and they agreed to put Fort Amsterdam in a proper state of defence, at the cost of the city.

Forty of the principal men in New Amsterdam subscribed a sum of two thousand dollars, but this donation did not exempt them from actual labour. All able-bodied men were required to leave their business, and work on the ditch and palisades surrounding the city, and the next morning Ragel watched her husband pass his house with pick and shovel over his shoulders, and felt very indignant.

"It is all talk," she said scornfully to Agratha, "and if it is not all talk, then the West India Company ought to protect us. It is not our place to fight for the Company, no, indeed! All we make, they tithe, and a little thing it would be for them to send men and arms to defend what they call their own."

"I am so sorry, moeder."

"Thou may well be sorry, for it will put a stop to our going to London this year. However," she added with a smile of satisfaction, "Schepen Johannes de Peyster has had to humble himself a little, for I saw him on the march with the rest of the shovel and spade company. That did me some good, for I like to see pride brought low, and De Peyster is the proudest man in America."

"Well then, moeder, he is so handsome, and so rich, and his house is so big, and his dress so fine."

"To be sure! And I tell you, Agratha, when he wears his full dress wig, and his full dress coat,

and his full dress smile, he makes me long for something disagreeable to happen—a waterspout or a whirlwind, or anything that would drive His Superiority out of my sight."

"He is a nice man, moeder, and I dare say he never did any work in his life."

"I am not against him working now. Let him learn how to use a pick and shovel. It is good for him. But oh, Agratha! how the rag-tag and bob-tail company with which he had to walk must have sickened and humbled his proud stomach!"

"Many good, brave men were walking in that same company, moeder. My fader——"

"Thy fader, in ten thousand ways is ten thousand times a better man than Johannes de Peyster. Nature went about some full work when she made thy fader. I can tell thee that. Well then, at half past ten and at half past three, Gus must take thy fader some Sopus beer and cold meat and bread. And I hope all the men working will have wives as thoughtful of their husbands as Ragel Van Ruyven."

So the weary weeks passed in constant working and watching, but during them Stuyvesant gained a respect never before given him. When he walked day after day in front of the gentlemen labourers, sedate and dignified he looked, and he acted the military chief of affairs. He knew the manner of fortifications; no one else did; he could give directions and orders, where the rest could

only follow and obey. He seldom abused his authority, or made it contemptible by slavering passions and vulgar obscenity. Stuyvesant was a native and natural soldier, and when in military authority was brave, clever and respectable. Perhaps then it was the fault of circumstances that in civil government he was despised, and also accused of degrading lapses from justice and honour. For we must remember, that the tremendous duties proper to men of the sword are by no means suitable to the Council Chamber or the Business Exchange; and that history records few examples of great soldiers who were also great statesmen, or civil rulers. Such cases as come readily to mind, like Julius Caesar, King Alfred, and especially Oliver Cromwell, are but the grand exceptions proving the general rule.

In the middle of April public anxiety was so great that a general humiliation and fast was observed, and by June there was actual insurrection among the English villages on Long Island. However, on the second of June, the battle that seemed imminent in New Netherland was fought in the narrow seas dividing England and Holland. Stuyvesant was, however, unaware of this engagement, and sent Allard Anthony to Holland to represent the condition of affairs to the Amsterdam Chamber.

In the meantime, the flame of patriotism that had fired all men at the first whisper of war, had

waned in a manner that was most irritating to Stuyvesant. The opinions Ragel had so frankly expressed, had become the opinions of the majority, and when Stuyvesant in July called upon the city for more money to continue the fortifications, the burgomasters peremptorily refused to contribute a stiver, unless Stuyvesant gave up the excise on wines and beers.

It was hard for a soldier to endure such lukewarm patriots, and we may well excuse and even admire the temper in which he invited a dozen of the principal men in New Amsterdam to dine with him on a hot, sunny afternoon towards the end of August. A stranger sat at his right hand whom he introduced in a general way as his friend Mynheer Suydam, who had just arrived from London, bringing with him the last news letters and papers. And after all had been refreshed, and the wine was opening men's hearts and mouths, Stuyvesant said:

"Gentlemen, our friend Mynheer Suydam, has brought us good news, inasmuch as he assures us of no war in America, just yet, and perhaps not at all. You are not going to be troubled in your business, and for all I see, you may eat and sleep and smoke with all the leisure you find so comfortable. There has been a fight with the English, and such a fight as the Lord Mighty in battle, and all the hosts of his angels, must have joyed to see. For it is His will that we should set our

teeth and fight for the land which he has given us. So then we will listen to what Mynheer Suydam will read us from the official account of the engagement."

Then Suydam rose and said: "Gentlemen, this is the true account. It kept all the coffee houses in London ablaze and shouting the night through and on the next Sabbath, it was read from every pulpit amid *Te Deums* and Thanksgivings."

There was a curious look of mystification on the faces of the guests, and on Stuyvesant's a mingling of many opposite emotions, but all tinged with a faint contempt. "We are listening, Mynheer," he said courteously, and he refilled his glass and quietly passed the bottle.

So Suydam straightened out the broadside in his hand, and read aloud:

"Monk and Dean were cruising with a portion of the English fleet between North Foreland and Nieuport. Blake was on the Northern coast. Van Tromp decided to engage the fleet, separated from their great admiral. The battle continued all through the second day of June. Dean had been killed by a cannon shot at the first broadside, and when night separated the combatants, each of the fleets was sorely crippled. The action recommenced on the third. On that morning the sound of cannon from the North told Monk the welcome news that the Sea King was at hand. Soon after Blake's ships appeared, and

broke through the Dutch line. Van Tromp fought with desperation. His ship, the *Brederod*, was boarded by the crew of the English flag ship, *James*, after they had repulsed Van Tromp's boarders. The Dutch admiral resolved not to be a prisoner, and he threw a lighted match into his own powder magazine. The explosion blew up the deck, but he escaped and renewed the battle in a frigate. At last he was compelled to retreat, leaving with the English eleven vessels, and thirteen hundred and fifty prisoners."

The news was received with a low murmur of anger, and John Deventer said sternly: "Governor, I see nothing in this news to rejoice over. No, indeed!"

"Then I am sorry for you, gentlemen;! you must be blind as bats," answered Stuyvesant. "At any rate, if you can do nothing else, you can shout for the brave Van Tromp!" and with his mighty voice, he led a cheer for Van Tromp that filled the Fort with its triumph.

"Let the English have the ships!" he cried, "we have Van Tromp! Why, gentlemen, it is said Blake and his sailor men watched him breathlessly, swimming to the nearest frigate, and when he boarded her and took command of the battle again, they cheered him above the roar of cannon. For brave men know and honour brave men. And by all that is holy, I swear that if great and good deeds are done by men of any race, or any

nation, great and good men do them. One more cheer for Van Tromp, gentlemen!"

No one appeared willing to raise the cheer, and there was a few moments' silence. Then Mynheer Suydam said, "Governor, I cheer with you!" and Stuyvesant answered, "Brother, I thank you!" and again Stuyvesant raised his powerful voice, and the cheer rose, slowly gathering strength as it did so. While it was still ringing, Stuyvesant with Mynheer Suydam bowed and left the room.

Then the company rapidly dispersed. They were anxious to get outside the precincts of the Fort, and discuss the affair. They had been led, almost against their will, into cheering a great Dutch disaster, and they did not see, as Stuyvesant did, the tremendous moral victory Van Tromp had gained. Moreover, they were puzzled by Stuyvesant's declaration that "the glory of a nation, though a great thing, was not as great as the glory of its humanity."

"He talked some nonsense this afternoon," said Abraham Blankaert.

"He talked like the Domine," said Philip Wolfert, "and I have heard say he did some studying for the pulpit."

"What is talk worth?" asked Jacob Styvart. "We have lost some ships—eleven big men of war. Think of that, brothers."

"Think also," said Martin Snyder, "that if we have lost eleven big ships, we have saved Van

Tromp. Would we any of us be willing to let the English get him for eleven big ships? No. Then we have the best of it. Plenty more ships we can build, but as for Van Tromp he is a man by himself. We did well to cheer, I say that."

This circumstance supplied the little city with conversation for a long time. It grew in importance, and men quarrelled about it, both on the streets and in their homes. The Van Ruyvens did not escape its influence. Paul Van Ruyven had been in his youth a classical student, he was touched by Stuyvesant's attitude, and comparing Van Tromp's action with the great patriotic deeds of antiquity, he found it superior to all. Agratha took with enthusiasm her father's view, both of Stuyvesant and Van Tromp, but Ragel was provokingly indifferent.

"Van Tromp is a fighter by trade," she said, "and boarding and blowing up ships is in his contract. When Dr. Campbell went to that case of smallpox, he took his life in his hand, but nobody went mad about Dr. Campbell doing his duty. For my part I can find no good sense in blowing up a ship full of men."

"It was a great and good deed, Ragel, and Stuyvesant thought and said so."

"Stuyvesant!" she cried scornfully. "All Stuyvesant's great and good men are soldiers."

"His stand by Van Tromp's defeat was a fine lesson to the English—and others."

"The English do not need the lesson—not they. Often thou hast said they always go for the under dog in the fight. The French smile and shrug, and pay some compliments. They admire any foolish, reckless thing. The Scotch are shocked at the waste of property and life. I know! I have heard half a dozen women talking, and they always say what their husbands teach them."

"They are good women and good wives," said Van Ruyven.

"They may be. God knows."

"And Scotch men are good fighters," he continued.

"They may be. God knows. I know they don't like fighting on water, it is too moveable and uncertain, and they don't like fighting with gunpowder, it is too responsive to defeat and bad temper. Hector McAslin told me they want a hillside and a fixed bayonet. He said he would not put his trust in anything but cold steel, and that cold steel held in his own hand."

"Generally speaking, I stand with thee, Ragel, but in this case I stand with Stuyvesant."

"Well then, I think very little of thy standing. For I take leave to say—and well thou knowest I speak the truth—that Stuyvesant's shout for Van Tromp's defeat was just to shame the men who thought the tax on their beer of more consequence than the safety of their city."

In this kind of restlessness and dissatisfaction the weeks and months passed. Nothing was certain but the discontent of the people with their Governor, and this feeling rose to such a height that in the month of December a great popular meeting was held in New Amsterdam to consider their grievances. To this meeting Brooklyn, Flatbush, Flatlands, Gravesend, Newton, Flushing and Hempstead sent representatives, earnest and liberty-loving men. They demanded only what had been promised them—the laws and privileges of their Fatherland. Stuyvesant winced under the oppressions laid before him, but he made neither excuses nor promises.

"Let the men of Brooklyn, Flatbush and Flatlands go back to their homes," he cried angrily. "They have no right here. They have no jurisdiction here. They cannot send delegates to any popular assembly. I will not have such doings. I will not! It is treason! Treason! and nothing short of it."

"Governor Stuyvesant, we respectfully ask that the grievances just shown you be redressed," said James Hubbard.

"Fools! Idiots! Do you not know that those two words, 'grievances redressed,' always please the mob, and always cheat them? While Peter Stuyvesant is Governor of New Netherland, there will be no mob rule in politics. God knows the next thing would be mob rule in religion, and the

city would be overrun by Quakers and Baptists, Jews and Lutherans, and the devil's own brood of every name. It shall not so be! I will not permit it! Peter Stuyvesant will not permit it! My office would indeed be a despicable thing, if a rabble like this could make and unmake laws and rulers. Your grievances are a pack of lies, and you are sap-headed fools to complain of them."

"Governor Stuyvesant!" said Captain John Underhill, "we are respectable citizens, and not a rabble. We are thoughtful, earnest men, and not idiots and sap-headed fools, and our grievances must be attended to, or we will know the reason why."

"Captain Underhill!" shouted Stuyvesant, rising to his feet and striking the table passionately, "Captain Underhill, I know well that this meeting is your doing. Go to your home, and keep quiet and behave yourself, or you will soon be in a much worse place. And you and every other person present may learn now, and for all future time, that I derive my authority from God and the Company, not from a few ignorant subjects, and that I, Peter Stuyvesant, and I alone, can call the inhabitants of this colony together. And I advise you all to let my just and lawful authority stand between you and rebellion." Then in ringing tones that smote men's ears like a lash, he shouted, "I command this delegation to disperse on the pain of my highest displeasure!"

"Governor," answered James Hubbard, "we obey your commands." Then facing the delegates, he continued: "Friends and neighbours, I will give you a word from above, to think on as you go to your homes," and he spoke with a distinct and almost inspired intonation as follows:

"And the Lord said unto Moses, 'wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward.'"

So in a tumult of indignant speech, the assembly broke up. Stuyvesant appeared indifferent, but the advice of Hubbard was immediately followed. The Gravesend magistrates wrote to the States General, Martin Creiger, George Baxter and fifty others appealed to the burgomasters and schepens of the City of Amsterdam, and an earnest general petition was sent to the West India Company. The underhand policy of the Company may be learned from one sentence in the letter which they sent to Stuyvesant at this time: "You must act with more vigour, and punish refractory subjects as they deserve. Enforce your authority, so that these men no longer indulge the visionary dream that contributions cannot be levied without their consent." Numberless small annoyances arose constantly from these conditions to embarrass the Governor, and if he had been a man of less firmness and decision of character, he must have utterly failed to carry on the government.

Fortunately Christmas was approaching, and the city forgot its grievances in the joy of its preparation for the feast. For Christmas was in New Amsterdam a very great and happy event; so much so, that the Common Council interdicted all ordinary meetings of the board between December the fourteenth and three weeks after Christmas—also directing the Court Messenger "not to summon any person in the meantime." As a general thing all political wrongs and all private animosities were forgotten, and for five or six weeks New Amsterdam gave itself freely to feasting, dancing, skating, and unstinted hospitality.

On the twenty-second of December, Agratha, having finished the decoration of her own home, started early for the Fort, in order to assist Madame Bayard in beautifying its gloomy precincts. She promised her mother to return home early, but the day wore on and Agratha did not return. When it was four o'clock, the mother became uneasy, and she was just about to send Gus to the Fort to make inquiries, when the girl, rosy with the frosty air, and eager and glad with the news she brought, returned.

"Oh moeder, moeder!" she cried joyfully, "I have had such a happy day."

"Well then, thou hast made it a long day. I was uneasy about thee."

"I will tell thee, moeder, and thou also will be

glad; so strange; so unexpected! I never hoped! I never thought of such a good thing."

She was untying her hood and cloak with quick, nervous fingers as she spoke, and she flung them carelessly down on a chair near at hand. "Sit quiet a little while, moeder, it will be so pleasant to tell thee what has happened."

"Well then?"

"When I got to the Fort this morning, the Governor and Madame Stuyvesant were sitting with Lady Moody and a strange woman, and they seemed very happy."

"A strange woman! What kind of a woman? How old was she?"

"I think as old as Wim's wife; she says she is twenty-seven. She came from Canada. She could not bear the cold there."

"No wonder! Is she a Canadian?"

"Indeed she is not; she is either English or French. She speaks both languages perfectly."

"Then what in heaven or earth took her to Canada?"

"She went there with an officer's family as governess to their children and the children could not bear the cold, and so she brought them to their aunt in Boston. Then she resolved to come still further south, and several people who had known Lady Moody when she lived in Boston, gave her letters of introduction to Lady Moody. She

came to New Amsterdam two weeks ago, and so direct to Gravesend, where she has been resting herself until yesterday. Then she came with Lady Moody to the Stillwells', and at the Stillwells' she will spend Christmas."

"All this is very fine, Agratha, but as to the truth of it, who knows?"

"The Governor. He had a letter from the Colonel of the Canadian regiment, and in it he said many good things of the stranger. Also he asked him to be kind to her and give her assistance in any way he could and so."

"I never heard anything like it."

"Now she is going to remain in New Amsterdam and open a school here for young ladies, like me."

"And pray, what can she teach thee?"

"Many things, moeder, that I want to learn —to speak the French, to play on the Spanish mandolin, to read music as I read a book."

"And she can teach thee these things?"

"These and many other things, moeder, all the new embroideries, tatting and tambour work. She can teach also the Court courtesy, and the proper manner of entering and leaving a room—the newest French and Spanish dances—and moeder, Lady Moody says she can make the fashionable hoods and hats and stomachers, and also show us how to dress our hair in all the fashionable ways now in use."

"I think she knows too much. Where could she have learned all these things?"

"In the French convents and the London schools; and moeder, out of thin sheets of white and colored wax, she can make flowers that look as if you pulled them out of the garden."

"Tell me no more, Agratha. I will not believe that any woman can do so many fine things. And if thou wants to learn this, or that, from this stranger, name not in thy fader's presence, French convents. He will not believe that anything but evil could come out of them. London schools are different, we have spoken of them already for thee."

"If you could have seen her dress the dingy rooms, moeder. So quick, so sure, went her fingers. It was like a miracle. Such garlands! Such stars and crosses! She had brought some wax with her, and she made mistletoe boughs, and pink rosebuds, and cut little English daisies out of white paper, and put them among the green leaves; and, oh moeder, the old Fort is beyond everything! Even the governor stayed to watch her, and she told him that on Christmas morning he must order his soldiers to stack arms in the court, and she would make garlands of laurel leaves and lilies to throw over them. And the Governor shouted with pleasure, and so it will be."

"What is the name of this wonder?"

"Her name is Finlay, but Lady Moody called her Rose."

"Is she going to take a house? Where will she keep her school?"

"Much talk was on that subject. Madame Stuyvesant thought she had better take a floor in some respectable house, and she spoke of Mrs. Van Dam. You know, moeder, Mrs. Van Dam is poor, and Madame thought she would be glad to rent a floor in her big house. That would be a great thing for Elsie Van Dam. Moeder, I promised if you would let me, to take Miss Finlay to Mrs. Van Dam's in the morning."

"I will not let thee do anything of the kind. Why should Agratha Van Ruyven go about with a strange women who wants rooms, and who intends to keep a school? Thy fader would be very angry."

"I am so sorry. She is so sweet and clever. And she has no friends here."

"Well then, she ought not to have left her friends."

"Perhaps, moeder, she had none to leave—perhaps they were all dead. Her fader was an officer, and died on the battlefield. Madame Stuyvesant told me so."

"That may be. I know not. Thou must tell thy fader all this story, and see what he says. He will know what thou ought to do."

"Moeder, you must help me; fader will do in

the long run all you say. And I want to learn everything Miss Finlay can teach me. I want to be a clever woman, the same as she is. Yes, moeder, let me have my wish."

"That is nonsense. There is no need for thee to be a clever woman. Thy fader is a rich man, and there may be money coming in some other ways to thee. Perhaps thou may be a rich woman."

"Art thou thinking of Lord McIvar?"

"Well then, suppose I was?"

"It would be wiser not to think of him. Since he went away he has forgotten me."

"Thou art mistaken. He will never forget thee."

At this moment Paul Van Ruyven opened the door. He brought the spirit of Christmas in with him; he looked ten years younger than usual. And as he ate his supper he listened to Agratha's story with interest, but without enthusiasm. He was wondering all the time how much of it was true, and for what purpose the woman, friendless and alone, had come to New Amsterdam. Her reasons were plausible, but not convincing. Madame perceived his doubts at once, and asked:

"Art thou thinking Miss Finlay has not told us the truth, Paul?"

"No, I believe what she says is the truth, but I think there is some more truth behind what she has told."

"The Governor and Madame seem to be quite satisfied."

"The Governor and Madame after all, are mere mortals. That the woman spoke French would be enough for Madame Stuyvesant, and her clever fingers and clever advice to stack the arms of the soldiers, and crown them with Christmas symbols of peace and good-will, would be all Stuyvesant would require. If she is as pretty, as well as clever, then——"

"I never thought of that. Is Miss Finlay pretty, Agratha?"

"No, she is not pretty."

"Handsome, then? Tall and stately?"

"No, moeder. She does not look like Elizabeth Anthony, or Lady Moody. She is not tall, and not stately. She is small, and in her movements quick and graceful. Her hair is very black, and fastened with an ivory comb. Her face is sweet and pale, and her lips smiling; but, oh moeder, her large black eyes are full of sorrow and sadness. I could not bear to look into them. If she was alone, I am sure she would neither speak nor smile, and now and then she forgets herself for a minute, then remembers and suddenly becomes gay and laughing. I noticed these things, because I felt so sorry for her."

"How was she dressed? Was she shabby?"

"Very well she was dressed, and you might at once see that her frock and cloak had been made

in Paris. They were of dark blue cloth, and quite plain—so plain as Lady Moody's—but they fit her, and she has a beautiful figure. She is so sweet and loveable. I am sure she will have many scholars; and I hope, dear fader, Agratha may be one of them."

Then Paul rose, and standing on the hearth rug with his back to the fire, he drew his daughter within his right arm. "Agratha," he said, "at first you may take two studies with Miss Finlay—no more. When you are eighteen we intend to take you to the Hague; at nineteen you will go to Paris; at twenty to London, and soon after your twenty-first birthday we shall bring you back to New Amsterdam. Now then, what two studies will you take?"

"The French language will be useful, if I am to go to Paris."

"Just so. Learn French, then."

"And I would like to learn the mandolin. I should soon be able to sing all the sings you love, fader."

"Very well. That settles the matter. One thing I tell thee—women often love each other foolishly. Be careful of thyself. Though this Miss Finlay is young, well educated, and fashionably dressed, I think it likely she has had some great sorrow. Now often I have heard the Domine himself say that God so directs things, that orthodoxy and a good life lead to happiness and

wealth. So then, if a person is in trouble, it is likely they have not cared properly for God and His commandments; and when people weep a great deal, they are usually of a discontented temper. We are a religious family, my Agratha. We make no friends with Lutherans, or any other schismatic, and if this strange woman is from Paris, she may even be a papist."

"You think of everything, dear fader."

"That comes from my experienec, Agratha, and where my principles are concerned, I am immoveable."

"Fader, can I go with Miss Finlay to Mrs. Van Dam's to-morrow? She wishes to rent a floor in her house."

"No."

"But why not, fader?"

"I do not think it respectable for thee to do so. Take thy lessons, and I will pay the price. Perhaps, however, there may be no lessons. Who knows how New Amsterdam may receive the young woman?"

"Lady Moody——"

"Well then, Lady Moody is not omnipotent."

"The Governor——"

"Never pleases anyone, no matter what he does."

"Then he ought to please himself," said Agratha, with some temper.

"He does, he always has done, and if God Al-

mighty does not interfere, he always will do."

Then Madame called in Gus to clear the table, and so make the little confusion necessary to close a conversation going too far. And she was a trifled annoyed, because her daughter had not shown that wisdom, or tact, which perceives the right moment to end a subject.

A little later she pointed this out to Agratha. "When thou hast got all that is likely, know enough to stop asking," she said. "Wait till this strange woman redeems her promises, then try again."

"I shall be wasting time, moeder."

"Other things also can be wasted. Be content with what has been given thee. It is more than I expected."

In a month, however, Miss Finlay had more than redeemed her promises. She had the aristocracy of New Amsterdam at her feet. She had classes for dancing and music, for needlework and deportment, and a large class learning the mysteries of making head coverings and stomachers, and the secrets of hair dressing. In her own way she dictated many social events, and when the birthday of the city came round, on the second of February, she carried out with marvellous success a public reception, the startlingly large proceeds of which were a birthday gift to the city's poor.

In this entertainment the very best citizens took part. The handsome Jacob Kip and his lovely *fiancée* danced a little Saracenic drama, enlivened by castanets and a tambourine—the Anthonys, Van Cortlandts, De Peysters, Stillwells, De Silles, and many others took part in the evening's amusement, which was opened with a minuet by Councillor Van Ruyven and his daughter Agratha. It called forth extravagant praises and delight. Indeed, the handsome Van Ruyven in full dress was a man any city might be proud of, and when he stepped out with his beautiful daughter, there was not only astonishment, but unaffected pride and pleasure in their appearance, skill and grace.

This circumstance alone indicated how far Miss Finlay had made good her promises in about five weeks. "God has worked a miracle in my affairs," she said to Lady Moody on the morning after the entertainment, but how great a miracle, she did not then know, or even anticipate.

CHAPTER SIX

THE BONDMAN

If there was any Golden Age of the Dutch in America, it was at this time. They were making money rapidly, they had large, commodious homes and gardens, they dressed splendidly, they ate and drank luxuriously, and their consciences were comfortably at ease in Zion, since they believed that all these good things were the result of their precise obedience to the demands of the old Reformed Dutch Church, because God so directed all affairs, that this obedience led to wealth.

Nothing troubled the burghers of New Amsterdam but the tyranny of headstrong Peter; and as they fought it tooth and nail, it is likely they found it a pleasant alternative to lives so steeped in prosperity and satisfaction that they required some annoyance to serve as salt or condiment to their placid existence. At any rate, it kept their better part awake and on the watch, and a meeting of the Town Council with Peter Stuyvesant in the chair—where he had no business to be—was a very stimulating affair, one that was generally accepted and enjoyed by every city official.

For days after such a meeting, they were alert

and active. They talked valiantly against Stuyvesant and his tyrannies and impositions, but they did not for all their hard words dislike him. On the contrary, they admired his tempers, and wondered at his wealth of scurrilous, insulting, offensive, insolent reproaches and revilings, in Latin and Dutch and English.

"You can bring no argument, however just, which can stand the words in three languages that he flings at it," said Van Winkle; "he stones it to death with them."

"I should think not," answered Van Brunt. "We all know what talkers the English are; well then, they are hoarse with barking at Stuyvesant, and he minds nothing they say."

"He has the gift of impudence," explained Jacob Snedecor, "and he may be thankful that every man has not the like talent."

"Come, come, he is Dutch, he is our own. He might help us yet."

"So he might, Van Winkle, if he was not so busy helping himself."

"Well, then, Snedecor, there is no sin in a man caring a little for himself. We must all follow the good example our Governor sets us," and the little group laughed, and went each his way to his own particular method of helping himself, and not one of them in his heart thought hardly of the autocratic Director Peter Stuyvesant.

To Agratha this was a very happy period. She

gave to Miss Finlay that great affection, which good girls so frequently give to a teacher whom they honour and admire; and to her new studies the enthusiasm and delight of a willing student. From the dumb strings to bring sweet music, that in its turn drew from her heart the song lying asleep there, was a kind of a miracle to the child woman. She watched her fingers with a curious pleasure, and when the song flew from her lips she laughed aloud with joy. And almost equally delightful was the sound of the strange tongue. She chattered the simple phrases as she learned them to her father and mother; and they praised her cleverness, and both agreed that she might as well as not join the sewing and embroidery class.

The attendance on this class was in the afternoons, and one day she stayed beyond its hours, to finish a piece of work she wished to take home with her. Quite unexpectedly it began to rain, and in half an hour Gus came to the Van Dams' house with a cloak and pattens for Agratha. Hand in hand she went with Miss Finlay down the stairs to the front hall, where Gus was waiting, and there, suddenly as a flash of lightning, Rose Finlay threw up her hands and uttering an unintelligible cry, fell to the floor.

Then Agratha's call of terror quickly brought Madame Van Dam and her daughter Elsie. Rose Finlay lay unconscious. Agratha knelt weeping at her side, and Gus, having opened the door,

leaned shivering against the lintel, his face as white as that of a dead man.

"Run for a doctor," said Madame to Gus, and no one, unless it was Agratha, noticed the Celtic pathos of his face and figure, as he stumbled out into the dim light and pouring rain.

Probably he met the doctor on the street, for within ten minutes he was at Rose Finlay's side. She was just recovering consciousness, and he said to her:

"You have had a great fright."

Rose made a motion of denial.

"A great shock then?"

"No," she whispered.

"What then?"

"I—can't—say."

"Where do you come from?"

"The Hebrides."

"I thought so. Second sight, eh?"

"Perhaps."

"You must rest two or three days."

"No, there is no need."

"Take your own way then. You know."

"Yes."

"Come, Miss Van Ruyven. I will bring you home in my gig. Your man is already there. I sent him, for he was wet through and looked as if he had seen a spirit. Queer. Very queer!"

This event was discussed with much interest at the Van Ruyven supper table. Men had no even-

ing papers in those days, and the gossip of the city related by their woman reporters was a pretty good substitute. Agratha described the affair with faithful detail, and her father listened attentively, then he asked:

"Do you think Gus had anything to do with that fainting fit?"

"No, fader, nothing at all. How could he?"

"And it was not fright or shock?"

"She said it was not, fader."

"And the doctor called it *Second Sight*. What did she say to that?"

"She said 'perhaps.'"

"Mind what I tell you, Agratha, there is no such thing as Second Sight."

"Lady Moody told me that it is named in the Holy Scriptures, fader."

"Lady Moody is wrong. It is not named in the Bible, or it would be named in the Creed and the Catechism. Archie Campbell is a clever doctor, but he is clean mad about some things; yes indeed, quite crazy."

"There is no need to bring the Holy Scriptures, or even Second Sight into a woman's fainting fit," said Ragel Van Ruyven scornfully; "a poor little mouse is enough. Last year, as Mary Deventer was coming down stairs a mouse crossed her foot, and she fainted and fell down stairs, and broke her arm—for a mouse!"

"I feel sure you are right, moeder," said

Agratha. "What does make women afraid of a mouse?"

Paul Van Ruyven laughed aloud. "It is their way," he answered. "Mary Deventer is a timid little woman afraid of a mouse, and Tom Deventer is the biggest, strongest man in New Amsterdam, yet Tom is afraid of Mary, and Mary is not afraid of Tom, though she faints if a mouse crosses her foot."

"Let me tell you, fader, that Tom Deventer would faint if a mouse ran up his leg."

"No, he would not."

"Then he would have cursed, and stamped and yelled like a man gone out of his good senses, and the whole house would have been turned upside down to find the little animal. It is decenter to faint. It is what I should do."

"There are no mice strolling about the Van Ruyven house," said Ragel Van Ruyven; "if there was, I should send a cat after them."

"Doctor Campbell has acted very foolishly," said Van Ruyven. "He has given fainting a new name, and every woman will have an attack of the Second Sight. He must be advised on the matter. I shall tell him to infer a little against its morality and respectability."

"Oh no, dear fader, you must not do that. It would injure Miss Finlay."

"Well then, Agratha, she should not introduce such unnatural troubles."

"Bring the Scriptures, and call in the maids," said Madame, "this conversation is unprofitable, and not even interesting."

At the Fort on the following day, Agratha had to tell the story over again, and the Governor was just as angry with Doctor Campbell as Van Ruyven had been.

"Second Sight!" he cried with an angry scorn. "Such shaffling, puddling folly! I'll teach Campbell to stick to his pills and lancets. If he does not, I will take his diploma from him."

"Peter," said Anna Bayard, "you cannot take Doctor Campbell's diploma from him. He has it from the University of Glasgow."

"Do I care for the University of Glasgow—if there is such a place? Glasgow is only a big weaving shop. I don't believe in her University. I shall take Campbell's diploma from him if he invents any more irreligious, irrational, preposterous names for women to get sick under. Second Sight! Second Sight!" he shouted, "I'll have no Second Sight in New Netherland!" and to this passionate declaration, he stamped out of the room.

The women looked at each other, and Madame Stuyvesant said, "My poor Peter! He feels everything so sharp, so strong! It is his way."

"There is no reason for him to feel everything as if it was the only thing in the world. It is a bad way," said Madame Bayard.

Then Agratha, in a childish effort to divert a dispute, reiterated her previous statement. "My moeder thinks it was only a mouse that frightened Miss Finlay."

"So I think also," replied Madame Stuyvesant.

"So I do *not* think," said Madame Bayard.

Neither did Agratha put any faith in the mouse solution of Miss Finlay's illness. She had seen that Gus in his way was as profoundly affected as the woman, and she was certain that it was the sudden sight of each other which had produced in both consequences not to be denied.

Why then did she not tell her mother the conviction in her heart? First, because she had not told him about the unexplained condition between Lord McIvar and Gus. She had regarded it as Lord McIvar's secret inadvertently revealed to her, and for his sake she had been absolutely silent concerning it. Who was this bondman, that he should have an apparent intimacy with two people so dissimilar, as the rich Scotch Lord, and the poor daughter of a dead captain of infantry?

Then again, who was Lord McIvar, that she should carry this three-fold secret for his sake? He was, she believed, her betrothed husband. He had vowed to make her his wife as soon after he came of age as it was possible to reach her. True, no letter, or message, or token of remembrance of any kind had come to her. But in spite of this apparent neglect, she believed in the prom-

ises the handsome youth had kissed upon her lips, that sad last day they had spent together. Communication by letter was difficult and doubtful in those days; lovers had to trust each other, and Agratha's guileless heart found it easy to trust.

After some days of hesitation, she resolved rather to seek the confidence of Miss Finlay, than reveal doubts and suspicions which might precipitate some great disappointment or sorrow upon a trio, two members of which were dear to her. Also, she had that singular sense of honourable obligation to silence, which only a heart as young and unselfish would have regarded. McIvar had never asked her silence. He had trusted to her affection divining that silence was necessary, and to her discretion in keeping it. She felt this condition as well as if it had been explained to her word by word, and she could not bear to fall below her lover's estimate of her nobility.

It was, however, impossible to reach any confidential conversation with Miss Finlay, though Agratha was sure she understood her suspicions, and was grateful for the easy indifference with which she dismissed the subject, if anyone spoke of her illness. In two days she resumed her teaching, and there was no change whatever in the silent, irresponsive behaviour of Gus.

During the months of July, August and September, Miss Finlay remained with Lady Moody at Gravesend, but in October she again opened her

classes. It had been in New Amsterdam a hot, troublesome summer. The Governor had had a quarrel with the Swedish colony, and been harassed continually by the Long Island villagers, who may be said to have made insurrection their normal temper. Early in November, Thomas Pell, formerly gentleman of the Bed Chamber to King Charles the First, bought from an Indian sachem a large tract of land. Stuyvesant sent a marshal to tell him that the land had already been bought and paid for, and that he, Stuyvesant, forbade Pell's transaction altogether. And Mr. Thomas Pell paid not the slightest attention to the Governor, but went on improving his new possession. At the same time, Gravesend, Flushing, Hempstead, and other villages were in open revolt, because Stuyvesant had refused to ratify the people in office, who had been chosen by the popular vote. One morning he received a decided letter from Lady Moody telling him he must come to Gravesend and meet the leaders, and ratify the public vote or take the consequences.

"And I know what the consequences will be," he cried as he flung the letter passionately down, "every mother's son on Long Island will be in open rebellion. Then those chaffering, cheapening, godly, Bible-reading Massachusetts English, will come pouring down from the North. Hartford and Connecticut will send deputies to me, and powder and shot to the rebels. The southern set-

tlements will bluster about the rights of Englishmen, and send all their vagabonds to Long Island; and the Company whose property I am told to protect leaves me with scant ammunition and only a handful of men. It is the Company that must take the consequences. God's will be done! Let the Company take them."

"Peter, Peter, why are the English so hard to manage?" and Madame Stuyvesant laid her little hand tenderly on the angry man's arm. He removed it with a kiss, and there was a mist of tears in the eyes of the perplexed and anxious man as he answered:

"Because, Judith, in the heart of every one of them—men and women—there is a conviction, that this land belongs to England, and that any day their government may come and take it."

"But we shall not let them take it?"

"If we have neither fighting men, nor arms for men to fight with, how can we help it?"

Then he lifted Lady Moody's letter again, and said: "She wants thee to come to Gravesend with me. But why? What influence can a little woman like thee have over those men—brutes yelling for their 'Rights'?"

"I will tell thee, Peter, willows are but weak twigs, but they bind strong wood. The touch of my hand, the glint of kind eyes, and the tones of a gentle voice will go far further than thy scolding. Thou had better let me go, Peter."

"To be sure, I will be glad myself of thy kind ways. I am going among my worst enemies, Judith, but I'll make them stand up and face me."

Great preparations were made for this visit. Trumpeters and couriers went in advance to notify the villages of the Governor's intentions; horses were sent across the river for the use of the party; and on the day appointed the Governor, Madame Stuyvesant, Domine Megapolensis, and a detachment of soldiers embarked in a periauger and landed at the little hamlet of Brooklyn. At Midwont, a suite of rooms in the City Hall had been prepared for them, and there they remained all night, proceeding in the morning to Gravesend, where they were received by Lady Moody with regal hospitality.

Nevertheless, the crowd of stern, resolute-looking men who met Stuyvesant in Council was a problem he could not solve by any show of pomp or authority. Baxter told him plainly that their city officers had been lawfully elected, and were men of the highest character and ability, and that he must ratify their election, or the Long Island villages would either unite under their own government, or join the Massachusetts colony at once.

From this position Stuyvesant could neither persuade nor frighten them, yet to allow them to assert their independence was to sign his own abdication. And if they chose to fight, he had not men nor yet ammunition to make him a match for

an army of stubborn Englishmen, supported by English settlers on every side of them. Then again, if he had to sign the papers as presented to him, it would be an intolerable humiliation, for he had sworn he would never do so.

Lady Moody understood this dilemma and found a way out of it. She broke up the meeting with a call to such a sumptuous dinner table, as the men sitting down at it had never before seen. And when all hearts had been opened by delicious foods, and the rich wines of Fayal and Madeira, by song and by story, she said:

"Governor Stuyvesant, and gentlemen present. When men cannot agree, they are right if they ask a woman to find a way for them out of their quarrel. Our governor has sworn that he will not ratify any election by a popular vote, but I think he will permit me to choose the officers for this year only, and I think he will ratify any choice I make. In a year, you may both see your wish in a different way."

She had stood up to make this request, and her noble figure clothed in black, with white net at her throat and across her black hair, was full of a grave and gracious authority. So when she continued looking at Stuyvesant for an answer, he rose and bowing to her, answered:

"If your Ladyship will choose now the two men you think best for sheriff and assessor, I will ratify your choice at once. I think all our friends

here will accept this temporary solution of our difficulty."

"We will accept whoever Lady Moody chooses," said Ensign Baxter. "Am I right, gentlemen?"

A cheer of assent followed, and Lady Moody immediately named the two men the people had chosen—Ensign Baxter and Sergeant Hubbard.

It was an entirely unlooked for climax, both to the Governor and the disaffected, but it was as satisfactory as possible. The people received the officers they had elected, and the Governor did not ratify a popular vote—he gave his sanction to the personal selection of Lady Moody.

Yet for a moment there was an intense silence; then Stuyvesant took himself well in hand. He rose and said: "Your Ladyship's choice does you honour," and turning to DeSille added: "Make out the proper credentials and I will ratify them."

"We thank you, Governor."

Then Stuyvesant bowed to Lady Moody, and the men assembled round her, and so the meeting closed. Stuyvesant walked round the village with the new officials, and praised the order and cleanliness, and evident prosperity he saw everywhere.

For two days longer the Stuyvesant party remained as guests of Lady Moody, and then the lovely Indian summer showing signs of departing, they went comfortably home in her Ladyship's sloop. They had begun their journey to the

sound of trumpets, and the tramp of marching men; they ended it by a very chill, disagreeable walk, from the sloop to the Fort, in the dawn of the November day, and Stuyvesant threw himself with a sigh of relief into the big chair standing before the blazing fire.

"I see that you have not got your way, Peter," said Madame Bayard.

"No, Anna," answered Madame Stuyvesant. "Lady Moody got her way, as usual."

"Whatever made you two play Lady Moody's game for her?"

"She got me what I wanted, Anna, at this time," answered Stuyvesant, "and I will be generally and particularly grateful to you, Anna, if you will stop talking of Lady Moody. My ears ache with the sound of her name."

One morning two weeks after this event, Agratha went to the Fort to talk over the Christmas preparations. She was in a very buoyant, happy mood and the clear, frosty air was delightful to her, as she stepped lightly and rapidly along the busy road.

"There is an English gentleman with the Governor," said Madame Bayard, "and what do you think? I heard your father's name mentioned more than once, in their conversation."

"My fader's name!" ejaculated Agratha.

"More than that, I heard the name of your bondman Gus. What can it mean?"

"I know not," she answered, but a sudden terror seized her. She thought of Rose Finlay, and wondered if she ought to be told. Perhaps Gus was in trouble, perhaps men had come to take him back to England; perhaps—oh, she could not follow out the fears that assailed her, and poor Gus! What if she ought to tell him, he might even yet escape.

"I am going, Madame Bayard," she said. "I think I ought to tell moeder."

"And others, perhaps, Agratha."

"Well, then, it may so be."

However, she had not gone far from the Fort, when she met Gus walking with a stranger, to whom he was conversing with a passion and rapidity that was marvellous in the usually silent man. A little further on she saw her father at a distance, but evidently taking a short road to the Fort. Then she hesitated no longer. With swift steps she reached Madame Van Dam's, and calling Rose, confided to her all she had seen and heard.

Rose was much moved and excited. "I must go and see what is taking place," she said.

"But why?" asked Agratha. "It is not your affair. If Gus is in trouble my fader will do all that can be done. I saw him going to the Fort. He took a short road, and walked like a man in a hurry. You can do nothing. Why should you go?"

"*Because Gus is my brother!* Do you hear, Agratha? *Gus is my brother!* He is the only

kindred I have in the world. Leave me now. I must go to him."

"Oh, Rose, dear, I will make my fader do everything that can be done. And fader likes Gus, he will stand by him, whatever the trouble is."

"Dear Agratha, I must go and see for myself."

Then Agratha went to her mother with the whole story, and Madame Van Ruyven was amazed and a little angry. "Why did not Gus tell me before he left the house?" she asked. "As for Rose Finlay," she continued, "I never quite trusted her. She knew more than any respectable woman ought to know, and she ought to be ashamed of herself—going into the first families here—and everything."

"Dear moeder, Rose has done nothing wrong."

"Perhaps not, but men coming from England after her brother looks bad, very bad. I dare say it is forgery, or something of the kind—perhaps highway robbery—and then it will be the gallows; and pray who would speak to Miss Rose after that?"

"I would, moeder, and so would the rich Hollander, Paul Roedeke. He loves her so much that nothing could change him. He is building the finest house in New Amsterdam——"

"Well, then, I know that."

"And Rose can be its mistress, if she wishes."

"*Tut!* Hollanders are very particular about their marriage relations; however, she is a nice little lady, and I am sorry for her."

"And moeder, Gus is the only relative she has in the world. Is that not very sad?"

"Well, then, when thy fader comes home, we shall know how much sorrow it will be proper to give. But who is to set the dinner table, and serve the meal? Gus ought to be here now—this very minute."

"Well, then, moeder, I think Gus will never more set our dinner table."

"Nonsense! If he has done something wrong, thy fader will manage the affair some way. I cannot do without Gus. It is quite impossible."

Yet Madame had to make a possibility of the negro woman Lucinda, and after the table had been prepared, Van Ruyven did not come to dinner, and it was well on towards twilight when he appeared. Madame had been arranging a few words for him, but as soon as she looked into his face, she forgot them. For Van Ruyven had on his countenance that light which comes only from an interior illumination.

"I am late, Ragel," he said, with an air of confidence, "but late in a good cause. Thou will be glad of it."

"Well, then," she answered, "the cause, let us hear it."

"I will, but first give me a cup of tea. It is little food I need this night."

"A man must have food, Paul; there is always cause for that."

"Here are your slippers, fader, and your long-sleeved vest, and your little silk cap;" and Agratha, as she spoke, pushed the Master's chair near to the fire while Madame went about the evening meal.

"When people say they are not hungry, they are mistaken," she thought, and she cut some slices of cold beef and placed them before her husband, and when Van Ruyven saw them, he helped himself bountifully and seemed unconscious that he was doing so.

"Now, Paul," said Madame, "we would like to know what has become of Gus. What have you to tell?"

"He has taken a room at Madame Van Dam's, and will board with her until he returns to England, or rather Scotland."

"But, Paul! A room at the Van Dams'! Do you know what you are saying? I hate riddles and mysteries, tell me the truth in straight words, and be done with it."

"Well, then, Gus is really Angus McAlpine, Chief of Clan McAlpine, the oldest of all the Scottish clans, and claiming to be of royal descent. What do you think of that, Ragel?"

"Do you believe such a thing? For me, I think it all say-so! How could the chief of a royal clan become our bondman? I count such a thing impossible, Paul. And pray, who could have the power either to enslave or set free a man of such

rank? I should want some good evidence for such a story. Yes, indeed!"

"Well, then, Ragel, it took one of the biggest battles England ever fought, and the death and bondage of thousands of men to make it possible for Angus McAlpine to come into thy kitchen; and it took Oliver Cromwell, Gael McIvar, and Paul Van Ruyven, to set him free."

"And how many guilders did it cost thee?"

"Not one. I have my money back to the last stiver; but if there had not been a penny piece for me, I should have said after hearing his story: 'Go to your own, Angus McAlpine, you are no longer the bondman of Paul Van Ruyven!'"

"This is all very fine, Paul, but the why and wherefore of it would be better."

"Take a little patience, Ragel. When King Charles made that race with Cromwell for his kingdom which ended in the tragedy of Worcester, most of the Highland clans followed him. Among them was Dugald, Chief of the McAlpines and his three sons, Hector, Alexander, and Angus. The latter was a mere boy, scarcely seventeen years old."

"Was this Angus, our Gus, fader?"

"That is the plain truth. He had his share in all that took place, and finally found himself with the rest of the Scottish troops at Worcester where the final battle was to be fought. The McAlpines were among the troops set to keep the bridge

across the Severn, and there the fight raged longest and hottest. His father fell first, and as he fell, Hector, the eldest son, leaped to the front and took command. In five minutes Hector was dead, and Alexander was in his place. It was but a short time ere Alexander was killed, and then Angus went to the head of the clan. How long he kept command he knows not. He had a wound in his head, and fought like a man in a dream, until he must have lost consciousness, for when he came to himself the battle was over—and lost—and he, and all the living of his clan, were prisoners."

"Poor young man!" said Ragel pitifully; "but how did he reach America? Did he run away, Paul?"

"No. The prisoners were marched in a body to London, there were seven thousand of them, and when about half way there, a gentleman entertained Cromwell splendidly, and received, as a gift from him, one hundred prisoners. McAlpine and some of his clan were among them. They were despatched at once to the English colonies, and sold as bondmen for the highest number of years procurable. I bought McAlpine for ten years, he has served us nearly four.

"If he was wounded, fader, how did he walk to London?"

"He told us that his clan took a plaid, and making a hammock of it, carried him in it all the way to London."

"And he was separated from these faithful fellows!" cried Agratha; "what a shame!"

"That is what I say. They went first to the West Indies, and left fifty of their number there. Ten were left for the tobacco fields at Norfolk. Seven were sold in New York, and the rest in Boston and Salem. His account of their dispersal was most piteous. The Governor's eyes were full of tears, and indeed, Ragel, I would have felt it a relief to have shown a like weakness."

"If these things be so, he must have had powerful friends to help him; for New Amsterdam is a long way from London," said Ragel.

"Quite unexpectedly he met Lord McIvar at Lady Moody's two years ago, and McIvar has powerful friends, and Angus McAlpine and Gael McIvar are not only neighbours, they are also foster-brothers."

"Foster brothers! How so, Paul?"

"Well, then, when McIvar was born, his mother was ill with fever, and could not suckle her child. Lady McAlpine was then nursing her son Angus, and McIvar was taken to McAlpine castle and tenderly cared for by Lady McAlpine. The boys grew up together, and like brothers they loved each other. After Worcester, the McIvars did all that was possible to find out if any of the McAlpines had been spared, but they could hear nothing of them; and for long Gael McIvar mourned Angus as dead. His meeting with him at Gravesend was

a great shock. Ever since, he has been working for his foster-brother's freedom, and finally he succeeded through the influence of Lord Thurlow, who is no relative, but had once been a lover of Lady McIvar."

"'Tis a strange story," said Madame Van Ruyven. "Poor Gus! Sometimes I was cross with him. To-night I am sorry for it. But tell me, Paul, why he went to Madame Van Dam's?"

"He went there because his sister stays there."

"Do you mean Rose Finlay?"

"Yes."

"I always thought that woman had the look of sorrows and adventures. It is not a nice look for a woman to have. Why did she call herself out of her own name?"

"Her name is Rose Finlay McAlpine. She had her good reasons for dropping the clan name."

"I thought she came from Paris?"

"After Worcester, she fled with her mother to Paris. In a few months Lady McAlpine died, and then Rose began her search for her lost brother."

"Did she know that he was alive?"

"She hoped so. The stragglers from the battle field reached home singly, or by twos and threes. They had been hunted through England and Lowland Scotland, but they were cattle drovers, and knew lonely and uninhabited roads, and so—nearly naked and famished—stumbled up to McAlpine Castle, with their terrible story of disaster. Most

of them had seen the dead bodies of Chief Dugald and his two eldest sons, but all agreed that Angus had been taken a prisoner while still fighting. After the death of Lady McAlpine, Rose had but one hope and aim—to find her brother."

"Does she know that he is found? Who sent her word? Was it the Governor?"

"Moeder," answered Agratha, "I told her, as I came home, that Gus was with the Governor and a gentleman from England, and she trembled with excitement, and said she must hurry to the Fort. I think she knew then that the thing she wanted had come to pass."

"She was with Madame Stuyvesant and Madame Bayard all day," said Van Ruyven, "and you could hear the women talking and crying with her."

"Well, Paul, to speak it plain, what did the Governor say to this wonderful story?"

"The Governor behaved like a good man, yes, indeed, like a man of God. He seated the poor bondman by his side, he hurried over the counting and writing and sealing of papers, and was the first to call him 'Chief McAlpine' and declare him free as his Maker made him. To-day I saw the real Peter Stuyvesant, and he has a good heart, a kind, merciful heart."

"Angus McAlpine was a soldier, Paul," said Madame Van Ruyven, "and the whole brood of them were soldiers, and there it is! Stuyvesant

feels to a soldier, as if he were a comrade. If the young man's father had kept store, or built houses, he would have hummed and hawed over every word, and dallied and delayed beyond patience."

"Come, come, Ragel. Can't you take a good deed without looking for its motives? I say that Stuyvesant behaved like a man of God to-day."

"For my part, Paul——"

"Good gracious, wife! I saw him! He wept with the bondman, and he rejoiced with him. He ate and drank with him, he treated him as one brave man treats another brave man."

"Well, then, it is a new tale thou art taking up about Peter Stuyvesant; I am not yet used to it. Will this wonderful young soldier remain in New Amsterdam? I shall not know how to treat him."

"In a short time he goes with his sister to Scotland. That was the only injunction laid on him by Cromwell—that he should return as soon as possible to his native land, gather his people together, and live quietly on his estate."

"But why?"

"Because, Ragel, there are too many young Englishmen and Scotsmen going to France, and gathering round King Charles."

"It was well Madame Stuyvesant remembered men got hungry at regular hours, and sent you something to eat," said Ragel. "It is seldom she reminds herself of such a thing."

"She sent us a very good lunch, and the Governor placed Chief Angus at his right hand, and we drank his health and prosperity before any other toast. I ate heartily, and I was not hungry when I came home."

"No, but thou got hungry as soon as the meal was on the table."

"Well, then, that is my way."

The many details of this wonderful story kept the Van Ruyvens talking long after their usual hour, and it happened that in the course of the conversation, Agratha said something which roused her mother's suspicion and compelled her confession of what she had seen between McIvar and McAlpine at Lady Moody's.

Madame was angry at her daughter. "You ought to have told me as soon as you came home," she said. "I dare say Lady Moody was then told the whole story, for she finds out everything, or else people go and beg her to listen to their secrets. I am astonished and ashamed of you, Agratha, keeping such an important thing a secret from your moeder."

"Moeder dear, it was not my secret. It was Lord McIvar's secret."

"And it was also Angus McAlpine's secret, and Angus McAlpine was a bondsman in my house."

"I did not know what unhappiness I might cause by talking."

"But no! How could you cause unhappiness by talking to your moeder?"

"Fader, did I do wrong, or right?"

"You did right, Agratha. You did what I should have done. Always when you are not sure what to say, say nothing."

"Well, well, Paul Ruyven! Can you teach your daughter nothing but disobedience? What is to be the end of such ways? Oh, dear, if it has come to this!"

"Now, Ragel, we will go to our good sleep. The day is over! It has been a wonderful day and we must thank The Merciful One and sleep. To-morrow our work will be waiting for us."

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE SOWING OF SORROW

At this time without any apparent reason Agratha was unhappy. Her soul was cast down and disquieted within her, yet the Christmas preparations were well on and she was busy with many a pleasant duty. Also this year every man, woman and child seemed more than usually inspired by Christmas mirth and good fellowship. This circumstance probably rose from two causes: first, from Angus McAlpine. His story was told over and over as men smoked and drank their Hollands and women knit and listened and commented on it; while the very appearance of the youth on the streets was a visible, living romance

For his faithful sister had carried with her through all the difficulties of the travel of that day, a full suit of Chief's clothing, and what could be a finer fairy story for Christmas-tide, than the transformation of the poor bondman, Gus, into Angus, Chief of McAlpine. Everyone liked to see his great stature in its kilt and plaid of the beautiful McAlpine tartan—the dark blues and greens squared with gold and white—his fine lace and

linen, his velvet vest with its gold buttons, and his Glengary cap with its eagle feather and silver boar's head, his splendidly tasselled sporran of stamped leather, his jewelled kirk, and his tartan hose gartered below the knee, with bows of McAlpine ribbon. No wonder the girls were in love with him, and that the men liked to look at the gallant figure, and fancy themselves in the same striking and picturesque costume. For with the dress, Angus had assumed all of a chief's haughty manner and carriage, and to the unromantic and often ignorant Dutch trader, the youth was a page out of a story book fitting in well enough with the wonder and mystery of Christmas.

The other event influencing Christmas was the fact that the Governor was to sail on Christmas Eve for the West Indies. The news of this intention affected New Amsterdam very much as the news that the schoolmaster was going away for all day would affect the boys in a big school. The burghers for once had not a single objection to make. In fact they did all they could to forward his plans, and also prepared for a great banquet to be given to him on the eve of his departure.

It was hardly likely that Agratha could be affected by either of these causes, unless as they influenced the people with whom she came in contact; yet even this much was a sway or a bias she could not ignore. For instance she was astonished and troubled by the change in Rose McAlpine.

She had lost all her fine spirits and sunny temper. She was more like a person that had suffered a great loss or disappointment, than one who, after years of toil and search, had been rewarded with all her wish. And about this remarkable change Agratha could not help speaking to her mother.

Madame shook her head sadly and answered: "It is Elsie Van Dam that troubles Rose. I heard this morning that Angus and Elsie are to be married immediately. It was even said they loved each other when McAlpine was our bondman."

"Yes, moeder, I believe it. Many things I saw and wondered over."

"Madame Van Dam is much distressed. Elsie is her only living child, and Rose has travelled and worked and suffered so much for Angus. When he was first found, Rose began to plan their life together, and how it would be their joy to work until they had released all of their clan who were in bondage. Oh, dear moeder, so much disappointment can come to the heart that loves!"

"None for you, Dear One."

"Yes, yes, moeder! I am disappointed more than I can tell you, because Gael McIvar has been so false and forgetful."

"Perhaps he is not forgetful, Dear One. I think he will come at the time he promised."

"No, no, moeder! He would have written. He

would have written. Just one little letter would have made me happy. *But no!*"

And Ragel looked so sadly at her daughter, and seemed so ready to speak, that Agratha waited for her words, but instead of speaking, she lifted her work and went away. This was one of those conversations that prefigure something much more important in the same direction.

It came with Lady Moody a few days before Christmas. She entered the Van Ruyven house radiant and full of life, but yet with an air of determination, as if she had an unpleasant duty to perform, and was restless until it was accomplished. After the first civilities were over she said:

"I am at the Stillwells. I have come to the city not only for Christmas, but to be present at the marriage of McAlpine to Elsie Van Dam."

"It is not possible! Surely it cannot be! just yet!" exclaimed Madame Van Ruyven.

"It is the truth. I am angry with McAlpine, and Rose is miserably disappointed. She had such great dreams of what Angus and herself would do to restore the prestige of their clan. I assure you, I came to New Amsterdam this time with more bad temper than I usually carry about with me."

"Agratha has told me," said Madame, "that Elsie showed Angus some favours before he was free. A girl does not carry on for nothing."

"Elsie is a shrewd little Dutch woman. She did not show favour, unless she knew to *whom* she was showing it."

"How could she know?"

"There are many ways of finding out things, open to women who live in the same house. I hear they are to sail with the Governor in the ship *Abraham's Sacrifice* on Christmas Eve."

"But the Governor goes to the West Indies."

"He will touch at Jamaica, and there they will find good English ships at any season. There is not one in our harbour at present."

"Will Rose go with them?"

"Yes, as far as London. From London she goes to Paris. And *Angus is willing!* Such ingratitude is incredible. Poor little Rose!"

"How can he? How can he?"

"Ragel, he is in love. Every man is brutually selfish, under the spell. There is then but one woman in the world to him. If others live, he is indifferent to them, and as for the one woman, he must have her if he tread on his own soul to get her."

"Moeder, I am going to sit with Rose a little while," said Agratha.

"That is well. Be home in a good time."

As soon as Agratha had left the room, Lady Moody took from her reticule a little parcel. "Ragel," she said, "here is another token and letter from Gael McIvar. In his letter to me, he

complains that he has never had one line from Agratha. Why is that? How did she receive his gifts and letters?"

Madame was too troubled to answer for a few moments, and when she did so, her voice betrayed excitement, if not anger. "She never received any of them. Her father thought it best to say nothing about either gifts or letters."

"That was a very unkind, dishonourable thing to do, and I am sorry for you."

"Your sorrow is not required, Deborah. No, indeed! Agratha is our child, and her fader wished her to forget the young man. He is not a desirable match for Agratha."

"Indeed! Then Madame, I am a very indifferent judge of a desirable match. Gael McIvar is a good match for any woman in Scotland, or England either."

"And yet may not be good for any woman in New Amsterdam."

"Let me tell you one thing. Agratha was passionately taken with Gael and you have behaved to her in an exceedingly unhandsome manner. I have here a letter and a gift from his Lordship, and I shall put them into the child's own hand. I swear she has been badly used between us, and I am very uneasy at the circumstances."

"Take off your bonnet and cloak, Deborah, and do not get angry for nothing at all."

"Look you, Ragel. I do not consider keeping jewellery and letters 'nothing at all.' And I am astonished at Councillor Van Ruyven. Women will do dirty, mean, underhand tricks, to get their way, but that a man should keep a little girl's trinkets and love letters is an intolerably ugly thing."

"Deborah, men do as many dirty, mean, underhand tricks to get their way, as women do. There was nothing wrong in our keeping these things from Agratha. Parents should keep their children from playing with fire. We are not very patterns of wisdom like yourself, but I think we may be trusted to take care of our own daughter."

"Indeed, I will trust you no longer! I am mightily annoyed at myself for trusting you so far. You have fallen short of my expectations."

"That is a great calamity for us. I hope we shall be able to bear it."

"You are making yourself disagreeable, Ragel. You are very foolish. You ought to be full of excuses and regrets, and you have not one decent defence. To speak plainly, you have amazed me. I dislike you for this injustice to Agratha, but I find I love you well enough to tell you so."

"Then sit down, and if I can invent any excuses, I will try to do so."

"Not now, Ragel. This is an unpleasant visit, and I don't care how soon I finish it."

"Well, then, Deborah, understand that I do not

allow you to be a judge of Councillor Van Ruyven's and my conduct."

"My dear, your servant."—and with these words Lady Moody departed.

Madame Van Ruyven was much troubled, and she knew not how to act. It seemed at first as if it would be best to tell Agratha the whole truth, but when she returned from her visit to Rose, she was so silent and depressed her mother feared to open the subject with her. After all, it might be better to let her father make excuses, if he thought excuses necessary.

"You must be sick, Dear One," Madame said: 'this some time past you have not had any good spirits, and so seldom now you laugh, or even sing the pretty songs Rose taught you. Where is your trouble? Tell moeder."

"Moeder, I am well. I have no pain; only my heart is sad, because I see that Love brings only sorrow and disappointment."

"Not so, Dear One. Much happiness comes with Love."

"Not to me."

"Very wrong it is for thee to talk in such a way —very thankless. Has thy fader's or thy moeder's love brought thee——" then she stopped speaking, for she suddenly perceived what sorrow and disappointment was coming to Agratha, through her fader's and moeder's love.

So silence fell between these two, always before

so full of innocent gossip and wonderings, and the mother's heart ached with the knowledge of evil, and the child's with the fear of evil. But after a short silence Madame said: "You have done too much with your needle lately, Agratha; put away your work, and tell some things to me. Did you see Rose?"

"Yes, moeder."

"What did she say about her brother's wedding?"

"She said little, but she looked sick and unhappy. She was alone in her room. Angus and Elsie were busy writing some invitations, and directing the servants, who were decorating the two large parlours. They seemed happy enough."

"When are they to be married?"

"Two days before Christmas."

"Will you be invited?"

"I hope not. I do not wish to go. How can Angus and Elsie be so happy? Madame Van Dam is constantly weeping, and Rose looks wretched. They must see the misery they are causing."

"Well, then, Agratha, every joy and every gain is built on the ruins of someone's happiness, or someone's loss. That is the way things are ordered."

"Then I take leave to say, moeder, it is a cruel, hard way. I do not want my happiness built on

yours and fader's misery. I would not so have it. No, indeed!"

"It makes me glad, Dear One, to hear thee say such good words."

"But then faders and moeders should not make the way too hard. If they do, they will see what comes of it."

Madame did not answer, and Van Ruyven coming in at the moment, the conversation ceased. Yet Ragel felt strangely uncomfortable at its persistent tendency in one direction. And when supper was nearly over, young Nicholas Stillwell came to the door, and asked for Miss Van Ruyven. He evaded all requests to enter, and when Agratha went to him, he gave her a small parcel, which he said he brought with Lady Moody's love.

Agratha came back to the table smiling with pleasure. "I think Lady Moody has sent me a Christmas present," she said, and so began eagerly to untie the string of the parcel. Madame looked at her husband, who was placidly buttering and eating his waffles. The parcel at length lay open. There was a handsome jewellery case in it—and a letter. Agratha lifted the letter, and a wave of rosy colour swept over her face, and her eyes shone like stars, and she said softly:

"Moeder! Fader! it is—it is from Gael McIvar!" and then her eyes followed the tender, reproachful words from line to line, until all signs of pleasure disappeared, and her face was sad and

white and wretched. When she had read the letter through, she sat silent and motionless for a few moments, then in a low voice she said:

"Gael tells me that he has sent me three letters, and three gifts before this. I wonder what has become of them?" and she looked steadily at her mother.

"Ask thy fader, Agratha," replied Madame, in answer to the inquiry, and then Agratha said: "Fader, dost thus know where my letters and gifts are?"

"Yes, I know."

"Tell me."

"They are in my desk in the parlour."

"Get them for me. Yes, fader, get them now! I want them! Oh, fader, I want them so much!"

"It is better for thee not to have them."

"They are mine, fader; moeder, speak for me."

"When the young man comes, I will give them back to him."

"I care not for the jewellery. Fader, I want my letters! I must have my letters!"

"Since when did a child like thee learn to say *must* to her fader?"

"When her letters were stolen from her. Fader, I will not speak to thee again unless thou give me my letters. If thou wilt not give me them, I will go and tell the Governor. He will make thee give me all that is mine. Thou may keep the jewels—but I must have my letters!"

"A child like thee, Agratha——"

"Fader, a child has some rights of its own. I want my letters! I must have my letters! If thou wilt not give me them, be sure I will go to the Governor. If I am a child, he will stand for me, just because I am a child. I thought thou loved me! I thought thou loved me! *Oh wee! Oh wee!* I thought thou loved me!" and she covered her face with her hands, and wept with all the passionate abandon of a child.

"I kept thy letters, Agratha, because I loved thee—because I loved thee too well to give them to thee. But if thou cannot trust thy fader, thou shalt have them. God help me! Thou hast torn my heart in two this night. Still, if that young man is more to thee than thy fader and moeder, thou shalt have his letters—curse them!"

"Fader, it is cruel and wicked to curse what is coming into my hands!" and she held out her small hands towards him, till he could have cried aloud in his anger and heartache. "It is not that I love Gael more than thee, fader, but I am sorry for him watching, watching, watching for the few kind words I ought to have sent; and never, never getting them. Two years! Two long years he has been watching and waiting! And poor Agratha, she also was watching and waiting, and covering up her heartache with a smile, that she might talk to thee; and perhaps, at the same hour, thou had the letter in thy pocket,

that would have made thy poor Agratha happy. It was cruel! Yes, it was cruel!"

"Thou shalt have thy letters, Agratha."

"Thy fader kept them out of the truest love for thee, Agratha. Do not forget that," said Madame.

"I know he thinks he did, moeder."

"I also thought he did right."

"*So!* Then I am sorry and astonished. When thou went to Albany to see my sister, many letters thou wrote to my fader. I gave them great love and honour. I let no strange hand touch them. I would not have kept one for my very life. No, indeed!"

"Oh, Agratha, that was a different case."

"Not so much different, moeder. Some day it may be the same."

At these words Paul Van Ruyven laid three letters and three packages before her. "If they bring thee dool and sorrow, Agratha, remember I would have saved thee, and thou would not let me." There were tears in his troubled eyes, and he went to the fireside and sat down, but forgot to take his pipe.

Madame called a servant to remove the supper dishes, and Agratha lifted her letters and parcels, and sat down with them in her hands. No one spoke; the very atmosphere of the room was full of wrong and sorrow, just as it is sometimes full of rain. Paul had not thought of his pipe, Madame

had taken her wheel, but was breaking the thread with its every turn; and Agratha sat white and silent, a sense of injury and injustice thrilling her from head to feet.

Yet it was not so much her own loss and suffering she was lamenting, it was the wrong done to Gael McIvar she resented. How ungrateful he must have thought her! How vulgarly unfeeling! How careless of his happiness! Would he ever come back to New Amsterdam now? It was hardly to be expected. And if not, her father and mother would alone be to blame. These, and kindred thoughts, kept her keenly alive to the wrong she felt had been done to her, and she rose while the servant was still busy about the hearth, and went upstairs to her own room.

It was thought best not to disturb her again that night, but morning brought no relief to the unhappy tension. Van Ruyven glanced at the face of his daughter, and felt it useless to offer her either courtesy or explanation. He remained silent, and after a poor meal put on his top coat and hat preparatory to going to his business. Ragel followed him to the outer door, and he said angrily:

"Let her alone! We have done nothing more than our duty. We will not make concessions. It is not our place. No, indeed!"

"Right or wrong, Paul, what thou did was done for the best. Grieve not thyself about it."

"For that strange man she will make us both miserable. And at the Christmas! It is beyond reason! I am very unhappy, Ragel."

"She will find some good sense soon, or I will help her to do so."

"Listen to me! Be not hard with her. She believes she has been badly used. That, I must confess."

"*Tut!* She is not fretting about her own trouble, not she! She is fretting because that man has not been, as she thinks, treated properly. It is not for herself she is angry, it is for Gael McIvar."

"There it is, Ragel. That is the sore point. I cannot bear it."

"Thou go to thy business and put the man out of thy mind. I will uphold thy end of the quarrel. Leave it with me." Paul nodded his head and went rather drearily to look after his invoices and bills of lading. And it was Christmas week, and he ought to have been so happy! He felt bitterly, that his life was being plundered at one of its most beautiful and affluent points.

Madame sympathised with him keenly. She went back to the breakfast table where Agratha was slowly breaking her bread into her coffee. "Make some haste, Agratha," she said, and as Agratha did not answer, she glanced at her daughter, and noticed a thin gold chain about her neck.

Instantly she had an instinctive knowledge as to its use, but she was determined to make Agratha confess it. So she asked:

"What hast thou round thy neck, Agratha?"

"A gold chain, moeder."

"Where did thou get it?"

"Gael sent it to me."

"What does the chain hold?"

"Gael's likeness."

"I knew it!" she exclaimed in a tone of extreme contempt. "If a man wishes to give a girl a present, he can think of nothing in all the world so beautiful, and so precious, as his own face. I'll vow it will be set round with diamonds or pearls, nothing else would be good enough for it."

"Moeder, what is the matter with thee? I thought thou would certainly stand by me in this sorrow."

"What sorrow! Thy good fader took charge of some silly letters and presents, not fit for thee to have, and lo and behold! thou art making thyself ugly and ill, and thy home wretched, and the happy Christmas feast dark and heavy, because of thy disappointment about three or four letters. At thy age, it is a shame for thee to be receiving love letters at all. Very forward, thou must have been with that man McIvar, to warrant him in——"

"Moeder! Moeder! Say not such wicked

words! Well thou knowest I was not forward. *Oh wee! Oh wee!* It is cruel!"

"Wearing his picture in thy bosom, too! What am I to think of thee?"

Then with a pitiful cry, Agratha rose and fled like a hunted thing to her room. And all day she stayed there. And all day she was permitted to stay there, without one word of dissent from her mother. When Van Ruyven returned in the evening he asked immediately "Where is Agratha?" and Madame answered "She is keeping McIvar's picture company in her own room. I think it is the best place for her. Yes, indeed!"

The next day Angus McAlpine and Elsie Van Dam were married, and Madame was precisely in the proper temper to send an excuse for her absence. Van Ruyven attended the religious ceremony, but left immediately after the signing of the marriage certificate. He pleaded important business; but he did not return to his warehouse, he went straight home. He found Ragel at her spinning wheel, but Paul knew from its fitful movements that Ragel, though looking outwardly calm, was inwardly insurgent.

"Is the wedding over?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Well then, what hast thou to tell? Did anyone ask after me?"

"No, the rooms were crowded. Thou wert not missed."

"Nor Agratha, either?"

"I am sure no one thought of her."

"How did Elsie look?"

"Beautiful."

"In white, of course?"

"Yes, but she had blue flowers in her hair."

"That is strange, I never heard the like."

"There will be dancing and a supper. Stuyvesant signed the certificate, and gave Angus a silver goblet."

"Well, I hope they may be happy."

"They seemed much in love with each other. They saw no one else, and cared for no one else. Ragel, this is what I think, of all the sorrows common to this mortal life, the saddest of all is Loving. See here, we put our heart in the hand of a child, and then ten to one, it crushes it like an empty egg shell."

Ragel looked into her husband's face, and sighed, and Paul continued: "Not one of our children married as we wished. And now, Agratha! Oh the bitter, bitter pleasure of children! Ragel, I am unhappy. I can not add a little line of figures. I sent an order this morning to Philadelphia, instead of to Boston. I am unhappy, Ragel."

"And she is crying in her room."

"Thou must not be hard to her."

"What dost thou think of me? Agratha is

dearer than life to me. I am glad thou went to see Angus married. How did he look?"

"Like a very prince. He was in full kilt and feather."

"Did thou see Rose?"

"Yes. She looked very handsome, and very unhappy. I noticed that the rich Hollander, Paul Roedeke, kept close to her."

"They also may make a marriage. I suppose Madame was in all her airs and graces, and called Elsie, Lady McAlpine, on every occasion."

"Madame Vam Dam? She was not present. She was said to have a rheumatic attack. She had a broken heart more likely. Elsie was her very life, she is leaving her forever, no doubt."

"Well then, Paul, are we not foolish to build our lives on our children—girls especially. The foundation is too uncertain. Come then, Dear One, let us talk of something else. We cannot alter things, and what cannot be cured, must be endured. What hast thou heard about the Governor's journey to the West Indies?"

"It is a settled matter. He leaves on Christmas Eve. The McAlpines go with him. I saw a notice put out by the burgomasters and schepens saying: 'They will compliment the Right Honourable Peter Stuyvesant before he takes his gallant voyage, by providing a gay repast in the Council Chamber of the City Hall.'"

"Well then, wilt thou be there?"

"Yes; my interest lies that way."

But the conversation about the Governor's "gay repast" soon languished, and they found themselves constantly reverting to their child's stubborn rebellion. This subject they had gone over in every conceivable way of looking at it many times, yet it was the only one that could tempt them to conversation.

"Agratha might have trusted her fader," said Van Ruyven. And he said it so often, that its tiresome iteration at length irritated Ragel, and she answered, and with some reproach in her voice:

"Perhaps then, her fader might have trusted Agratha."

Van Ruyven looked up in astonishment, and just then the door opened and Agratha came quickly towards them. She had dressed herself in the pretty Dutch costume her father liked, her eyes shone, her face beamed and she held out both her hands, and in a low tender voice she pleaded:

"Fader, moeder, I am sorry! Kiss me once, and I will always be good."

Then so gladly they kissed her, and the mother said: "Now this trouble is all over. We will bury it forever. We will talk of it no more; we will not even think of it."

"If thou had only trusted thy fader, Agratha," and Ragel immediately repeated her unsympathetic:

"If thou had only trusted thy daughter, Paul. Perhaps it is our fault and not hers."

"Yes, fader," said Agratha, "if thou had only trusted me, there would have been no secrets. I should have taken Gael's first letter and the ring that came with it to my moeder at once. Nothing would I have written to Gael without her knowledge."

"Suppose now, Agratha, that this man should come back here, and ask thee to marry him, what would thou do?"

"To thee, fader, I would send him, and I would say to thee, 'Remember, dear fader, that Agratha loves Gael, and would like to marry him."

"But thou would not marry him without thy fader's and moeder's permission."

"Never. I am thy daughter."

"Swear it to me."

"I need not to swear. God hears what I say. I will not go behind my promise. No man will I marry without thine, and my moeder's good will to it."

"That is enough, Dear One. Thou hast made me happy."

"Now moeder, may I set the table for thee? I have not eat much good food for three days, and I am hungry."

So according to Ragel's desire the affair was buried. But if we bury a wrong that is alive, it does not lie quietly; and the dispute though never

named lay, crouching in each heart, and at any unforeseen moment it might come to resurrection. We know that the scar that closes a physical wound can never be obliterated, by any means known to man—fire nor water nor the knife, nor the lapse of years, nor the wear and tear of life; and the scar left by a wound on the heart, has a like, if not a greater, endurance. It may last for eternity, if likelihoods rule. So, though the offense was said to be forgiven and forgotten, it was not forgotten. It was only bound by silence. A word or two might release and give it a fresh power of inflicting suspicion and sorrow. But of this contingency no one thought—a good thing, since the feeling must be rare indeed, which can bear analysing and remain thoroughly respectable.

The supper was a happy meal. Perhaps the slight restraint of a recent reconciliation was evident to all, but it was well ignored. In honour of the circumstances, Ragel took out her best sweetmeats and also placed a dish of Nativity pies on the table, though it was unusual to serve them until Christmas Eve. They talked of the Governor, and of the dinner to be given him, of the full dress suit Van Ruyven would wear, and a little wearily of the relief it would be when the Governor's party were safely on board *The Abraham's Sacrifice*. And after supper Agratha brought her mandolin, and sang to her father the

songs he loved best, especially two or three by Jacob Steendam the famous Dutch poet living near them. Steendam wrote fine sea verses, and when Agratha came to the following, Van Ruyven roused himself, and his strong sweet voice led Agratha's in its ringing realities.

"Ye ploughers of the ocean,
And harrowers of the sea,
The ship *Deventer* goes before,
And with the *Roe* sail we,
And the *Swan* and *Hind* we see.
To the Guinea coast of Africa we hie,
To the golden Moorish land,
Wherein God's mighty hand,
Hath planted our dominion far and nigh."

"I met Steendam to-day," said Van Ruyven, when the music ceased. "He is a good song writer, but he is a good trader for all that."

"Dear Rose McAlpine admired him very much," answered Agratha. "She set many of his songs to music, even the one we have just sung. She said also that he looked like a poet, with his fine hair parted in the centre, his large white brow, splendid eyes, and sweet expression. And then I always reminded her of his pretty falling collar, with its double cord and tassels."

"All the same, little girl," said Van Ruyven, "he is a wise, profitable trader, and he stands

high with the Company. And surely the sea is what he ought to write of. For he was born at Eukhuysen, a city standing at the entrance of the Zuyder Zee, in a world of waters. I have been there, Agratha. It is a pleasant city of great stone houses, filled with ship builders, pilots, seamen and fishermen. In 1572 it was the first city in Holland to raise the standard of liberty against the Spanish oppression. The ships built there find their way to every part of the world, there was one in our harbour a month ago called '*The Maid of Eukhuysen.*'"

In such reminiscent conversation, the evening passed, and the next day was one of pleasant preparation in every house. Van Ruyven went to his business as usual, but for that he had two good reasons. First, he did not wish to appear either to his family or the public excited or anxious about "the great and gay repast." He preferred to treat the affair as an ordinary event. Second, he knew that he could depend on his wife having everything for his dignity and personal fitness in thorough preparation. Ragel would forget nothing.

And it would have been difficult to say what could have been added to his appearance as he left his home for the Council Chamber. A very handsome and majestic figure he made, in his black velvet suit, fine Flemish laces, and his full bottomed curled white wig. His wife and daugh-

ter watched him away with infinite affection and complacency and were sure there would not be another guest at the feast to compare with him.

But of course they had not seen the Governor in his canary-coloured breeches, white satin vest, and purple velvet coat, the Company's colours across his breast, the Company's diamonds on his hand, and a purple silk cap embroidered with gold stars upon his head. Everyone, however, wore their finest clothing, and in those days the two words meant all they suggested. It did not then take a room full of women to make a kaleidoscope of colour and splendid effects, a room full of men in full dress could make the same impression of magnificence—perhaps even a greater one.

Soon after Van Ruyven had left them, Ragel and her daughter had the comfortable cup of tea so welcome as an accompaniment to conversation. But though they talked of many things, they never spoke of Gael McIvar, and Agratha thought her mother always changed a subject, which she feared might lead to a recollection of the young man. This feeling finally made her weary, she could not take any interest in what interested her mother, and when ten o'clock struck, and her father had not returned, she pleaded fatigue and received a ready permission to go to her room. For her lassitude and half-concealed ennui had infected Madame, and she was glad to be free from an influence so dispiriting.

Very soon afterwards Van Ruyven came home, and according to his usual custom, he sat down to smoke a pipe before retiring. "Ragel," he said, "wine does not take its place," and he touched his pipe affectionately; "as for company, the more there is of it, the more you want your pipe. That is so."

"Did you have a good feast, Paul?"

"Thou could have made a better one."

"There is little doubt of that, Paul, for I heard that old Margery Fairborn had the cooking of it. What does she know about the dishes Dutchmen like?"

"Well then, we had some good English dishes—a fine chine of roast beef, and the most deliciously cooked sucking pig ever I tasted."

"Now Paul, mind thy words. I have roasted thee a good many sucking pigs, and no one, no one, can roast one better than Ragel Van Ruyven."

"I will tell thee how Margery Fairborn's was better. It was roasted as thou never roasted one. Every man present spoke of its peculiar flavour, and it was well two pigs had been prepared, or some of us would not have had enough. The Governor wanted to drink a toast to it, and so we did, every man of us."

"And by that time, you must all have had enough of whatever you were drinking. Such foolishness!"

"The rest was like all other feasts."

"But thou hast not told me how the pig was roasted."

"I thought it was not in thy care, or pleasure."

"Paul, I always like to hear what changes can be made. That belongs to a good housewife."

"*So!* Well then, it was roasted before a fire made of juniper wood and rosemary branches, and it was lifted the moment the eyes fell out, for then it was done to a turn, and another moment would have reduced its fine flavour. That is what we were told. Some of the English women are good cooks."

"It may be so. I have never seen one. Let it pass, the subject is not interesting. Did thou hear why the Governor goes to the West Indies?"

"Abraham Blaankaert asked him that question, and for a moment he looked annoyed and angry, but he finally answered: 'I am going, Blaankaert, to establish a commerce between the Spanish Plantations and the city of New Amsterdam. There is a rich traffic there, and we ought to have it!'

"'The Spanish Plantations!' replied Blaankaert. 'Will you trade with the men our forefathers fought with to the death?'

"'They are the very men to trade with. This is a great trade, it may be made to yield one hundred or more per cent.—wines, spirits, gunpowder, slaves and the like. We can charge at our will, or according to the circumstances of the men who

purchase such things. It is a trade to be done only with enemies, no man would like to do it with his friends. So here is to the trade with our old Spanish enemies!' and I really think we all drank to the toast."

"Oh, Paul, any toast would warrant your glasses, when you got that far."

"Then Stuyvesant said, 'We can get even with them by the balance, as well as the sword, and the balance is good enough for such murdering, malignant, papistical souls!'"

"Was *the* McAlpine there?"

"Chief of the Company. After supper he fiddled like an angel."

"Paul, what art thou saying? Too many toasts of all kinds thou hast drunk. Dost thou believe there will be fiddles in heaven?"

"Well, then, I will say McAlpine fiddled like a mountebank."

"Which is more likely!"

"And Jacob Steendam sang, and there was much story telling."

"What kind of stories?"

"Not worth repeating to thee—foolish stories."

"That is likely—who told them?"

"Everybody, the Governor in particular. He tells a good story, and he sang also, and was very jovial indeed. And finally he sang himself into such good humour, that he gave the City Council the City Seal, they have so long waited for."

"What is it like?"

"Nearly like the City Seal of old Amsterdam, only we have a beaver for the crest, and the letters C. W. C. for the West India Company. Everyone was delighted, and they cheered the old man all the way home to the Fort."

"He sails to-morrow, I hope?"

"To-morrow at three o'clock, the tide serves, and he will drop down the river with it."

"Thank goodness! A great fuss has been made about eating and drinking, and some talk, that is not worth repeating."

"Well then, Ragel, there was one thing said worth repeating, and I shall always think the better of Stuyvesant for the saying of it."

"I wonder! What was it?"

"That old bachelor, Sibout Winckel, began to tell a story that put women on a low level—his own level likely—and as soon as the Governor suspected its meaning, he said a very peremptory '*Hush—h—h.*' 'There are no women present,' said Winckel, and Stuyvesant answered, 'There are fathers, and husbands and brothers, and sons present, and gentlemen all, I hope.' Then he stood up, and continued—'I am a man of years, and experience, and I swear by the Almighty, that in my judgment of men, I have never gone wrong if I judge a man as *he judged women.* To all the women in New Amsterdam!' he cried, 'and fill your glasses, gentlemen.' And as soon as the

toast was drunk, McAlpine started that old English song, about the blushing maiden of fifteen, and the widow of fifty—thou knowest it—and we all joined in the singing—even Winckel himself. So when it was over, he had had some grace given him, and he stood up, and made his excuses to the Governor and all present and promised he would prove his conversion, by taking a wife within one month."

"Sibout Winckel will never do it."

"We shall see. I think he will; any way there was a great shouting and laughter, when Stuyvesant answered 'If thou, Winckel, can get a decent woman to have thee, keep thy word; and thou may tell thy wife, when thou hast got her—that I, Peter Stuyvesant, will bring her from the West Indies, a rattan cradle for a wedding gift.'"

"Now then," said Ragel; "he has called his own marriage, and that nice little girl he has been hot and cold with for ten years, may get some justice done her."

"*So!* It is right."

"It is the best thing I ever heard of Stuyvesant."

"Well then, nobody could make him sit still, and be silent, and listen to what was honourable made dishonourable, or what was pure made filthy. There was much loose talking, but no one else said such things as are sometimes said when Stuyvesant is not there."

The next morning it seemed as if the city had given itself a holiday. There were no attempts at business, unless where necessity demanded it. The streets were busy with people hastening here and there, with hands and arms full of baskets or evergreens, and continually calling out Christmas greetings to passers-by. As the day advanced, the English settlers were seen in merry groups dragging home their Yule logs, and carolling joyfully as they did so; while the uncurtained windows of the Dutch houses showed the women setting out the Christmas trees, and filling their pleasant rooms with fire and candle light.

In the misty afternoon the Governor and his party went on board *The Abraham's Sacrifice* amid the ringing of bells, and the booming of cannon, the beating of drums and the blare of trumpets. The fog gathered quickly and there was snow on the wind's wet wings as the stately old man lifted his hat in a mute farewell to the crowd. He was answered by a ringing cheer of good-will and good wishes, and then the throng scattered quickly to their happy homes in all the pleasant streets of New Amsterdam. For it was

"Christmas Day in the Morning!"

CHAPTER EIGHT

LORD MC IVAR'S OFFER

It was an unusually gay Christmas, and Lady Moody and Madame Van Ruyven made up their difference of opinion over a gold chatelaine, which Lady Moody presented to her friend on Christmas morning.

"It is the ornament I have wanted for years, dear Deborah," she exclaimed, "the thing I longed for, but never hoped to get until I went to Holland or England. How did you manage it?"

"I sent my chatelaine to Boston, where there is a good goldsmith, and told him to make a chatelaine exactly like it. He has done it well, I think.

"Oh, my dear friend!"

"Yes, Ragel, we are friends. A few cross words do not count eh, my dear?"

"No indeed! Also, when you and I come to cross words, we are both right, and both wrong. That is the way of it."

So the winter months passed very gaily, but as Spring approached everyone appeared to be tired of their holiday. Men went back gladly to their stores, and ships, and handicrafts, and on every hand the women were grumbling at the

wastrie and extravagance, the constant use of their best parlours, and their best clothing, and the discomfort of the men loitering so much about the house.

And as soon as business became brisk again, men began to grumble, first cautiously, but gradually with a firmer note. They did not like the Vice Governor De Sille, they wanted their scolding, scoffing, dictatorial Stuyvesant back again. A City Council meeting was no longer an event to be anticipated with excitement and pleasure. De Sille was suave and polite. No one could get an altercation out of him. If opposition was made, he smiled and shrugged his shoulders, and who could quarrel with smiles and shrugs?

Yet there were circumstances in which De Sille could have indulged himself with smiles and shrugs unlimited, if he had only recognised the condition, This he failed to do, and in this failure consummated all minor failures—he did not "water the pigeons," he refused to see that there were any pigeons to water, a blindness fatal to a politician, even in those early days of the present New York.

Stuyvesant had never been so ungentlemanly as to make investigations and inquiries; he had taken it for granted that there would be perquisites and gratuities, frankly accepted those that came by way of his office, and not been inquisitive concerning those that went in other

directions. They missed also the personal magnetism of the man, the stimulant to business there was in his presence, the pulling up tight of their individualities, which was the result of his domineering personal way, the catching quality in his resounding laugh, the astonishing power of his unanswerable adjectives, the very thump of his wooden leg on the wooden floors, and the stony streets, yes, they missed even his bright breeches, and fine slashed sleeves, and white falling collar and tassels.

In spite of his mutilated form he had a dignity and an authority beyond all other men in New Amsterdam, and when strangers visited their city the officials were a little ashamed of the small polite Frenchman, who stood in the place of their splendidly majestic Stuyvesant.

"We are sorry, gentlemen," they would say with an air of apology, "but our Governor is away on State business. He would have made everything different, if he had been here."

For they knew he would have done so. If the visitors had been of importance he would have feasted them royally, and talked to them so grandiloquently of the resources and advantages of New Netherland, that purchase or settlement would have ensued. But if De Sille did any of this kind of work, he did it individually, and no one but De Sille knew what profits accrued to the agent in the matter.

They felt this to be a wrong. They were kept too much in the dark. Stuyvesant's frankness, even if it represented no guilders, was much more agreeable. It at least supplied them with conversation, and gave them opportunities of reflecting on the Governor's want of tact, and their own superior understandings. So they wanted their tyrannical Governor to come back to them, and the desire grew and spread until the whole city was possessed by the same longing. But the winter passed, and nothing was officially heard from the little fleet that had sailed away so joyously on Christmas Eve.

To people as dissatisfied as were the burghers of New Amsterdam, that Spring, the wheels of life ran slowly, but perhaps slowest of all to Agratha Van Ruyven. On the eighth of March, Lord McIvar had come to his majority, and he had promised in his last letter to follow that date as quickly as possible. But it was now the end of April, and no other letter had come to her. She was heart sick, and she was physically sick also—pale and spiritless, eating little and sleeping less. Doctors came and looked at her, and said things about malaria and spring fever, and gave her huge doses of Jesuit's bark, which did her no good. She slipped away from all society, and was usually to be found lying motionless and dejected upon her bed.

Van Ruyven was wretched, he thought she was

going into a decline, and talked of taking her to the Bermudas.

"Let her alone," said Madame. "If a certain letter would come, she would need no medicine, and if Lord McIvar would show himself in New Amsterdam, Agratha would not leave it, even for the New Jerusalem."

"Ragel, I like not to hear you mention the New Jerusalem in that irreverent way, and if I thought McIvar was the cause of her sickness, we would leave here to-morrow. I am glad you mentioned him. Suppose you take Agratha to visit her sister at Albany."

"I will not go to Albany just now, Paul. Gertrude is house cleaning I suppose, and we should be most uncomfortable amid the noisy children, and the hubbub Gertrude always makes about that business. Albany is out of our considering. Think for a moment, if McIvar comes thus far to see Agratha, he will not be stopped by a sail up the river to Albany. No, indeed!"

"But the child is sick. She needs change of air. The doctors say so."

"She can go to Lady Moody."

"If thou go with her, not without. McIvar is kin to Lady Moody. I will not trust her without thee."

"Well then, I would like two weeks' rest before I pull the house to pieces, so I will write to Lady Moody, and see what she says about it."

"Do so, Ragel. Make no mistakes concerning it. I have a feeling of hurry on this matter."

"I can see neither hurry nor worry necessary. Agratha will be well as soon as she gets a letter from Lord McIvar—or sees him. That is my judgment. If thou had taken my advice, and allowed the dear child to have her letters, there would have been no sickness, and no anxiety."

Just as Madame Van Ruyven was writing her letter to Lady Moody she entered the Van Ruyven parlour. "Your servant, Madame!" she said cheerfully. "I am come to beg your company for a short time. You must know that my son, Sir Henry, has gone to Virginia."

"*But no!* Truly, we have not heard of such a thing."

"Ha, my dear, that is the De Sille's policy! What he makes by it, I hope he knows, for no one else pretends to. Sir Henry has gone on a political mission, but though he was in an agitation about the business, I assure you the city is quite ignorant of his journey. His valet and myself walked down to the ship with him, and I do not believe that three persons in New Amsterdam knew that Sir Henry Moody was going on an important mission to the Governor of Virginia."

"If Peter Stuyvesant had been sending him——"

"Ah, that would have been a different affair!" cried Lady Moody impulsively. "There would

have been a guard of soldiers from the Fort to accompany Sir Henry to his ship; there would have been trumpeters in advance, and the roll of drums to march to, and certainly the roar of cannon as the ship bearing the Company's ambassador lifted her anchor. I wish Stuyvesant would come back. Since he went, all the wonderfuls are worn out, and New Amsterdam is as stupid as Salem or Boston. I am lonely, will you and Agratha go back to Gravesend with me?"

This affair was quickly settled, and Agratha was pleased at the prospect; for she did not forget to tell herself that McIvar would be likely to touch at Gravesend, before reaching New Amsterdam. The next morning they all went to Lady Moody's sloop together. It was a sweet, cool May morning, and the scent of the lilacs filled the streets, but Van Ruyven was depressed and silent. The visit had been planned and carried out with a haste that left him unhappy and helpless. He would gladly have withdrawn his consent, and taken the storm of feminine reproaches resulting, but he saw that Agratha was happy in the change, and he delayed and delayed the withdrawal he contemplated, until the ladies were on board, and he standing on the pier watching them sail away from him. Lady Moody and Madame Van Ruyven soon went to the little cabin, but Agratha stood at the taffrail, and waved her hand to her father as long as she could see him.

Did no Inner Voice in those few moments whisper, "Look long, Van Ruyven, for many sad days shall pass ere you see your daughter's face again." No. Paul received neither warning nor counsel from any Power higher than his own intelligence, for he was a purely material man, his soul barely touched the rim of the spiritual life. He never recognised presentiment or foreboding; the prophecying dreams knew him not, signs and superstitions of all kinds he ridiculed; there was no side of his outer life which his Inner Life could inform; the sharply defined conscious life he knew fairly well, but of the haunting life below it, he knew nothing at all.

Two weeks passed quietly away, and Paul heard nothing but good reports from Gravesend. Agratha had recovered her health and beauty, and Madame also declared she had renewed her youth. On the Monday morning of the third week of their visit, Lady Moody met them at the breakfast table in her travelling dress.

"Ragel," she said, "you may notice that I am ready for a sea trip. I heard last night that all the seed corn put away for this spring planting is spoiled, and the land is now ready and waiting for the seed. I must go to New Amsterdam today for a fresh supply. Who will go with me, and who will remain here?"

"I wish to stay here," answered Agratha.

"Well then, Deborah, I will go with you. I

can run home and see that the house is going on right, and that my husband is not neglected. How long shall we be away?"

"This night only. Sometime to-morrow we shall make Gravesend again."

"Then Agratha and Ladarine would be alone to-night."

"My dear, by no means. James Hubbard and his wife will come over here at the darkening, and remain until morning."

"I should never think of being afraid, if Ladarine was with me," said Agratha. "Is there any need for the Hubbards to come? Mr. Hubbard makes such long prayers, and Ladarine does not like him."

"I know, Agratha," answered Lady Moody. "Ladarine would enjoy being alone, and while so, have the Indians to fight off the place. I am opposed to Ladarine making a heroine of herself. I cannot spare her scalp, it implies too much loss of every kind."

"Is there any fear of an Indian attack?" asked Madame Van Ruyven.

"Not any, Ragel, unless they have found out that Governor Stuyvesant is away. They both fear and love Stuyvesant, because he has always been absolutely just to them. Justice is what they understand. The Long Island Indians are a proud race, and Stuyvesant won them by respecting their peculiarities. He has eat and

drank and smoked with them, and this treatment has pacified them, where powder and shot failed."

"I do not know whether I ought to leave Agratha," said Madame Van Ruyven.

"Why then, upon my word Agratha is as safe here as on your own hearthstone. I shall go straight to the Stillwells', and Nicholas will have the bags of corn I require shipped early in the morning. We may be back here by one o'clock, and Ladarine must have a good dinner ready for us."

So there was a little flurry of hurry and excitement, until the two ladies were on the water; then a pleasant stillness settled over the big house, as Agratha brought her bit of lace work beside the big Yorkshire woman, and very soon they began talking about Gael McIvar. And it so happened that Agratha's confidence went further than she intended, and Ladarine heard the whole story of the detained letters and gifts.

"It was a shame," she replied, "and I don't mind saying so. Thy father shouldn't have done it; it wasn't fair of him."

At the very hour that Ladarine uttered this condemnation of Van Ruyven, Gael McIvar entered his warehouse, and was taken to his private room. Van Ruyven appeared to be lost in a column of figures, and he did not look up until the total was reached. Then he turned and saw Gael McIvar. The handsome youth was like an

incarnation of Love and Hope, and his beauty and apparent happiness was an offence

"I am just arrived, Councillor," he said, "and I am glad to see you again. I hope Madame and Miss Agratha are well."

"They are in Albany at present. I suppose they are well."

"It is more than two years, Councillor, since I saw you."

"I have much business this day—but if—perhaps there is something I can oblige you in?"

"Sir, I have come from Scotland purposely to ask your permission to marry Miss Van Ruyven."

"Indeed."

"I love her, Sir, beyond all words."

"Well then?"

"I wish to make her my wife—at once."

"You want an impossibility. She can never be your wife."

"Sir! Sir! You cannot mean what you say!"

"The words I speak, I mean. That is my way."

"Sir, I will not mention my own love, but let me tell you, your daughter loves me."

"She does not. If she does, she must stop loving you. I will see to that."

"She has promised to marry me."

"She can marry no one, without my consent."

"Then, Sir, I entreat your consent."

"I will not permit her to marry until she is twenty-one years old. Can you wait three years?"

"No. That would be an impossible wait. Sir I can give your daughter high station, honours and great wealth."

"I care nothing for such things."

"I have done fairly well at Oxford. I did not leave without honours."

"That will be to your advantage."

"Sir, what have you against my claim on Agratha's future?"

"You have no claim on Miss Van Ruyven's future."

"Her sure promise."

"It is worth nothing. She cannot redeem it."

"You must have some reason for such an unjust dislike as you appear to bear towards me. Will you tell me what it is?"

"I will. You are a Scot!" and he lifted his head as he spoke, and let his passion get the better of him. "All your people are selfish and cruel. There was your bondman friend. He was kindly treated by myself and all my family. After he obtained his freedom, he never entered my house or spoke to me again. He never saw my wife and daughter if they were in the same room with him. He was taken into the Van Dams' family, he won Elsie's love, and got her to

marry him on a two weeks' acquaintance, then he took her away from her mother, and insisted also on Elsie's portion being paid to him; and so left Madame to break her heart in poverty and loneliness. What do you think of such conduct?"

"The circumstances were peculiar, and it is the way of the world."

"It may be the way of the Scotch world, it is not the way of the Dutch world."

"Is there anything I can say, or do, to win your consideration, Councillor."

"Nothing. Agratha's marriage will not be in my consideration for three years."

"Great Heaven! You have a heart harder than a stone."

"My daughter is dearer than life to me."

"I deny it. You have treated your daughter cruelly, ever since I left her—stolen her letters, kept her gifts, and refused to give the poor child the few words of comfort that would have spared her hours of anxiety about me."

"Lord McIvar, you are out of the question. This is a day of business, and I have more important things to attend to, than your love affairs." Then he rose in a passion, went to the door, and flung it wide open. He did not speak, but his imperative gesture was sufficient.

"You are beyond doubt, Sir, the most discourteous, as well as the most dishonourable of men," said McIvar, as he left the room, "but I

shall go at once to Albany, and plead my cause with Agratha. I will win her in spite of you. I will win her, if I go to the gates of hell to win her."

Van Ruyven was crimson with rage, and trembling with his effort to control it. McIvar was also very wroth, but he preserved a gay debonair manner, and smiled and spoke to the men he met in the store in a careless tone, asking one of them, where he could find a man capable of taking his ship to Albany?

The man of whom this inquiry was made was charmed with the young lord's urbanity, and smiling good-will, and he offered to go with him to Chris Jansen's the best pilot for any water, near New Amsterdam. And Van Ruyven was astounded and infuriated at McIvar accepting the services of one of his men; though he told himself at the moment, that Teunis Van Brugge was no longer in his employ.

He found it impossible to go back to his figures. He knew that he must go home, and get into its solitude in order to collect and control his feelings. And he was no sooner on the street than he remembered Ragel was not there to help him in his trouble."

"It is the way things go," he muttered. "If you want your wife, she is looking after some other people. Ragel is getting to be a real wanderfoot,—not in her own house for more than two weeks now. I wish I had not let her go to Grave-

send. Lady Moody is an unmanageable woman — and also that fellow's cousin — confound him!"

He ordered his dinner to be hurried forward, and sat down to consider his ways. McIvar had gone to Albany, he was sure of that, for he had sent a trustworthy clerk to watch his movements, and this man said he had seen Chris Jansen go on board *The Nautilus* with Lord McIvar, and also watched the ship make her way to the North River.

But that was not enough, he must have Agratha under his own roof and control, and while he was considering the wisdom of going himself to Gravesend, Ragel entered the room. Never had Van Ruyven been so thankful for her cheerful, sensible presence, and he immediately told her all his trouble.

"And you sent him to Albany?"

"I did."

"I never knew you to tell a straight lie like that before, Paul."

"I committed a little sin, to save a greater one."

"Well then, it may be two weeks before he gets back from Albany. We intend going to the Hague in July, suppose we start at once."

"That idea I like, Ragel. *The Great Christopher* sails for Amsterdam in six days. Could thou be ready?"

"Could thou, Paul?"

"I can put Wim in my place. He knows the business as well as I do. Did Agratha come with thee? Where is she?"

"In Gravesend. I did not bring her, because I am going back in the morning."

"But is Agratha alone down there?"

"There is the woman Ladarine with her, and the Hubbards, and the whole settlement if she wanted it. Lady Moody had to come to New York for seed corn that was much needed. She thought we might be in Gravesend again by noon to-morrow."

"Where was Lady Moody going for the seed corn?"

"To Nicholas Stillwell's warehouse."

"If Nicholas Stillwell has it to put on Lady Moody's sloop, you will not get back to Gravesend by noon. It will more likely be dark. He is a slow man."

"Noon or dark, I will be there to-morrow, and I will bring Agratha home the next day."

"See that thou do that very thing. I shall be miserable until she is here, in my home, and presence."

"And in a week, we start for the Hague?"

"It is best so."

"There will be much to do. We must be here on Wednesday."

"Remember, Ragel, that there are many fine

shops in Amsterdam and the Hague. Take only your travelling clothes."

Just as Paul Van Ruyven and his wife Ragel came to this conclusion, Lord McIvar went to the man at the wheel of *The Nautilus*. His face was irresolute and dissatisfied, and he said, "Chris Jansen, I am going among strangers, and you tell me that we may meet plenty of hostile Indians. Now, if I lose my life——"

"*Tut! Tut!* Your life is in no danger."

"Well, if I never return to New Amsterdam, I should like my mother and my relatives to know what came of me. Governor Stuyvesant is unfortunately away."

"Yes, my lord, but he may be home any day."

"Do you know Lady Moody?"

"I rather think I do."

"Do you see her often?"

"I am at Gravesend three or four times a week. She is in the city to-day trying to buy seed corn. I spoke to her half an hour before you mentioned the Albany trip to me. Madame Van Ruyven was with her, but the young Miss was not. She went to Gravesend, because she was very sick, but I heard them talk of coming home next Monday."

"Chris Jansen, do not take another length of the boat. I am going to Gravesend. If you will put me at Gravesend early to-morrow morning, I will give you twenty sovereigns. You know the way there?"

"My Lord, I could sail it blind."

"We will stay where we are, until twilight makes all grey and confused. Then slip out to sea. You must try and have me at Gravesend very early."

"I'll have you there at cock crow, Sir."

This promise was amply kept, and *The Nautilus* was at Gravesend in the glimmer of the dawning. All was quiet and lonely as if the eyes of mankind had never before looked upon the low, sandy stretches. McIvar paid Jansen, and as he did so asked:

"Where do you go now, Jansen?"

"I shall walk over to Flatbush, my Lord, and get a bit of breakfast with my daughter who lives there. After that, I shall turn my face Boston ways, for a month or two. I have a son there, I have not seen for six years, I am needing a holiday, and your Lordship's generosity gives me the power to take one."

"Then you are not likely to be in New Amsterdam for a few weeks?"

'If you say a few months, you will come closer to the time 'tis likely."

'That is good. You can talk then, if you wish."

"My Lord, I can live without talking, especially about business that does not concern me."

"You are a wise man, Jansen," and he pressed a couple more sovereigns into the man's willing

palm. Then they parted with mutual satisfaction.

As for Gael McIvar, he was still in a mood which this, or that, might change. His good and evil nature were at war, and their forces were evenly balanced. He stood still a few moments watching Jansen out of sight, and then let his eyes fall upon the home of Lady Moody. The fairest and dearest of women to him was under its roof, and to think of her was to long irresistibly to be with her. There was nothing this morning to prevent his desire, and he went hastily to his cabin, and after an examination of much handsome clothing, he selected a new sailor suit of blue cloth, with its flowing necktie, and the blue cap. He felt that his kilt and phila-beg, his eagle tipped Glengary, and his jewelled dirk would be too demonstratively Scotch that it might become a victor, but that the modest blue sailor suit was more proper for a suitor. And at that moment he could feel how his magnificent, outlandish dress with the air of authority and superiority which he could not help assuming with it, might have roused every sentiment of enmity and contempt in the worldly practical Van Ruyven against him.

He admitted frankly to himself that in a warehouse crowded with barrels of whale oil, salted fish, and meats, and all kinds of ship chandlery it was out of place and character. "If the shop had been full of muskets and powder, and powder

horns," he thought, "of fishing tackle, and trout rods and lines, with a few stag antlers of twelve points—in short, if it had been like McBean's shop in Inverness, my kilt would not have been an offence. It would have said, I'm going to the hills to get a deer, and a few trout, and no one would have thought wrong of a kilt on the hills; but when you stand in a place that recalls only Iceland, and Greenland ice and snow, a kilt does not seem natural—for once, I was not properly dressed."

There was a moment's pause and then he almost shouted: "No, by Heaven! I was exactly right. The great high place for a kilt and philabeg is the battlefield, and if the words said by Van Ruyven in that oily room were not a challenge of battle, there never was one. Yes, and if he had not said one word, that laugh of his, as he shut the door after me, was a challenge that will ring in my soul, until I have him at my feet. Come then, Gael, make your first move."

After he was dressed he walked slowly to Lady Moody's house. Ladarine had opened the double front door, and he could hear her moving about the kitchen. He went into the living room and sat down. Presently Ladarine came in with the damask and silver for the breakfast table in her hands, and she cried out:

"Lord McIvar! Well, I never! No, I never did. When did you come?"

"Five minutes ago. Tell Miss Van Ruyven."

"I'm just going to tell her. My word, she will be astonished!" and she ran to the foot of the stairs, crying:

"Agratha, who do you think is here? Come down? Come down quick! You will be delighted, you will that!"

"Who is it, Lada? Moeder?"

"Someone better than moeder. Come and see!"

Perhaps Agratha divined the truth, or perhaps she had heard Gael's voice, at any rate after an interval she came down dressed in a pretty pink frock, with an underwaist of fine Delhi muslin, so fine and white, that the blush on her lovely throat and neck could be seen through it. Her small feet were in bronze sandals, and her bright hair lay in waves and curls around her exquisite face and shoulders. There was a pink ribbon through her hair, and a white rose at her waist, and she was altogether sweet and fresh as an apple blossom in the first hour of its birth. Gael heard her footsteps on the stairs, and ran to meet her, catching her in his arms as she reached the hall floor.

"Oh my darling! My blessed darling!" he cried; "at last! at last! Let me see your lovely face! Hold it up, and let me see it, dearest!"

Lada looked at him severely. "My Lord," she said, "will you have breakfast with us?"

"That is what I am expecting, Lada."

"And if you please, what would you like for a relish?"

"Have you any Yorkshire ham of your own curing?"

"As it happens, we have, my Lord. I will do you a rasher, and a couple of eggs poached would be suitable with it."

"Everything is suitable this morning, Lada. I am in heaven, and Yorkshire ham, and poached eggs, will be angel's food. It is the company that makes the difference, is it not, sweetest Agratha?"

It was a wonderful breakfast, and during it Gael described his new boat, and the special suite he had prepared for Agratha, if their marriage took place at once: "Of which heavenly event there is, I am sure, no doubt," he said.

"I fear my fader, Gael, will wish to have some delays."

"Your father, Sweet, cannot resist your mother and yourself. I must win your mother to-night."

"Moeder is so kind, she will not be hard to win."

"Let us now walk down to the ship, before the day gets hot. Come, Lada, we must have your company."

"Then you must stop at home to have it. My Lady and Madame Van Ruyven will be home for

dinner at one o'clock, and dinner must be ready for them."

"But, Lada," urged McIvar, "it is only half-past seven. It will not take us more than one hour to walk to the ship, look through her, and return here. Certainly you can spare us one hour."

After much persuasion Lada agreed to put forward her house work, and be ready to go with them to *The Nautilus* at nine o'clock. So the lovers sat down on the vine-shaded piazza, and Lada hurried away full of business, and not quite sure that she was doing right to allow Agratha to go anywhere with Lord McIvar, even under her scrutiny and protection.

It was a little after nine before Ladarine was ready, and Agratha explained privately to Gael that Lada never went anywhere—though but to a neighbour's house—without putting on her black stuff gown; "and I am sure, Gael," she added, "that peculiarity is in some way connected with her money; for she will not trust anyone with her savings, not even the Governor or Lady Moody. She says they would be careless of a poor servant's money."

"Perhaps they would—but here she comes."

The walk was not one Ladarine wanted, in fact the whole ship business was against her personal wishes; it interfered with her household duties, it compelled her to undress, and redress herself, it

left her kitchen fire in an uncertain state for the beef she had to roast on her return, and she cared nothing about the ship, and its wonderful arrangements and fine furnishings. However as soon as she was on board, she gave way to all a woman's curiosity, and was so interested in all she saw, that she forgot how quickly time can go. For she had found ready to entertain her a very pleasant Scotch woman, who acted as a kind of stewardess or shipkeeper, and they had sat down over a glass of toddy, and talked over the advantages, comforts and blessings of the Old Country, in comparison with the New.

In the mean time Agratha, having seen with delight the nest of beauty and comfort Love had prepared for her, was discussing with Gael the probabilities of their early marriage, and it was then he asked her the question which he felt must decide his movements.

"Agratha, my Dear One, suppose your father will not yield to your mother's and your own request, will you marry me without his consent?"

"I have promised fader I would never marry anyone without his consent. I could not break my word."

"If you love me, you would forget that promise."

"So impossible that would be! If I break my word to my fader, how could you trust me?"

From this position, plead as he would, Agratha

could not be moved, and he felt angry with her. "Do you know that you are unreasonable, and unkind?" he asked.

"Well, then, I am not dishonourable," she answered.

And at that moment Memory pealed in his soul Van Ruyven's scornful laugh, and he looked intently at Agratha, and thought: "She has her father's stubborn will. I will take my own way."

Scarcely had he made this resolution, when Ladarine entered with an urgent request for an immediate return. "I have been talking when I ought to have been watching the clock, and if it please you, Lord McIvar, you must give orders for some hurry. Come, Agratha!"

"In five minutes I will have the gangway put right," he answered, and he ran up the companion way, and as soon as he reached the deck, shouted an order in Gaelic, which was answered with wild assent, and rapid movements.

All the pleasure had gone out of Ladarine's face, she looked cross and anxious, and as she stood waiting, *Someone* whispered a word in her soul that filled her with terror. She ran to the deck, and saw that the ship had loosed her cable, and was already turned to the ocean. Every sail was set, and no gangway could bridge the distance between sea and land. McIvar stood by the mainmast, issuing rapid orders, but it was not a McIvar she had ever before seen. Absolute au-

thority, power not to be disputed, clothed him like a garment, and his words resonant, sibilant and unknown to her, acted on the sailors like magic.

Yet she walked straight to him, and said: "You scoundrel! You are carrying off Agratha!"

"Yes," he answered curtly.

"Oh my God, what shall I do!"

Agratha had divined some trouble, and was standing white and terrified at the foot of the companion way.

"What is it, Lada?" she asked.

"He is carrying you away, Agratha! He is carrying you away!"

Then Agratha made a desperate effort to reach the deck, but motion failed her, and with a piercing shriek she fell as if smitten by lightning.

Oh what words could tell the horror of that long, sunny day upon the pitiless, lonely ocean; and the deeper horror of the dark night, when the wind and the tramp of feet and the hoarse calls of men and the creaking cordage added their strange terrors to the two bewildered, miserable women. Agratha only came out of one fainting fit to fall into another, and in the intervals of her sanity called with such heart-breaking entreaties for her father and mother, that both Ladarine and the woman Mary were exhausted with pity and grief.

For Agratha was well aware of the kind of calamity that had befallen her. It meant for her

utter personal ruin. Her parents would naturally believe that she had left them deceitfully and willingly. Everyone would say so. She would bring her father and mother down to their graves with shame. They would cast her off. In every awful sense, she felt like a lost child, and a lost child can suffer like a lost soul.

At the dawn of the next day she lay motionless and speechless, her brain had become stupefied by suffering inevitable and inconsolable. Even Ladarine trembled at the greatness of the child's calamity, and was inspired by it with a wondering awe—What could it mean?

CHAPER NINE

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW LIFE

It was four in the afternoon, instead of one, when Lady Moody and Madame Van Ruyven touched Gravesend. It had been a disagreeable day, the wind being against them, and Lady Moody much annoyed by the Stillwells' slow methods of business. Madame also had her private anxiety concerning Agratha and McIvar, and the unhappy state of mind in which she had left her husband. Many times during that unpleasant sail she assured herself that unless her husband and daughter were with her, she would not go from her home again.

They landed wearily and almost in silence, and Madame wondered that Agratha was not at the wharf to meet them. But there was no other ship in sight—so she concluded her fears regarding McIvar were baseless.

"I think James Hubbard ought to have been here to take charge of the corn, after all the trouble I have had about it," said Lady Moody, and to this complaint the two ladies began their tiresome walk up the sandy road. When the

house came in sight, Lady Moody started. It had such a lonely look. No smoke was coming from the big chimneys, and there was no sign of either Agratha or Ladarine flitting between the door and the gate.

"Something is the matter!" Lady Moody exclaimed. "Let us make haste, Ragel."

"Is something wrong?" asked Madame, catching at once the alarm in her companion's voice.

"I cannot tell. Can you walk quicker?"

But the fear in their hearts made their steps slow and heavy. They felt like women walking in a bad dream, for they were scarcely able to move their feet. Fortunately the next moment they met James Hubbard with his cart, going for the seed corn.

"Are not Miss Van Ruyven and Ladarine with you?" he asked anxiously.

"No, James. Why do you ask?"

"The house is locked up and I made no doubt that they had found a chance to follow you to New Amsterdam about something or other."

"Is it locked now, James? *Now?*"

"Yes, I tried to get in a few minutes ago, but no one is there."

Madame uttered a sharp cry, and in trying to hurry forward fell. "You ladies had better get into the cart," said Hubbard. "It will make a few minutes difference."

But it made no difference in the result. The doors were both locked, but Lady Moody knew the hiding place for the heavy keys, and Hubbard quickly opened them. All was quiet, orderly and desolate. The table was laid for dinner, the meat and vegetables were ready to cook, the dessert was made and standing in the dairy to cool. Hastily they went through every room, looking for some written word or message to explain the empty house. There was not a line anywhere, and both women, aghast and terrified, sat down in despairing stupefaction.

Hubbard could help them to no solution of the difficulty. "The men have been in the fields all day," he said, "and the women mostly in the house gardens. If there had been anything unusual, someone would have seen and reported it."

"If any strange ship had come here, it would certainly have been seen, James?" asked Lady Moody.

"Well, my Lady, you know the Sound is full of Baxter's pirate ships, and it is a point of safety with us never to notice them when they come to land for fresh water. Respectable craft ring the big bell. If we do not hear the bell, we do not see the ship."

"I know, James."

"Oh, Deborah, I must go home and tell my husband! I feel as if I was dying! What has

come to my child? What am I to do? I am dying, I think."

"Now Ragel, do not faint. There is trouble enough here. Keep your senses and get to your husband without delay. He is the proper person to seek his child. Perhaps you will find her at home. Suppose that she has received an injury; she would be sure to go at once to New Amsterdam for help."

"She would have left a little note, or at least a message with a neighbour."

"Sit down, Ragel, and for God's sake do not waste your soul strength in tears."

"Oh Deborah, it is easy for you to say that. My little Agratha is dearer than life to me. Oh God! Oh God in Heaven, what has come to my child?"

"I will get you a cup of tea, while James unloads the corn, then he will take you to the foot of your own garden. You will be home by midnight. But what can you do in the night?"

"Paul will consider things, and decide what must be done."

"Yes, I see."

Then Hubbard went to unload the corn, but he promised to be back by seven o'clock. "The moon will be high by that hour," he said, "and we shall make New Amsterdam before midnight, if this wind lasts."

Left to themselves, both women gave way to

their grief. Ragel could not be still; she walked ceaselessly up and down, wringing her hands and frantically calling her child. Lady Moody wept without outcry as she went hither and thither, looking for the things she wanted. Her loss was a grievous one. Ladarine was her right hand, her hourly help and comforter. She had stood by her in all the changes of her strange career, and life looked bare and haggard to Lady Moody without her friend Ladarine.

"It was no hurried calamity, Ragel," she said, as they drank the tea they so much needed. "Ladarine expected to be back early enough to cook dinner for one o'clock, for the potatoes are pared and standing in cold water. Neither had she been hurried in her preparations, all was as carefully attended to as usual; and whenever, or wherever they went, they took time to lock both front doors, and put the keys in their hiding place. Evidently they went leisurely and happily. Who did they go with? Dare you say your thought?"

"Yes, Deborah," she answered, and there was a little anger in her voice. "I think they went with Lord McIvar. He was in New Amsterdam yesterday, Paul told me so, and made me promise to bring Agratha home because he was at hand."

"Oh, indeed!" replied Lady Moody. "Poor Gael! he cannot do right whatever he does."

"It is not right to persuade a child to leave her fader and moeder, and go, she knows not where."

"Do try and understand, Ragel, that Agratha is no longer a child. If you could sleep an hour before James Hubbard comes, it would help you."

"Sleep, Deborah! How can you suppose sleep is possible to me? I shall sleep no more until I hear something from Agratha. Oh Agratha! Agratha! Where are you?"

Yet worn out with physical exertion and mental suffering, she mercifully slept most of the way to New Amsterdam, and was refreshed and grateful for the gracious oblivion. Hubbard awakened her when they were near the landing at the foot of the Van Ruyven garden, and she thanked him for letting her sleep, and asked him to come into the house and stay the rest of the night with them.

"No," he answered, "I will tie up the boat here, and take a nap on her. I want to be back at Gravesend by daylight. Lady Moody will need help. I must do all I can for her. I wish Sir Henry would not leave home."

There was no difficulty in Ragel getting into the house. She saw a light in her bedroom, and called her husband, and he immediately threw up the window and answered her.

"But you have not brought Agratha," he said in a voice full of fear and disappointment.

"No, Paul!"

"But why?"

"I know not—no one knows. She is gone!"

"Gone! Agratha gone! What mean you? Speak, wife! What mean you?"

"When we reached Lady Moody's last night, the house was cold and locked. Agratha and Ladarine cannot be found—and they have left neither letter nor message."

Then Paul flung his arms upward, and cried out like a man in an extremity of anguish and despair. It was a long, awful hour, before Ragel could get him sane enough to consider what—if anything—could be done.

However, when the storm of his grief had subsided into low sobs and exclamations, his love gave him a wonderful prescience. He divined the whole truth so clearly, that he might have seen it with his eyes; the only particular in which Love failed him, was his strong persuasion that Agratha had gone willingly with her lover, and that Ladarine had been well paid to accompany them. In these two respects, because jealousy was stronger than love, he did not see clearly.

"The fact of her absconding cannot be hidden, Ragel," he said, "but that wretch McIvar can be punished. I give my life now to this purpose. I will find him. I will prosecute him un-

til he swings from a gallows. For, thank God, kidnapping is hanging in England, Holland, and New Netherland."

"Oh Paul! Paul! Is this the end of all our love and hope? But I will stand to this—Agratha did not go willingly. She was beguiled on to the ship, and kept there. She promised thee never to marry any man without thy consent."

"A woman's promise! What is it worth?"

"Everything it meant and included. Yes, indeed! What are you going to do? It is easy railing, but something must be done."

"What is in your mind, Ragel?"

"This. They were, I am sure, beguiled on to McIvar's ship, for they took no clothing of any kind. They would likely call at Bermuda to buy clothing; if not there, perhaps at Kingston. They might even try Norfolk, or if they took north, go straight to Boston. Can you not send a ship to these places to make some inquiries?"

"Why? Will inquiries bring back our child?"

"Oh, Paul! I want to know that the Dear One is not in want or suffering. I want to know, Paul. The Long Island waters are full of pirates."

"The Long Island pirates are after gold and commodities. They don't bother about women. They have no room for even one woman in their narrow, swift boats."

"Why not hire one of those narrow, swift

boats and follow McIvar? They will likely stay a few days at Bermuda, and a swift cutter may catch them."

"Suppose I did, what then?"

"If you sent her a letter——"

"I would cut off my right hand, rather than use it to write to McIvar's mistress."

"Paul Van Ruyven, say that word again, or any other word reflecting on my daughter's chastity, and I will leave thy house forever! I will never speak to thee again, no, never, while I live! Thou ought to cut thy tongue out, for uttering such a slander against the purest, sweetest soul that God ever made."

"If an angel from heaven put herself on McIvar's boat with him, what would thou think of her?"

"Many good things, instead of the one bad thing. For shame of thy sinful heart! Thou art worse than McIvar, for I am sure he had not one evil thought of Agratha. All he asked, was to make her his wife."

"If she was pure as Christ's mother, who would believe it, after sailing with McIvar?"

"I would believe it. And if I was a man, I would strike the lie off the lips of anyone who said different."

"The world's verdict is what the world lives by, Ragel. We must regard it. Yes, indeed!"

"God's verdict is above it."

"I believe that Agratha went willingly with McIvar. She was sick in love with him."

"She did not go willingly. But mind this, Paul, if she went at all, it was thy own fault."

"My fault!"

"Yes, thy fault. If thou had not kept her letters, she had not been sick, she had not gone to Gravesend, this trouble had not come."

"I had a right——"

"Thou had no right. Thou did Agratha a great wrong—thou put her love affair at the beginning, in a false light. Thou hast never been straight or honourable about McIvar. How could thou expect he would be honourable with thee? Yet he would have been, had thou trusted him."

"All lovers are liars!"

"Thou told him a straight lie yesterday, and sent him away on a fool's errand. And that lie wrought us this sorrow. Had thou told him the truth, he would have come straight to Lady Moody's, and he would have found *me* with Agratha, and had no opportunity to kidnap her; for that is what has happened. What good is there in lies? They work to ill and sorrow, always."

"Ragel! Ragel! cruel, cruel art thou! It is flaying the broken heart, to say such things to me."

"What art thou going to *do?* I want some word about my daughter."

"When the day comes, I will send a man to Albany. We must find out if McIvar went there."

"He found thee out. He never went to Albany; he went to Gravesend."

"Well then, he hired Chris Jansen. I can send for Jansen in the morning and see what he says."

"Yes, that is good."

So the weary hours of this most miserable night passed, and they pressed heavily upon Van Ruyven. He could feel a certain want in all Ragel's sympathy; for she did really think he was in some measure to blame. And this bitter drop, infused into the cup of his sorrow, could by no means be removed; it penetrated everywhere, even as a few drops of ink cloud a full glass of water.

Week after week passed, but brought no relief; no word from the lost child, no credible information about McIvar. Paul and Ragel showed the pitiless suspense in every way. They had grown old, and the once happy, prosperous home was the abiding place of grief and anxiety. Fortunately before this calamity came to them, Paul had begun to make arrangements for a lengthy stay in Europe, and these he now completed. His two sons were put in charge of the

business, and the home was rented for a period of three years.

"I shall never come back here, Paul," said Ragel, as she walked through its rooms ere she left them in the hands of strangers, "never come back, Paul, unless Agratha comes with me."

"We have been very happy here, Ragel."

"Yes, Dear One," she answered, "thou brought me here a bride. Thou hast been a good husband."

"Alas! I have feared lately thou did not think so, Ragel."

"My heart is broken, Paul. Have pity on me! Many things I say, that are only words. My troubles make me cross. Thou art good, and I love thee with all my heart; yes, I do!" Then he stooped and kissed her, and hand in hand they left their home, mercifully ignorant whether they would see it again or not

They had taken rooms at Creiger's Inn until the return of Stuyvesant, who was hourly expected, for Paul was anxious to procure from him authority to act in his place, if any uncertainty arose about Agratha's American property, of which Stuyvesant was guardian, when her affairs came up for settlement. They had waited wearily for him, and not only they; the whole city was in a state of frantic expectation. He was at length coming to his own, and his own were joyfully ready to receive him. But he

came quietly up the river at night, and was in the Fort before his arrival was known.

"There was a grand reception planned in thy honour," said Madame Stuyvesant, "and thou hast disappointed them, Peter."

"God knows I wish it could be otherwise, Judith, I do indeed, but to speak it plain, the expedition has been a great failure, and to blow trumpets and ring bells over it, would be a ridiculous thing."

"How was it a failure, Peter?"

"Oliver Cromwell decreed it so. He had conceived the same plan as myself, but Cromwell's orders are immediately obeyed. It took a year for the Honourable Stupidities in the Amsterdam Chamber to see the importance of my design; and then having secured their permission, it was eight months later, before I could persuade the Wise Idiots of my Council Chamber to vote a stiver for expenses. In the meantime, while we were quarrelling about a few guilders, Cromwell's ships were all over the West Indian seas, and he had laid an embargo on all Dutch vessels. He took eight in the Barbadoes harbours, and three of the eight were under my command."

"How I hate that man, Peter."

"He is to be honoured and admired. He did the thing I wanted to do. If I had to be disappointed and vanquished, it is some salve to my mortification that I submitted to no less a soldier

than Oliver Cromwell. The man is irresistible and unconquerable. He is ubiquitous; his orders ring in every land, the flash of his sword illumines every part of the habitable world. I hate failure, Judith, as much as any man can do, but if I had known Cromwell was working out my plan, with the English navy to back him, I should have —retired."

But the success or failure of this expedition made little difference to the happy New Amsterdam burghers. They had received their Stuyvesant back safe and sound, and it was a great satisfaction to all waiting an audience, to hear him striking the floor with his wooden leg, and thumping the table with his powerful hand, and flinging his stinging adjectives pell-mell at all, and sundry. At these Stuyvesant signs and symbols, they looked at each other and smiled. They understood from them, that Peter was unchanged, that he had taken failure and disaster as mere contingencies of his position as lord and master of the burghers of New Netherland. And after all, they wanted him just as he was. "He *does things*," said Johan Willimsen, the baker, "and he would rather they failed, than not do them at all. That is his way."

Van Ruyven wrote for a private interview, "in order to discuss some personal matters," and received permission to be at the Fort at six o'clock that evening. The hour set pleased Van

Ruyven. Stuyvesant would have had his supper, and they could smoke and quietly discuss the trouble that had come to him; "and I make no doubt, Ragel," said the distracted man, "but what he will give me good help and counsel."

On the contrary, Stuyvesant was in an irate temper. He did not remove the pipe from his lips, but gazing with a frowning intentness at Van Ruyven, pointed to the chair he wished him to occupy.

"I am thankful to see thee back, Governor," said Van Ruyven, "we have needed thee much."

"I think that is plain. What, for instance, hast thou been doing to thyself and all concerning thee? What hast thou been doing? Thou hast become an old man. I hear thy wife is dying. Thy beautiful daughter is lost. Thy business is out of thy hands. Thine home is rented to strangers. Man! Into whose hands hast thou fallen?"

"Into the same hands that Job fell. But I am not yet ready to curse God and die. I want you to help me find my daughter. If I had her, if I only knew where she was, all the rest would come right."

"That is insane balderdash. Things can never be the same again."

"Oh, my God, that is the truth!"

"What do you know about Agratha? Tell me the last fragment of certainty you have."

"I know certainly, that she ran away with Lord McIvar."

"You lie!" cried Stuyvesant. "You lie twenty-fold, Paul Van Ruyven. What an unworthy, perfidious, treasonable father you are! It passes my understanding why God gives his sweet little daughters to cruel, selfish men like you, and leaves Peter Stuyvesant hungry and thirsty for a little daughter to love and cherish, for His sake. Alas! for the dear beautiful Agratha!"

"You asked me, Governor, for some reality about her loss. I know that McIvar was in Gravesend early on the morning of her disappearance. In four hours, he and his ship, Agratha and Ladarine, were all gone away. They went together, no doubt of it."

"I do not believe that Agratha, wise and loving as she was, would leave all dear to her at a moment's notice, for that be-feathered, be-petticoated Jack-a-Dandy. What a sap-headed fool you must be, to think so! Lord! And you had the loveliest daughter in all the land. And poor Peter! Humff—f—f. What the devil next?"

"My wife and I are going to Holland and England."

"God's sake. For what?"

"To see if we can hear anything of her."

"A villain like McIvar would not go to either country."

"But why?"

"Because kidnapping women, both in Holland and England, ends on the gallows, and I tell you, sir, if McIvar puts his foot in New Netherland, he will get the deepest dungeon in the Fort, and the highest gallows that can be built for him. We don't have everything we ought to have, but, thank God, we do have Holland's laws, and Peter Stuyvesant to see them carried out!"

"Where would you look for him, Governor?"

"Where, but in his own wild country. There they admire a man who kidnaps his wife, are indeed as proud of the dastardly feat, as English milords are of fighting duels."

"You know everything, Governor."

"I know this, because while I was away, I stayed a week in the house of a Highland Scot. There were just two books in his library, a Bible and a History of the Scottish clans. From the latter I learned that the father of this young blackguard McIvar carried off the daughter of a rich border gentleman, that his uncle ran away with the Lord of Jura's daughter, and his grandfather with the heiress of Breadalbane. It is in their blood. They 'lift' desirable women, as they lift cattle, or any other commodity they want."

"Is there no law against kidnapping in Scotland?"

"I should say not. If there was, the Chiefs would keep the Law Lords busy."

"If I could only believe that my Agratha was taken by force, and could not help herself."

"You are a poor, mean father, if you cannot. You would make the devil blush, sir, if he had any blushing faculty in him; for he is kind and complimentary to the children who serve him well. He believes in his own, and gives them their hearts' desire. I have seen him do it all my life long. But I tell you, Paul Van Ruyven, if ever you say a word disparaging my dear, innocent ward Agratha, I will denounce you, even in the Kirk, I will call you a liar."

"Governor Stuyvesant, you make yourself too hot about my affairs. Have you considered that Agratha had Ladarine Gilpin with her, and that an appeal to the men on the boat might have gained their help?"

"Not a man on McIvar's boat would have listened to her, or even understood her. I had a talk this morning with Chris Jansen. He told me that every man on the ship was a McIvar. Even the one woman was a McIvar, and the wife of the boatswain. Only the woman spoke any English, and even if they had understood Agratha's entreaties, they would not have regarded them. He said they adored McIvar as their Captain and Chief, and would have been chopped to pieces, rather than disobey him."

"I love Agratha! Oh, how I love her!" cried

Van Ruyven pitifully, and he knew not that he trembled, and that his face was wet with tears.

Stuyvesant looked at him with a pitying contempt, not unmixed with wonder. "You love yourself better," he answered.

"No! No! Governor! I do not."

"If you had not loved yourself best, you would not have seen Agratha pine and sicken for a few letters and trinkets."

"I did not know! I did not know! Say no more to me. I have borne all I can. I came to remind you, that on Agratha's twenty-first birthday, there will be a final settlement in the English Court of Chancery, regarding the property in their charge If any action is required about the American property, I might spare you some trouble if you will empower me to act for you."

"No, Van Ruyven, I will keep my own hand, on my own business, and to speak it plain, I do not like your way of doing business. And I will not put it in the power of any English Court to pass verdict or opinion on American land. They would find out, and swear to it, that the land originally and finally belonged to some old Englishman dead and buried a hundred years ago. When do you sail?"

"To-morrow."

Then a great compassion filled the heart of Stuyvesant, and he put out his hand, and clasped Van Ruyven's. "I am sorry for you. I am

sorry with all my heart for you, Van Ruyven. It is the plain truth. Such a barefaced piece of blackguardism as that Scot has wrought you, is enough to make men wonder and tremble, but if the man comes into my power, I will leave nothing for you to pay."

Van Ruyven clasped the hand offered, and stood a moment silent with his full eyes cast down. The uncertainty surrounding his trouble made him irresolute and hopeless. If he knew what he had to face, he would not shirk the worst of it, but at that time it was only the desperate patience of a brave heart that kept him fighting for a hope forlorn and dying.

After Van Ruyven had left the room, Stuyvesant sat still a few moments and the look on his face was like that of a man who prays. Certainly his compassion for Van Ruyven, and his fervent desire for some relief to his anxiety, had all the spirit of the prayer most acceptable to the Merciful One. When he returned to his wife and sister, they regarded his subdued manner with astonishment. They had heard his angry voice accompanied by that emphatic beat of his big hand which generally intimated angry discussion, and they had told each other that "Peter was giving Van Ruyven some little of what he deserved."

But when Anna Bayard said, "Brother, I am glad thou hast had the courage to reprove Van

Ruyven for his wickedness to his child. None of the citizens have dared to speak to him on that subject, not even the Domine—" Stuyvesant answered:

"Then the Domine ought to be reproved for neglecting his duty. Day by day, he should have gone to comfort Van Ruyven and his wife."

"Art thou taking Van Ruyven's part, dear Peter?" asked Madame Stuyvesant.

"I am, Judith. And if anyone says a word against any of the Van Ruyvens in my presence, they will quickly wonder what has happened."

"They will also think thou hast lost thy senses, Peter," said Anna Bayard. "I might think so myself. What is the matter with thy judgment to-day?"

Then Stuyvesant recapitulated shortly Van Ruyven's side of the question and reminded the ladies that Ragel had been as much to blame as her husband. He also, in some measure, extenuated Gael, on account of inherited tendencies and popular customs, though he was much harder on Gael than on any of the Van Ruyvens. In his opinion, Van Ruyven's rude and scornful treatment of Gael when the youth came open-handed and honourably to seek Agratha in marriage, was the great and unpardonable fault.

"Gael meant to do right in every respect," he said, "but when he was scoffed at, and his offer treated with contempt, it roused the devil in the

young fool, and he could think of nothing but revenge."

"A very natural result, Peter," said Mrs. Bayard. "Did he tell you himself about his behaviour?"

"Yes, but Jansen told me more particularly. He described to me the young lord's rage as he stood by his side at the wheel all night with him. Well then, he has punished Van Ruyven cruelly, but he has also punished four innocent people with him, for I hear Lady Moody is suffering much from the loss of Ladarine. Anna, as you go about, make people see this affair justly—as I do—it may save them more trouble than they dream of."

"People will talk, Peter; and they will talk as they think."

"Remind them that our laws for punishing slander are very severe, and by heaven and earth, I will not curtail a word of them, not for the finest lady in New Amsterdam! Tell Stanley to order my guard. I am going to the City Hall."

"To-night, Peter? It is late and dark."

"The burghers are sitting there, Anna, and they must be wanting, or at least needing, a word or two from me."

"And they will get them, no doubt," said Anna to her sister-in-law, as Stuyvesant was putting on his coat and hat. In a few minutes the guard with lanterns in their left hands and axes in their

right appeared, and Stuyvesant walked rapidly to the City Hall. In the Council Chamber the burgomasters and other citizens were sitting, and they were not expecting Stuyvesant. During his six months' absence, they had forgotten their fear of him, so when he entered the room, they gave him a hearty cheer, and the chairman rose and offered his seat, which Stuyvesant took without thanks or apologies.

For a moment there was silence, for Stuyvesant was looking round the assembled company with those wonderfully clear, penetrating eyes, which are even yet subjects of tradition. He saw men there who had no right to be in the Council Chamber, and he judged instantly that in some way or other they were attending to the private ceremony, so naively called "watering the pigeons." It was a momentary picture of great interest, for this Dutch Governor, sitting among typical Dutchmen, was totally unlike them both physically and mentally.

They were large, fair men, hiding very cautious natures behind an apparent very attractive artlessness and simplicity. They had no physical angles, all their joints were well padded with flesh, to resist the buffets of the world. They were slow in speech, prudent in action, and their minds were wholly bent on the money questions they were present to discuss. Stuyvesant was physically like a Spanish grandee. He had

the same clear olive skin, and long straight black hair, the same haughty manner and dignified bearing. He was in all respects an angular, aquiline man, spare, strong, and energetic, an autocrat both by nature and training. He knew nothing about cautious speech, his words were his thoughts made vocal, and though they were full of a colossal egotism, it was an egotism of strong individuality. And all men present knew that with a high sense of personal honour, his honesty in public matters was beyond reproach.

This dark, spare man dressed in black cloth and black velvet, with his long black hair surmounted by a black silk skull cap, was a remarkable contrast to the large fair men surrounding him, and the piercing glances with which he regarded the company—lawfully and unlawfully there—had the effect upon all of a momentary shock. The unseated chairman broke the sensitive silence.

"We are all glad to see you, Governor, and to see you looking so well."

Stuyvesant bowed, and again flashed his keen, searching eyes around the table.

"And what have you to tell us about the expedition, Governor?" asked burgomaster Ten Eyck.

"It was a complete failure. The gentlemen present ought to know *why*. It was their fault —their fault entire and altogether," and he

struck the table passionately, and sent his startling, malefic glance around the Council table.

"We see not," began Ten Eyck.

"No, you are blind as bats, about everything not touching your own interests. If you can't see, then listen: You kept me waiting eight months for money to fit out the ships, and during that time Oliver Cromwell stepped into my plans, and took all there was to take. You gave me money when it was too late, and sent me on a fool's errand. And from all I can at present judge, having got me out of your way, *you representatives of popular government* have been behaving in a manner abominable to all honest men, though you may be able to prove that it was without *animus furandi.*"

"Governor!"

"Be quiet. At present it is your place to listen. I gave to your requests and promises the excise income. You ought to have immediately paid the Domine's income out of it. Not one of you thought of the poor man. You have not paid him a stiver, and he and his wife and children slept on the floor all through the winter, and you on your feather beds. God! I am ashamed of you, and I will have the secretary of this meeting make out an order on the City Treasury for seven months' salary. Let him write it at once."

"There is only six months due, Governor."

"There is six months and twenty-one days due, and for the future I intend the Domine to have his salary every month in advance. Seven months are due, and it is just as well to pay the eighth month now, as ten days later. To squabble about ten days' advance for the Domine is a beggarly, low, abject, sordid, niggardly brawl —is *infra dignitatem.*"

He waited in silence until he saw the Secretary draw his quill and inkhorn closer, and begin writing. Then he said:

"Mr. Secretary, you will give that order to me. I will attend to its collection and payment. And, gentlemen," he continued, as he rose and looked angrily around, "I have been examining these papers," and he took a package from his pocket. "They are all signed, sealed, and docketed as correct and paid. You have put most of the money in your own pockets, by crediting yourselves with items which I will not allow. I'll see you all hanged first! You have borrowed money to complete the work on the Fort, and you have spent it for purposes where the perquisites and commissions were larger and safer. But the men who loaned you the money are now clamouring for payment. I know it, for I talked with them this morning. How are you going to pay them? I gave you no authority to borrow the gold. It was not used for the Company, and the Company will look to you to sat-

isfy the lenders. I will not help you to one stiver. Indeed I will not. Such indescribable transactions are damnable and detestable. I want also to know why you paid Francois de Bleue's passage money to Amsterdam? I won't allow such a bill. Look after it yourselves!"

"Governor——"

"Sit down, burgomaster, I have not finished yet. You have failed to contribute your quota to the public works. You have failed to furnish the subsidies you promised. I shall resume the control of the excise. You are not fit to trust with it. You say in your report to me that the city has never been so prosperous. You lie. The city is full of hunger, and want and beggary, but I grant you the City Officials are wallowing in prosperity. More shame to them! I will allow you one week to look for, or to invent excuses for these and other—mistakes. I will call them 'mistakes' in the meantime, lest you say I have a mania for finding fault. That you may be able to prove yourselves lovers of your city, and honest guardians of her wealth is my desire. In one week, gentlemen, *Volente Deo.*"

With these words Stuyvesant left the meeting, and no one spoke until he was well beyond hearing their remarks. Then the chairman took the vacated chair and said: "Brothers, I fear we shall have some trouble in satisfying the Governor;" and Schepen Volckmaars asked, "Why

does he use words no one understands; there is always trouble when he gets to his Latin."

"Because," answered the little tailor Oothout, who had as yet no share in the city's spoil, "because he threatens things he does not care, just yet, to promise you in Dutch or even English."

An explanation which gave no comfort to the anxious City Fathers.

CHAPTER TEN

CAPTIVES AT SEA

Time and the hour run through the roughest day, but to the two abducted women on *The Nautilus* the days were without end, and full to the brim of pain and sorrow. For Agratha had grasped in the first moments of her calamity all the ruin it included, and her paroxysms of weeping, alternating with long periods of almost breathless coma, were its first results. Until they reached Bermuda there was no alleviation of this condition, and when the coma became shorter and less frequent, the change only lengthened the hours of her more acute suffering. During their stay in Bermuda, Lord McIvar sent on board all the materials necessary for making clothing, and a number of other articles, which Ladarine said were required for comfort. But she would not suffer McIvar to pay for what she kept; she insisted on a bill from the merchant made out to Miss Gilpin, and this bill Miss Gilpin discharged.

Agratha was too ill even then to take any interest in the purchases, but as the weather was

delightful, and they were sailing in a southerly direction across the Atlantic, she was carried by the boatswain every fine day to the deck, where a sort of canvas tent was prepared for her.

"Thou must keep thy distance, my Lord," said Ladarine to McIvar, "for if she sees thee, it will be the last of her."

"I am sorry, Ladarine."

"Sorry! Thou may well be sorry."

"How is——"

"More dead than alive. Thy dirk in her heart would have been an easier death."

"I have suffered also, Ladarine."

"I hope to goodness thou will suffer a deal more yet!"

"If she will not notice me, I shall kill myself."

"I'm not sure but what killing thyself is the best thing thou can do."

"Oh, Ladarine, pity me! The wrong was done in a moment of passion."

"I can't pity thee, not I! When I look at the ruin thou hast made of yon little girl's life, I hate thee."

"I deserve to be hated."

"Thou does."

"But I am suffering with her."

"I see that. Thou looks ten years older."

"Will she ever speak to me again?"

"I should say, no. How can thou expect it?

What art thou going to do with us? Where are we going?"

"To the Mediterranean. The garrison doctor in Bermuda, whom I consulted about her case, told me she must be kept on deck, and have constant change of scene."

"Send us home, and ease thy soul a bit."

"Then the hangman would dog my steps."

"To be sure, but it is what thou deserves."

At these words McIvar walked away, looking so utterly miserable, that Ladarine, in spite of herself, was touched with pity. She was vexed at this symptom of weakness, and immediately turned the emotion into one of anger against Van Ruyven.

"A stubborn, selfish old man, and proud as Lucifer!" she said angrily. "I wish I had the sorting of him. I'd bring him down to his right place."

The next few weeks were the bitterest of Agratha's sorrow, for she had reached a full realisation of its irrevocable wrong. Oh, the useless regrets that came too late! Oh, the cries uttered to an unheeding silence! Oh, the shame, the loss, the anguish, the prostration worse than death! Oh, the desolate nights peopled with the phantoms of her imagination and memory! Oh, the fearful second-sight of dreams! It did not seem possible that she could deserve such sorrow. She had gone out one morning smiling and happy for

a walk, and had met an irreparable misfortune that had ruined her life.

Active grief, full of lamentations, settled down to a despairing quiet, and no one can be so hopeless as the young. Agratha was sure her calamity was destined and inevitable. "It is my fate, Ladarine," she murmured, "it was put into my life, it had to happen, no one could help it!" So she easily fell into that deaf and dumb indifference, which benumbs those whose grief is greater than they can bear.

But God has ordained Time to cure all griefs. The days disintegrate them, the years carry them away, and thus all excess in life is curbed; for no pendulum swings in one direction only. This process was aided by the sunshine and the fresh, buoyant air, and when they reached the European coast, Agratha was beginning to think there might be a future before her, and to wonder what it could be.

"Do you suppose he will take us to Algiers and sell us for slaves?" she asked Ladarine one day in a voice full of anxiety and terror.

"No, he will not," was the decisive answer. "He is bad enough, but not quite devil enough for that."

One lovely summer night, just after they passed Gibraltar, Agratha lay sleeping in her little tent, and Ladarine sat on the deck beside her. She was restless and unhappy, and won-

dering how long this existence was to last, when Lord McIvar stepped softly to her side. He did not speak, but stood watching the sleeping girl. She lay motionless, the moonlight just touching her scattered hair, and her small, thin hands, which were clasped above her breast.

"How lovely she is!" he said softly. "Oh, Ladarine, if she would only speak to me! only look at me!"

"Why don't you let us go home? What do you expect to make by keeping us in this floating prison, Lord McIvar?" answered Ladarine.

"I expect to make my life, and my wife," he replied.

"You are a soft lot to be so feared for your life, and your wife; suppose you had the spirit to try and win her over again."

"If I had any hope——"

"Old love is a dangerous thing for women folk to touch. They forgive as easy as God does—if there is any love left to build on."

"Lada, if I could get her to marry me, we should still have to keep in hiding until she is twenty-one years old. Before it, her father could take her from me on sight."

"I never heard of such a thing, and I don't believe it."

"And if she should happen to have money, or was a Chancery ward, and I ran away with her —as I have done—I would be tried for kidnap-

ping, and hung, unless I could prove that she was a willing partner to the kidnapping."

"Thou couldn't prove anything of that kind. We came on board thy ship as innocent as babes, and thou forced us to stay, so thou did, and I don't see how thou wilt be any less guilty two years after this."

"I shall be just as guilty, but Agratha will then be her own mistress, and she can marry whom she chooses to marry, and neither her father nor the law can interfere between them."

"And art thou fool enough to expect that after all she has suffered through thee, she will forgive the past, and love thee and marry thee?"

"Yes, I expect that."

"Thou caps me—that's all. And there's nothing but a man would have the up-and-down impudence to expect anything of that sort."

"I think she is much better in health."

"To be sure, she is getting a bit of strength, and to-day she has taken a deal of notice."

"Of me?"

"Nay, not of thee. She didn't seem to know there was anybody like thee around."

"She will have to take notice, and Ladarine, I advise you to be preparing her to do so. You may tell her, that at Marseilles, I shall bring a clergyman on board who will marry us."

"Thou must be losing thy senses. I'll tell her no such lies and rubbish. Tell her thyself."

"I do not expect she will listen to such a thing—yet. But if the proposal be repeated, and repeated, she will finally take it in, and consider it. Then ten to one, consideration will end in surrender."

"Lord McIvar, you don't know what you are talking about. There's as much hold-out in that handful of a girl as there is in that old game-cock, Peter Stuyvesant."

"I like her for it, but she is going to give way to me—in the end."

"No, she won't."

"I say she will," and with these words he walked away.

Ladarine looked quietly after him. "He isn't such a very bad sort," she said with an inward snicker, "and it is fair capping to listen to him."

She sat musing on this conversation until the night was far advanced, and everything on shipboard had the loneliness and melancholy of dreams. She disliked to awaken Agratha; if this was done, she might leave her spiritual self in whatever land she had been roaming while asleep. Yet the chill of the midnight was coming, she was weary of watching, and she was just going to see if a few spoken words would arouse the girl, when the still air was softly thrilled by one word:

"*Lada!*"

She could have cried out with joy, for the one

word was in Agratha's old confiding, sweet voice. She had not heard it since that dreadful morning in which they stepped on board *The Nautilus*. But surely Agratha called her, and her voice had its natural happy ring, and pretty inflections; it was, in fact, the voice of the little maid whom she had nursed and scolded and loved, for so many blessed years.

"God's precious!" she whispered, "Lada is here. What can Lada do?"

"Lada, I have seen my fader and my moeder. I am so happy. They were not at all angry with me, they kissed and blessed me, and as my moeder went away, she said, 'Weep no more, Dear One. All is right.' And I am so happy, Lada. I will be cheerful and good again, and I am sure God will take us out of this dreadful ship."

This midnight dream was the spell that began to bring back the old Agratha. In the morning she asked for a prettier dress, and ordered her breakfast on deck. Afterwards she took up a piece of sewing, and though it was but a few stitches now and then, the apparent idleness might well be excused by the charmful sail past storied lands, in weather such as there may be in Paradise. That same evening Lada spoke to her of McIvar's proposal to bring a clergyman to the ship, and she looked at Lada in blank amazement.

"I would rather die than marry Gael McIvar. You should have told him so, Lada."

"I did. Maybe he will die himself before he marries thee, or anybody else. He is thin and old looking, and is breaking his heart. I was a bit sorry for him Men feel these things a deal more than women do."

"They do not, Lada."

"I'll not fratch with thee about the man. He is neither here nor there, only he has us in his power."

"Is he very ill?"

"I should think he is. If thou would cast a look his way, it might help him a bit."

"I will not look at him. I could not bear to."

"Just as thou likes."

"Lada, he has been talking to you."

"Aye, for sure, he has."

"When?"

"About the same hour thou thought thy fader and moeder was talking to thee."

"They were talking to me. I did not think it."

"Thou dreamed it. Dear knows what dreaming is! I don't."

"What did Gael say to you?"

Then Ladarine repeated as much of the conversation as she thought wise, and Agratha flushed and patted the deck angrily with her foot.

"So he thinks I will give in, at last."

"Aye, he does. So do I."

"You are both wrong. I shall never marry Gael McIvar. Never!"

"Dost thou love him yet?"

"Loving is believing. I do not believe in Gael any longer."

"Love has a way of coming back. When the spring and the daffodils go away, we know they will come back, for they are realities That is Love's way. If he goes, he is sure to come back again. I wouldn't wonder to see thee loving Gael better than ever."

"I can love him no more. No more! And, oh, Love was so sweet, Lada, only it gives so little pleasure, and so much sorrow. A few days Gael and I were happy, but I had two years and more of heartache and sorrow, while I thought he had forgotten me."

"That was thy father's fault, and the misery we are both suffering now is also thy father's fault."

"Fader intended to be kind. He thought he was right."

"I don't hold with his ideas of what is right and kind—but never heed. It is a bit of comfort to know he has found a young man that can best him. Maybe he won't pontify and order around so much hereafter."

"My fader made a mistake, Ladarine, his intentions were good.

"For sure. I have heard tell that hell is paved with good intentions."

"I love my fader and my moeder, Lada, and you must not say wrong words of them."

"I'll say nothing worse of thy fader, than that he is an obstinate man; there's no coming and going in him. And what I have thought, I have kept grandly to myself, though I'll wager my last shilling, New Amsterdam is ringing with the very same opinions I hold by."

"I don't care. Let it ring."

"It might as well. Thy father has done his do, and I'll be bound he is satisfied!" and she rubbed the end of her nose with an air of scorn. "God-a-mercy, child!" she added, as she saw the tears gathering in Agratha's eyes, "don't thee begin crying again."

"I am so unhappy, Lada; nobody loves me."

"Isn't it a bit ungrateful of thee to talk such rubbish? If that foolish young man Gael McIvar had not loved thee beyond all sense and reason, he would have left thee in some strange place long ago, to finish thy Book of Lamentations. He wouldn't have seen thee turn his ship into a hospital for weeks, and months, I may say."

"Do not scold me, Lada."

"I'm far from what I call scolding. I am just telling thee that thy duty now is to make the best of things as they are. I must say I would like a few days rest mysen. Waiting on sick

folk night and day, week in and week out, is not an agreeable life. So far, I have made no words about it, but I'm fagged out, and thou must help me to keep mysen together If I should be so ill-guided as to get a sickness, whatever would thou do?"

"I would do for you, all that you did for me, that is sure."

"Thou could not."

"But God would help me."

"Mebbe He would, and mebbe He wouldn't. His way, and His plan might not be the same as thine. *Them above* know their own business, and we can't either meddle, or make in it. Happen it is a bit presuming to think we can."

Until August they lazily drifted eastward, here and there as wind and fancy led them—sometimes sailing so close to the land that they rippled the shadows cast from the shore, and sometimes running into little known harbours to avoid a squall. But calm as the life was, all were weary of it, and the constant sunshine produced a speechless inertia and laziness. Even Ladarine sat with empty hands, and a strange expression of pathos on her strong face.

During these oppressive weeks, Agratha had been compelled at various times to take Gael into her thoughts. She preserved her apparent ignorance of his presence, but in reality the man's temperament fascinated her. This influence be-

gan one night, when they were lying off Malta, and a white squall broke over them with its customary unexpectedness.

In a loud, commanding voice he ordered the two women to their cabins, and almost immediately the hellish uproar began. The wind screamed, the waves bellowed, and *The Nautilus* was tossed like a cork on their crest. Meanwhile Agratha could heard Gael's clear, resonant voice commanding his men in Gaelic:

"Stand by to reef! Get out the storm jib! Quick!"

Ladarine was on her knees, there was no one to interfere, and she managed to reach the top of the companion way, and look towards the wheel. There stood Gael. His head was uncovered, his face set seaward, and as she gazed at him a big sea, with a race and a roar like a thousand guns went over them. *The Nautilus* leaped her length and rip—rip—rip! sailors know the sound. But in a few moments she came gallantly to her bearings, and shaking herself, sped like a gull away into the storm. Gael still had his grip on the wheel, though the spindrift lashed him like whips, and *The Nautilus* spun on her heels like a top.

Where now was the Chief in full kilt and feather, and where was the Lord in velvet and satin leading the dance? She had forgotten them both, but this man facing the storm, and

making his ship obey his touch, could never be put out of memory. His clothing was ripped to rags by the wind, his hair soaked, his face sore and red with the salt water, but this was a Gael McIvar she had never known, but one she could not help admiring. The storm went down as rapidly as it rose, but it left the ship and everyone in it worn out with their experience. Agratha and Ladarine, sitting in the main saloon, saw two of Gael's poor brothers come down the companion way with their Chief and Captain. He was white as a dead man, his steps tottered, his eyes appeared to be closed, his arms hung down powerless, his clothing was in tatters, and he looked as if he would fall with every step he dragged himself. But he reached his cabin without an accident, and Ladarine ejaculated:

"Thank God! Thank God Almighty!"

"What for, Ladarine? I think Gael is dying."

"Mary told me that when her husband relieved him at the wheel, he fainted. But he isn't dying, not he! He is just fagged out. In another five minutes he would have had to let the ship take her own way, which was to the shore and utter destruction. Thank God! he kept the helm long enough to save us. A few hours' sleep will put all right."

No one saw Gael until noon of the following day; then he came on deck fresh and smiling, and full of interest about the damage done to *The*

Nautilus. There was still some litter of wreckage around, and a glance showed him that Agratha was not on deck. About one o'clock McIvar's dinner was brought into the main saloon, where Agratha and Ladarine were sitting, and they rose to go to Agratha's parlour for their own meal. At the same moment McIvar entered, and Ladarine instantly went to meet him.

"My Lord," she said, "we two poor women, whose lives God's mercy and your courage saved from death, wish to thank you. You did grandly, you did that! You are one man made after God's own image, and Ladarine Gilpin has a grateful heart." Then she turned and looked at Agratha.

Gael held Ladarine's hand, but he kept his eyes on Agratha, and, oh, how his heart throbbed, when she rose and came to him. She stood trembling at his side, and tried to speak but could not; and he saw her strait, and stooping to her face whispered:

"Agratha! My dear, dear Agratha!"

"Oh Gael! Gael!" she sobbed, and the next moment he was holding her hands, and kissing on them the passionate pleading words of his long-suppressed desire. Then Agratha's dinner was laid on McIvar's table, and Ladarine sent all helpers away.

"I'll wait on my own lady," she said, "and I'll warrant the McIvar can help himsen to anything he wants."

But she did not leave the young people a moment alone. She thought it was only just and grateful for Agratha to thank their captain for his life and death struggle, but she had no idea of inaugurating a fresh courtship. However, she soon found that Agratha was still less inclined to renew the past, and then her contradictious nature began to upbraid the little girl for her dour, unforgiving temper.

"You are just like your stubborn father," she said. "Couldn't you have said a few kind words to the poor lad, who nearly died to save you?"

"Not true is that, Ladarine. As much for you, and for everyone on board, he would have died as for me. I thanked him. My dinner I eat in his company. Far enough I went—too far when I remember how shamefully he has treated me."

"*Them Above* has a word or two of directions when things are guided that kind of a way. We are told to pray for all that despitefully use us."

"Yesterday when Gael was fighting for our lives, I prayed for him, to-day I eat with him. It is enough. No further will I go."

"Jesus Christ said——"

"I know, but he was talking to men. Lady Moody said He could not know much about women, and how could He understand what a little girl like Agratha Van Ruyven would feel, when she was suddenly deprived of fader and

moeder and home, her honour put in doubt, and all the hopes of her young life crushed by an angry, proud, selfish man who then threw the blame of his wickedness on his love for her. No, Ladarine! I will not be friends with Gael McIvar. Next thing he will want to make love to me, next thing he will tell me I must marry him."

"I want thee to ask a favour from him for both of us. Wilt thou do it or not?"

"I will not."

"Thou beats all for a stubborn, unforgiveable lass. I wouldn't be like thee for anything."

"What favour do you want, Ladarine?"

"I want some grey dappled skies, and fresh cool winds. I'm sick to death of sunshine, and hot, scented air to breathe, and I would enjoy, now and then, a splashing shower of white rain."

"Oh Ladarine! I want all you want in that way. I would give all the Grecian Isles for a good breeze in the Fort, and a firm sheet of ice on the Collect Pond. But I will not ask any favour from Gael. No, indeed!"

"Then I will."

"Ask nothing in my name."

"Not I. My own name is as good as any other."

Ladarine found the captain of *The Nautilus* in a mood to welcome her suggestion. "I am sick myself for a breath of the Great Minch," he said joyfully, "and upon my word, I will turn

the ship's nose homeward, as soon as you like, Miss Gilpin."

"Homeward! To New Netherland! Is that what you mean, captain?"

"Homeward to Ross—to the great waterways of the Hebrides; Castle Ivar stands a thousand feet above their tossing waves. And let me tell you, Ladarine, it has by this time been thoroughly prepared for your entertainment. For before I left on this unfortunate voyage, I gave directions for six of the best rooms to be refurnished for my expected bride. The rooms are no doubt ready, but the bride is yet to woo, and I do not think you help me any, Ladarine."

"Thou may be thankful that I don't hinder thee any."

"You might say so much in my favour."

"I might—if I had got rid of my conscience. And what will Lady McIvar say to the guests thou brings her?"

"In faith, if she says anything but what is kind and wise, it will be for the first time in her life. She will make you both welcome for my sake, and likely find some way out of this cruel dilemma."

"Don't thee forget that it is my young lady that has the cruel part, it isn't thee at all. But castle or cottage will be a God's blessing after this sea prison."

"Well then, we are going to my mother!"

And he leaped to his feet, and ejaculated again: "We are going to my mother! Why did I not go to her at once? What a fool I have been!"

"How soon then wilt thou be wise enough to go to thy mother?"

"Let me tell you, I am just in the humour to give the order now. Listen! and in a few minutes you will hear that I have begun to act wisely."

He ran swiftly to the deck, and Ladarine sat still listening, and before she had time to raise a doubt of his sincerity, she heard his voice ringing out the promised order. The words were in Gaelic, but she knew it was "*Home!*" for he had not ceased speaking before he was answered in wild, joyful cheers of "Ivar! Ivar! Ivar!" Then came a tumult of hurrying feet, of shifting ropes and canvas, while the boatswain's whistle thrilled through the shouts and calls of the men, and some new sense of joy swept all through the ship.

Agratha felt the change, and was conscious of some unusual event. Her constant terror of the Algerine pirates made her tremble, and not finding Ladarine in any of their cabins, she went to the deck to look for her. The movements there astonished her. Everyone appeared to be in a happy hurry, and the inert, lazy looking crew of a quarter of an hour ago, were full of some delightful business. Gael stood at the main mast, shouting out his sibilant Gaelic instruc-

tions. Ladarine stood at his side, and when he turned his face to her, it was the face of a boy whose heart was overflowing with pleasure. Ladarine was watching a sailor climbing to the mast head, and she did not take her eyes from him until she saw The Blue Peter fly from his hand over the ship, already turning homeward. Then Gael flung up his cap with a shout, and every man on the homeward bound craft joined in the joyful salute.

Then Agratha went quietly back again to her own little parlour—"We are going home," she thought, "but to whose home? Oh, I do wish Ladarine would come to me."

But Ladarine did not come for nearly an hour. She was talking with Gael about the home he was taking them to, and trying to extract from his description as much comfort as possible for the wandering girl longing despairingly for her own home. But she delayed so long that Agratha felt hurt by her apparent neglect, and, though the feeling was absurd, a little jealous also of a conversation so evidently interesting, and yet which did not include herself. So when Ladarine did appear she evinced no curiosity. There was a new light on the woman's face, and a new tone in her voice, but Agratha would not notice the change.

Her air of calm dejection rather dashed the eager woman, but she said in her strong, cheerful

way: "Try and cheer up a bit, Miss. We are going to the captain's home—the ship has turned —she is on her way North, and every length she sails takes us nearer to cool weather, and dappled grey skies. We'll find our feet on solid ground soon, and we'll have large, handsome rooms to live and sleep in, and some decent people to talk a bit with. I'm sure I am fairly forgetting how to talk, if it isn't on the one stale, weary subject."

"Who told you this news, Lada?"

"The captain himself, and no other."

"You asked him to do so?"

"I did, and I'm glad of it."

"It is not to be thrown up to me, Lada. I warned you not to use my name."

"If there's any blame I'll shoulder it. My word! but thy conscience is easy satisfied. I had a notion that thou wanted to get away from this eternal sunshine as much as I did. I thought thou spoke that kind of a way; happen I was mistaken."

"So we are going to Castle Ivar? Gael has told me all about it. *So!* It has to be."

"Not so. Say the word and he will turn back again."

"For me, I will have nothing to say in the matter."

"The captain is delighted."

"There it is, but it is no good for me."

"Castle Ivar must be a fine place."

"It is one of those old, old, haunted castles, that ought to be pulled down to its foundation. That is what I think."

"I can tell thee the family think nothing of that kind. Why! The captain says, half a dozen large rooms have just been made fit for men and women of this date to live in. And he told me a deal about his mother. She must be a wonderful woman. You would think, from that young lad's way of talking about her, that she was born before that silly body Eve meddled with things she had nothing to do with. The tears came to his eyes whenever he said the word 'mother.' Poor lad!"

"I don't want Captain McIvar's moeder. I want my own dear moeder. Oh moeder! moeder! And look now, he can make me suffer month after month, and never feel sorry that I want my moeder. Well, you know, Lada, that is so."

"I know nothing of the sort. He has fretted about thee constant. I don't say that thou deserves it."

"Oh dear me, Lada! Are you going against me?"

"Don't thee talk nonsense. Thou knows well enough that I'll stand by thee, right or wrong, but I do think when everybody is doing their best to please thee, thou might show a bit of interest in what they are doing."

"What did Gael tell you, Lada?"

"Nay, I'll say nothing about it. He will be only too glad to tell thee all, and more, than he told me. Ask him."

"I will not ask him for anything."

"That is a bit of common pride. I would be above it, if I was thee. *Chut!* It would be far more lady-like to take pleasantly all the man can now do, than be nagging and nattering from morning till night, about what it is out of the man's power to do. *But there!* It takes noble blood to bear nobly. Traders don't bear nobly. Maybe they can't."

"Traders bear as well as nobles. Don't be foolish, Lada. We are all equal in God's sight."

"Get such silly notions out of thy head as quick as thou can. *Equals!* We are far from it in our own sight, and God sees a lot more of us, than we see of each other. If thou had been born a princess, thou would have found out a good bit ago, that Gael's sin was partly his country's sin, and partly his father's sin, and that thy own father was a good bit to blame—keeping a man's letters and gifts was a low vulgar thing to do—and scoffing and laughing at a young man's honourable advances a particularly ungentlemanly bit of behaviour. And maybe, also, thou might have found out, that others were suffering as well as Agratha Van Ruyven. It hasn't been a pleasure-making to mysen, nor to Mary, who has five

little bairns at Ivar. And as for the young Lord himsen, I think he has suffered quite as much as thee; yet he has managed to put everybody's sufferings before his own, and kept a cheerful face, and had a cheerful word whatever happened. He has borne his trouble nobly."

"Because he was a noble. Is that what you mean?"

"To be sure it is."

"Well then, you are noble, for you have borne your trouble nobly."

"Thou art all wrong there! I have done my share of grumbling, both to thee, and to others. I have been ashamed of mysen every night. *Equality!*" she cried scornfully, "there isn't such a thing, either in nature or in human nature. *Chut!* What the milk is, the cheese will be. Where's your Equality?"

This conversation, though it did not please Agratha, did her good. She began to wonder if she had been selfish in her sorrow, and regardless of the suffering of others, and the answer, she was obliged to admit, was not a flattering one. But she was cautious by nature, and did little upon impulse, so they were nearing Gibraltar before she had fully made up her mind to modify her conduct towards Gael. One evening, just after sunset, she went to the deck and she saw Gael standing by the taffrail; his face and attitude were melancholy and aloof, and his gaze appeared to be on, or even beyond, the horizon.

She went gently towards him, and he was instantly conscious of her presence. But that she should come to his side, and say in softest kindest tones "Gael" was a thing far beyond his wildest expectation. Yet it was actually the case, and when he bent his head to her and said tenderly:

"Oh, my dear one! What can Gael do for you?" she answered:

"For one ten minutes walk with me, Gael. There is something I wish to say to you."

Then Gael folded the little tartan shawl closer about her throat, and drew her arm through his own, and as he did so said:

"Whatever you wish, Agratha, if mortal man can compass it, you shall have. What do you desire? Let us sit down. It will be easier for you to talk."

"Gael, when we reach Gilbraltar will you land there?"

"For an hour or two. I have a friend in the garrison to whom my letters are sent. I hope to receive from him a letter from Lady McIvar, my dear mother."

"Gael, could you not write a few lines there, to my dear fader and moeder, and say something to comfort them?"

This request Gael pondered a few moments, then he answered: "Your father and mother are certainly in Europe, looking for you. Do you not think so?"

"Yes, but I know not where they may be. My brother Wim would send on the letter. Yes, Wim would surely do that."

"Listen, dear one. It will be better to write to Lady Moody. She will know the quickest and surest way to reach them."

"Oh yes! Oh yes! that is the truth. Tell me what you will write."

"I will ask my friend to write for me, for my writing is well known to Lady Moody, and I will see that he says these words, and none else. Listen:

> 'To Councillor and Madame Van Ruyven. Your daughter is well and not very unhappy. She is treated with all honour and tender care, and if you come to the Black Bull Inn, Covent Garden, London, one week after her twenty-first birthday, you will receive her pure and sweet and lovely, as when she was taken from you.'

Will that please you?"

"It is just right, Gael. Now then, I trust you to see it is written."

"Upon my honour, I will see it written just as I have promised, as soon as we reach Gibraltar."

"I wonder me, that I did not think of this plan before. Very much I thank you. Oh Gael! Gael! Can I do anything for you in return?"

"Yes, dearest, you can do everything for me, that makes life worth living;" he pleaded for her

forgiveness with such tender excess of feeling, that ere long his tears dropped hot upon her hands, and she was weeping with him.

After this explanation there was no possible return to the austere coldness and silence of her anger. Before she knew what she was saying she was pardoning all. She was satisfying the longing hunger of her heart with his passionate protestations of love for her. She crept closer to him, and within his encircling arm felt a peace and joy that suffused her whole being with a sense of unspeakable and infinite content and repose.

It had taken nearly two hours to come to this satisfactory understanding, and Ladarine had frequently been at the head of the companion way. She knew what was transpiring, and she said to herself as she saw they were going to part: "Now, Ladarine, you can go to bed and dream a good dream. For the rest of our imprisonment, we shall be as happy as the circumstances permit."

So that night Ladarine pretended to be asleep, and Agratha was glad, and took care not to disturb her slumbers. To think over every sweet word that Gael had said to her would be far pleasanter than to talk with Ladarine. Yet in the morning she called her as soon as she awoke.

"Ladarine, if you are awake, come to me."

"I am very seldom asleep, Miss, and thanks be, I am awake now if you want me."

"Come here, Lada. Now stoop. I have some thing to tell you."

"No, thou hast not. I know what thou has to tell me. I am neither blind nor deaf, unless I want to be."

"Lada, I—have—made—all—up—with Gael."

"Everybody on *The Nautilus* knew that last night. Why—a! the captain gave all hands a silver crown apiece last night, and a bit of supper and extra grog at eleven o'clock. My word! They were set up, and though they pretended not to know the why, and the wherefore, every man Jack of them was thanking you in his heart. You have made a lot of misery these last few weeks, Miss, and 'tis to be hoped for, and looked for, that you will now redeem every bad hour with a double good one; but Lord! what queer, fickle, not-know-their-own-mind creatures, women are."

"He is going to write to Lady Moody a letter which she can send to fader and moeder. He will write it when we are at Gibraltar."

"*Oh—h!* That's the price thou asked, was it?"

"He was glad to do it."

"I'll warrant. But I have nothing to say, for it was mysen that set thee up to doing something of that kind."

"Oh no, Lada. It was my own idea. I have been thinking of it for a long time."

"Bless my soul! Well, I'm glad thou hast stopped thinking, and taken to doing. Thinking is shiftless work, doing turns out something, either good or bad. And now I hope thou art going to be a bit cheerful. I would like to get some good from the rest of my travelling."

The promised letter was faithfully written at Gibraltar, and committed to the care of Gael's friend, and two mornings afterwards they awoke to the rain, and cold, and grey skies, they had longed for. It had been a weary night with a heavy sea, and the ship hammering through it, every few minutes a big wave breaking over her with a thrash like thunder. But towards morning the waves were cowed by the steady flogging of the heavy rain, and the damp, fresh air, with its flavour of brine, seemed delightful to Agratha and Ladarine.

They were nearly two weeks on the coast of England, ere they reached Scotland and the outer Hebrides. Then they came to a sea whose everlasting threat never slumbered, a wilderness of waves, fear haunted and fear peopled. The grey headlands of the rock-bound coasts smote all hearts with some eerie sense of trouble, vague as the background of dreams, and though Ladarine pretended to be pleased with the change, she could

not help pitying in her heart all the wayfarers on these lonely waters.

When they reached really the Great Minch it was blowing in savage gusts, and a black sea tumbling wild and high, sent smothering clouds of spindrift over *The Nautilus*. Towards evening the mountainous land of Ross was beginning to shape itself on the horizon, and Agratha's heart failed her, for land and sea alike appeared to be only a vast desolation.

Past the Alps of Torridon, and past the Gairloch, northward to Loch Ewe, they went, feeling a constant wondering awe in the wild wreck of colossal masonry, piled along the coast by that primeval deep which first began the fashioning of the hills. Mile after mile the ruddy gneiss was wrought into towers and turrets, spires and minarets, whose vaporing outlines looked as if they might be the sepulchre of some long forgotten hierarchy or empire.

At length it was evident they were near their journey's end. *The Nautilus* was in spick and span beauty, Gael in full Highland dress, and every man on board had the light of home on his face. At about three o'clock in the afternoon, someone on deck blew a blast on a trumpet that was taken up by a thousand echoes and sent far and wide inland, and in an astonishingly short time it was answered by a rattling peal from the mountainous wilderness above them. There was

an anxious wait of an hour, and then there appeared half a dozen stout little ponies, each led by a man. From these Gael selected two, and on their primitive saddles he placed Agratha and Ladarine, but he himself refused to ride, for he knew that he looked much handsomer walking at Agratha's side.

It was not long before they reached Castle Ivar. It stood on a wide rocky plateau, one thousand feet above the sea. It was a large, well-preserved building of grey stone, wearing undisguisedly that strange *past* look, that the prehistoric castles of Scotland never want. The piper was strutting down the mountain side playing a noisy "Welcome To the Chief"; the bare-armed henchmen were loitering about the court and doorways, the maids were at the open windows of the great tower, and at the main entrance stood a happy-looking, handsome woman who stretched out her arms in loving welcome to her son and his guests.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

AT CASTLE IVAR

THROUGHOUT her girlhood Agratha had been fond of imagining herself in all kinds of romantic situations, in which however there was always the Prince who had to solve the mystery, or the difficulty of the condition. But never had her dreams of a wonderful futurity been half so full of romance, or half so improbably wild and quixotic, as the reality of her present position. The castle in which she found herself claimed to have been a royal residence for some long forgotten race of kings, and indeed it had a royal air of spaciousness, remarkable in buildings of the early date to which tradition, and its own appearance, assigned it.

It was entirely built of grey stone, though the interior walls in the modernised rooms were curtained and arrassed with the tapestry of Bruges, and the floors covered with carpets from the Scottish looms of Kidderminster. The furniture, though black with age, was heavy and elaborately carved, and of large, though primitive shapes. A suite of six rooms had been prepared for Gael and his bride, and these rooms were now assigned

to Agratha and Ladarine. Many attempts had been made in them to reproduce the comfort and elegance of the furnishings of that day, but nothing could alter the atmosphere of the ancient place. They were vibrant with a life that was not this life, they were haunted by unhappy wraiths waiting for the hour of restitution or forgiveness, there were soft touches from no visible presence, and the shadow of sound from no earthly footfalls; in short it was a great, ghostly, feudal castle with the sea roaring below it through the long winter nights, and the sobbing winds flapping the tapistry and rattling the arms in the armory. Nothing could be more unlike the orderly Dutch home, from which she had been so ruthlessly taken away.

But the place fascinated her. She looked like a little child in its big beds and chairs, but she had all a woman's sensitiveness and adaptation. Never having been taught to fear what was not flesh and blood, she said with perfect truth to Ladarine:

"Well then, if some poor wraiths are in these rooms, very welcome are they. I hope that my ways may not trouble them, but I think, Lada, they may yet have likes and dislikes."

The provision made for her which pleased her most of all came entirely from Lady McIvar's thoughtfulness. "My dear," she said early the next day, "Gael's letter from Jamaica happened

to name the perplexity you were in for clothing and toilet articles, such as combs, brushes, perfumes, pins, powder, etc., so I sent at once to Edinburgh for all things necessary, and we have a good mantua-maker in the clan. Come now, and select the materials and we will set her to work without delay.

"Oh, Lady McIvar," cried Agratha, "that will be to me a very great pleasure. Lada has done her best, but I feel like a—like a——"

"A queen uncrowned. Ugly, shabby dresses make any woman unhappy. Come and I will show you many fine things."

Then she unlocked a large chest and showed Agratha a great store of silks and muslins, of cloths, laces, and ribbons, of gloves, belts, and silk stockings, of fine linen and embroideries, and to her uttermost wonder fashionable shoes and sandals of many makes and colours. The latter she touched with a look of wonder and asked softly:

"May I try on a pair?"

A smile and a nod answered her request, and she found her small feet slip into the pretty Morocco and satin coverings, very comfortably.

"They are exactly right. But how did you get the proper size?"

"Gael and Ladarine together cut a paper sole exactly the size and the shape of the slippers you were wearing, and I sent the pattern to the best

shoemaker in Edinburgh. You see what he did with it."

"You have been so thoughtful for me, yet you had never seen me, how can I thank you enough?"

"You will be Gael's wife some day, so then you are as a daughter to me. I was happy to do anything for you, and I hope we shall love each other dearly, both for Gael's sake and our own."

In a short time Agratha and Ladarine ceased to be guests in Ivar Castle, they became a part of the household, fitting admirably into their surroundings. Agratha was much interested in the renewal of her wardrobe, and quite contented to sit and sew as she discussed the prettiest and most becoming styles. Till she had a plentiful change of new frocks, she was likely to find the needle and the dressmaker the most satisfactory of companions.

She had also in a large degree the Dutch love of gardening. It hurt her to see bulbs and plants in the ground, when they should be in the greenhouse, and in her own mind—and perhaps also to Lady McIvar, and Gael—she laid out such a garden for the next spring and summer, as had never yet been seen in West Ross. In her room also she found many volumes of poetry and history, and a standing embroidery frame with silks and wools of every shade and colour. Upon the whole, she finally came to the conclusion that

Ladarine's advice was wise and good, and that it would be well to grow happy and beautiful, and enjoy such pleasures as were within her reach.

Very soon the winter shut them in, absolutely shut them in. On the landward side, black dangerous bogs made every road impossible; deep snows strangled the mountain paths, and the cheerless stormy Minch—little travelled even in summer—was in winter lashed by constant storms, and quite deserted save by solitary fishers, who, now and then, found a day in which it might be possible for a boat to live on its gloomy water. For at the end of the seventeenth century the Highlands of Scotland were unknown to the rest of the world. Their attachment to the Stuarts and their ferocity and courage in battle, was just beginning to interest southern Scotland and England in their kilted warriors; but of their temper, culture, civil and domestic life, there was a dense and universal ignorance. They were waiting for the splendid introduction which Sir Walter Scott was to give them a century and a half later.

So Agratha lived in McIvar castle a life nearly as primitive as the patriarchs. This was especially true of those clans which still clung to the Roman Catholic faith, but wherever the preaching of John Knox had penetrated there was a tendency to assimilate the modern spirit. The Mc-

Ivar was one of these latter clans, for its present Border mistress was of Covenanting descent, and gave freely to all missionary preachers a welcome to the McIvar territory.

But in no way whatever had the broader creed lessened the feudal adoration of the McIvars for their Chief, and Agratha was ever freshly interested in Gael's absolute power, and the generous, almost affectionate, way in which he expressed it. Often she smiled pleasantly as she remembered Governor Stuyvesant's love for unchecked power, and pictured to herself the wilful, passionate man in the midst of a clan, whose greatest joy would be to do his will, no matter what that will might be. But always she came to the same conclusion:

"He would be kind to them, yes indeed, he would be kind to them. Of course there would be clans that would not obey him, and how he would enjoy fighting them until they did. Then he would conquer all and make a Scotch Heptarch, and call himself King Peter. Oh, indeed! I think he would wake up the English, if he lived in Ross. Why was he not born here, where he could fight with his sword for his way instead of being harried and worried with quarrelling schepens for nothing at all? Dear Governor Stuyvesant! I wish that I could see him! Shall I ever see him again?"

Her windows overlooked the hills and folds to

which Gael's steps usually turned, and she could watch him without anyone suspecting her interest. She saw him often among some little brown huts nestling in the cliffs of the rock, moving about with human beings and collie dogs and great flocks of sheep. And the women kissed his hands, and the men were ready to fall at his feet, and the little lads followed him up and down, perfectly happy to be wherever he was. Amid all this adoration he carried himself like a young prince, full of an affectionate courtesy, naturally crowned with an unconscious dignity.

One day she watched him going up to the mountains with three or four men. They meant to drive in some cattle, and their wicked long-horned bulls into sheds, before an approaching storm; and she saw him meet an enraged bull with a quick, powerful lash across his eyes from the big whip he carried in his hands. A little later, on the same day, she stood with Lady McIvar at his side, holding ointments and bandages, while he dressed an ugly gore the same animal had given a youth of the clan. He soothed him with kind words, and when he saw that he was like to faint, he kissed him, and called him his "dear brother Colin," and fed him with teaspoonfuls of brandy and water. Every day there were such scenes—homely, sad, angry, suffering, but Gael was always sent for, and generally he brought peace and good-will out of racking pain, or passionate

disputing. Yes, indeed! Young and old made their hearts over to him.

It was such incidents that caused Agratha to forget her own wrongs, in the admiration she could not but give to his character and position. Certainly his beauty, strength, grace and picturesque surroundings were all factors in this admiration; but its foundation rested on qualities beyond the evanescent charm of physical, or even social advantages.

Not all at once, but day by day, this attraction went on and grew stronger and sweeter; so that before winter was over she had reconciled herself to her new life. "Many young people went from New Amsterdam to Holland for their education, Ladarine," she would frequently say; "they always stayed away three or four years. I am in no worse case. If I was at school I could not be as well treated, and I should not have as many pleasures."

"And don't thee forget the love that is so freely given thee. It is worth counting, I can tell thee that. There's lots of people worse off than we are."

For Ladarine was well enough pleased with her position. She had not been a month at Ivar before she had become as necessary to Lady McIvar as she had been to Lady Moody. First the weaving room had attracted her. Ladarine was Yorkshire, and what she did not know about the

carding and spinning of wool was not worth knowing. She taught the women at the antique looms much, and she directed the carpenter in certain small alterations that made the work lighter, and more surely correct. She was clever in the still room, and a notable friend of the cook, to whom she imparted the secrets of Yorkshire pudding, Christ Church tarts, and other famous local delicacies. In fact Ladarine was wanted on every occasion, and she was always happy to serve.

So in spite of storm and snow and the high winds, on which the devil joyed to travel, the two prisoners were not unhappy. Sometimes Agratha had hours of deep depression, and of acute longing for her parents and her home, but the evening was sure to bring Gael back to the castle, and the light in his eyes, the smile on his lips, and the clasp of his hand, quickly changed all trouble into joy. Then for the next few hours, Ivar Castle stood nigh to the gates of Paradise.

At last Spring was over all the land, and there is no land like interior Ross for beauty and sublimity in the Spring. Then the great precipices which guard the lovely valleys, are gleaming all over with purple and green, and covered with a fantastic network of the loveliest rose colour. And the walls and the roofs of the little huts which made the clachan in the valley, are coloured gold

of lichen, rose of granite, and green of moss, while their near-by peatstacks are full of intense depths of purples and browns.

Lonely? Oh no! Out of these huts came grand women robust of typical Highland beauty —brown eyed and red cheeked, with arms strong to labour, and full bosoms to nourish their children —noble groups of whom clustered round the cottages; healthy and happy, and clothed in all kinds of picturesque rags. One boy it was impossible to see and ever forget. His face was wildly beautiful, and of the richest colour—carnation glowing through brown; his ragged tartan clothed him in vivid shades; his legs were bare, but he was lithe and graceful and shy as a young stag, as he leaned against the rude walls of his father's hut, gazing at a highland bull black as coal, majestic as a king, marching heavily down the valley with his harem of cream, tawny, and red-brown cows around him. As for the boy, he was soon persuaded to go with them to catch some of the small delicious trout—little half pounders—that in May are such dainty eating.

One afternoon, Gael and Agratha had been up to the wilder hills, looking for ilex and arbutus. It had been such a happy afternoon, but trouble was waiting for them, sitting in Ivar Castle drinking wine and talking affectionately of Gael. Suddenly both seemed to catch some sense of it. "So cold it has become. Where is the sunshine,

Gael?" asked Agratha, and Gael answered wistfully: "My dear one, I wonder what it is. Something has gone wrong somewhere, perhaps it is going to storm." Then after a moment's examination of the horizon: "Here comes Rona, and he is running like a wild stag. What news, I wonder?"

Rona brought a scrap of paper on which Lady McIvar had very hastily written, "Angus is here. Do not let Agratha be seen. For your life mention her not. Mother." After reading these words, Gael stood a moment in deep thought, then he said:

"Rona, go back to Ivar very slowly, and say I am coming. Remember you found me at the upper trout stream, fishing. If you are asked, you will say I was alone, save for Ian to carry the flies and the creel—alone—Do you understand, Rona?

Gael watched the boy for a few moments as he liesurely returned to the castle, then he turned to Agratha and read her his mother's message. "What think you, dear," he asked.

"Do what Lady McIvar tells you to do. She is always wise, always right. At the cascade we will separate. I will go down to Mary's sheiling, and wait there, until you or Ladarine come for me."

"I wonder what is the matter!" and he looked at Agratha with passionate longing and sorrow.

"Are we to be separated? That would kill me."

"Perhaps there is no great trouble. Do you trust Angus? I do not. But he says he is your friend; well then, he may be—he ought to be. At a great cost you bought his freedom."

"He has never liked me since. He owes me twelve hundred pounds. He promised as soon as he reached his home to sell the wood off his wild land and pay me. He sold the wood, but went to Paris with the money. It was not an honourable thing to do."

"What honour means, is unknown to Angus. It is not of others, but always of himself he thinks. Never did I like him, never did I trust him."

The rest of the walk they took silently. Gael was full of apprehended sorrow, Agratha caught the anxious fever from him. At the cascade she smiled, unclasped her hand from his, and took the right hand declivity, and then Gael, after watching her out of sight, walked rapidly to the castle. As soon as he entered the courtyard, Angus came to meet him, and Gael said cheerfully: "I am glad to see you Angus, when did you get home?"

"Yesterday, Gael."

"Straight from Paris?"

"No, we were a few weeks in London."

"How is Rose?"

"I am done with Rose. She has behaved badly to us."

"Faith, that is hard to believe," answered Gael, with a darkening face."

"I will tell you. She had a fine position in the most aristocratic convent in Paris; she had a lovely little home, and was making a good deal of money, and then, can you believe it, she breaks up everything, marries that Dutchman Roedeke, and goes with him to New Amsterdam. Roedeke is said to be rich, but Elsie and I saw none of his money."

"Well and good. You were above the dirtiness of wanting his money, I am sure."

"Indeed we were not. We were almost at the bottom of our purse, so we went back to London. I tried all my friends there, and Elsie did her best to charm, but those pock-pudding English have no senses to charm. Instead of being won by my wife's rare beauty, they insisted on asking me unpleasant questions."

"What about?"

"About the condition of white bondmen in the colonies. They were quite ready to send money to help them to freedom, but they never thought of my unfortunate condition."

"Your unfortunate condition, Angus! you make me astonished."

"Can there be any condition more unfortunate than that of a noble without the means to live up to the requirements of his rank? I was disgusted with the English, but while in London I came across something of great importance to you;

so much so, that I immediately made haste northward."

"That something must be very important to warrant such haste. Pray let me hear it without delay?"

"I found it all in the coffee houses, at the Exchange, at Paul's Cross, at every public place."

"Upon my word, Angus, you tax my patience. What did you find?"

"*This*"—and with a doleful face he offered Gael a single sheet of printed paper. It seemed to be of meagre importance, but as Gael read it, his face blanched, and he bit his under lip with fierce but well controlled passion.

"It was the common talk of the city," continued Angus, "one could not go into a room in London, without hearing the matter discussed. And it was the same thing all the way northward. Somehow people had found out that I knew you, and I was invited here and there, just to be asked questions. I protest I was flustered and flurried for hundreds of miles about you, and your affairs."

"*Gad!* it is really complimentary. Think of people for hundreds of miles taking so much interest in my affairs."

"Not much of a compliment, Gael. Naturally everyone takes an interest in a love affair, but I must say in this case, the interest was all in the lady."

"I am glad of that. You have just shown me how mortified you felt when people took no interest in your pretty Elsie."

"Upon my honour, Gael, you take the affair coolly! Yet it is an intolerable situation, and that you may discover any hour."

"So soon? It is a far cry to McIvar. The sea way, my men can make impossible, and unless there is some traitor willing to guide men through Ivar forest, and over Ivar mountains, they are likely to remain in one place or the other forever. I shall not disturb myself."

"You cannot live shut up in Ivar all your life."

"I do not intend to cut so ridiculous a figure. When I am ready to interview the Lord Chancellor, and the other gentlemen who wish to see me, I shall go voluntarily to their society. In the meantime, my mother and my seven hundred good brothers, will keep me from feeling lonely."

"And perhaps someone else?"

"Faith yes, if it please you to say so."

"I do not say so, but everyone else does—and there may be such a thing as a traitor among your good brothers."

"By Heaven, No! There is not gold in Scotland to buy a McIvar to betray his chief, and if there was, what good would his gold do him? He would be tracked by seven hundred sleuth

hounds, and when caught, bound naked to a tree in Ivar forest, and every man would fling his dirk at him. Lord! I would throw mine first, straight into his black, false heart."

"Do not put yourself in a passion, for an imaginary wrong, Gael; I thought I was doing kindly to warn you, but it is always bad to meddle with other people's affairs."

"It was well enough in your own case, Angus. If someone had not meddled you would have been in New Amsterdam to-day."

"I know that, Gael, and I am not ungrateful. When I was in London, I called on Lord Thurlow and thanked him for using his great influence, and he treated me rudely, and told me to go home, and said things about breaking parole that were to me intolerable."

"He was right, for you were breaking your parole."

"Now I must go, Gael. One cannot ride fast yet, the bogs are so uncertain."

"Then you had better stay until morning."

"Elsie would die of fright in that lonely ruin we call home. She wants to go back to Paris."

"That is impossible unless you again break your parole to the Protector."

"Who is the Protector? Angus McAlpine is King Charles's man;" and he sang defiantly, the cavalier song then in vogue:

"'King Charles! and who'll do him right now?
King Charles! whose ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse in hell's despite now——
King Charles!'"

"Angus, you ought to have told the gentlemen who were securities for your loyalty, that you were King Charles's man."

"We are not agreeing this afternoon, Gael. I will go; to-morrow, ride over and see me."

So Angus left for his five mile ride, and Gael called in his mother and showed her the paper in his hand. She read it without any sign of fear or anger, but said earnestly:

"Go at once for Agratha, and after tea we will call in Ladarine, and talk the matter over. Make sure of Agratha, your life hangs on her word, Gael."

There was no pretence of secrecy about this consultation. In the morning Gael would call his clan together, and be as frank with them as with his closer and more intimate relations. Yet the condition was grave enough, for the shabby bit of paper contained the following official notice:

One Thousand Pounds Reward

Hue and cry of all good citizens to secure the person of Gael Lord McIvar, who has kidnapped the daughter of Mr. Paul Van

Ruyven of New Amsterdam in North America. Said Lord McIvar is twenty-two years of age, tall, dark and handsome, with gallant air and courtly manners. The lady is nineteen years old, is exceeding beautiful, and immensely rich. Any information leading to Lord McIvar's arrest, will be rewarded by one thousand pounds paid by order of the Lord Chancellor, who is the young lady's guardian. Signed by

Reginald Brudenal. Lord Chancellor.
London

George Pembroke. Chief of Police.

The talk after tea was not very satisfactory. Gael had made as light of the position as possible to Agratha, but she had been greatly shocked. "She would say little," he complained to his mother. "She appeared to withdraw herself, and to be quite stunned by the conditions she would likely have to face."

In a large measure Gael was right. Agratha was shocked at the danger her lover had incurred, and she foresaw that she would be placed between her father and her lover; and that to stand by her father was to betray her lover to a shameful death, while to stand by her lover would be a heart break to her parents. It was a dilemma out of which she could see no endurable way. Nor was she indifferent to the report of her own

wealth. She had always longed for wealth, dreamed of wealth, passed many hours of her life in the imaginary spending of it. It quickened her pulse to know that these longings and dreams might soon be facts; but she was annoyed that the news should have come to her with so much shame and sorrow. So when Ladarine was called into council, she let her talk and said little herself, for indeed she was not sure of her wishes, all her mind seemed suddenly to be unsettled, but Ladarine met the situation with her usual simplicity.

"We shall be under oath, every one of us," she said, "and we must all tell the truth, or call God Almighty to witness we are lying. I wonder," she continued, "whether you know that the London officers are in the kitchen; at least, I suspect it is either them, or some blackguards of the same sort. They came to the kitchen door just at dark, and asked for a bite and a drink, and shelter until morning."

"What makes you think they were officers of the law, Ladarine?" asked Gael.

"I found out, as nearly as they would let me, that they had got safely across the bogs by following the marks of McAlpine's horse's hoofs."

"Ah!" cried Gael, "but that is not possible!"

"You'll be as well to remember, he has just come from London, sir."

"And what by that, Ladarine?" asked Lady McIvar.

"Only this—I think McAlpine has betrayed the one he ought to have shielded with his life."

Then Gael leaped to his feet. "It is not possible!" he cried. "It cannot be possible!"

"It is most like to be," answered Ladarine. "I saw enough of him to know that treachery was bred in the bone of him, as it is in the bone of the hawk or the wild cat. And what is there he would not do for one thousand pounds? I wouldn't wonder if these three men came from London in his company, and it is like he engaged to show your whereabouts, and did so by telling them to follow the print of his horse's hoofs in the soft ground. They must have done so very closely, or they had never got here."

"But he was here alone, a little while ago."

"Ay, to be sure, they would be waiting on the edge of the pine belt, until the darkening let them come unseen to the back door."

"In a few minutes I will know who led them over Ivar Moss! I will——"

"Stop, Gael!" cried Lady McIvar. "Never go to meet misfortune. Let the men alone until they come to you."

"Sit down, dear Gael," pleaded Agratha, and when she laid her hand on his shoulder he sat down.

There was then a little more talk about McAlpine, and Agratha sided positively with Lad-

arine in her estimate of the man's character. "So ungrateful he was to his own sister," she cried. "Poor Rose! He deceived, and robbed and left her. Why should he be true to Gael, when to Rose he was so false and cruel?"

Then Gael rose. "I must go to my room," he said. "This suspicion of Angus has turned my heart cold. I want to be alone with it."

Very early in the morning, three blasts from a trumpet summoned the whole clan. They came tumbling down from the mountains, and scrambling up from the fishing clachan on the sea shore; they came from the shops and the looms and the ploughs, from the the dyeing shed, and the stables and kennels hastily they came, talking and whistling, and wondering what the McIvar had to say to them.

As soon as they had filled the courtyard Gael appeared. He was in full Highland dress, and as soon as he showed himself on the highest step of the high flight which led to the main entrance, he lifted his crested Glengary in greeting to them. They answered him with eager, happy cries of

"Ivar! Ivar! Ivar!"

snapping their fingers wildly to the not unmusical cheering. Then he resumed his cap, and there was a few moments of silence, ere Gael, holding the "Hue and Cry" uplifted in his hand, read it aloud to them. He translated it into Gaelic as he went on, and the version lost nothing by the

translation. Before the reading was finished, there was an indescribable tumult of sympathy, potently mingled with the striking of dirks, and that low, passionate ejaculation with which Highlandmen urge themselves on to fight—"*Sa! Sa! Sa! Sa!*" every syllable rising in tone and passionate inflection.

Gael stilled the uproar with a movement of his hand, and then proceeded to explain his position to them in their own tongue. In its sibilant expressive S—S—S—ing sounds, he poured scorn and ridicule upon the law which would hang a Highland gentleman for "lifting" the lady of his choice; and he was uproariously supported. He gave them the word of McIvar that he had neither known, nor cared, whether the lady had a shilling or not. He loved her, and he believed she loved him, and was not Love the bond of marriage between Highlandmen and their wives? and when he made this appeal a low, tender cry of assent answered it.

At this moment Agratha with Lady McIvar stepped from the enclosure of the open door to his side, and he asked, "Is she not worthy of Love? Is she not worthy to be the mother of Ivars? Speak for me, men of Ivar." And with a great shout they answered:

"The Lady Agratha! The Lady Agratha! She is worthy!"

When he spoke again, his tone changed, his

face grew dark, his eyes flashed, and he held his dirk, as he continued:

"My Brothers, there has been a traitor in this business. If there had not been, I could have dwelt among you until the lady was her own mistress and free to marry me in the face of the world. As you know, there are two months in the year, that men with a good guide might possibly reach Ivar Castle, through Ivar forest, or or over Ivar mountains—well I should always have been with Conal on the highest Bens, shooting ptarmigan during those months. For the rest of the year, Ivar castle was safety enough. But my brothers, there has been a traitor in this business. If there had not, how could three men, three Saxon clods, have found their way into Ivar Castle in the early spring, while the upper snows are yet melting. Yet there the men sit, eating our food, and waiting to take me—me! Gael! Chief of Clan Ivar! to some black English prison house, because I have dared to love a girl who is a ward of the Lord High Chancellor of England, and who I am told to-day has a great deal of money. I never thought of the Lord High Chancellor, and I did not know that the girl had any money, and I did not care whether she had or not. Why should a McIvar want to marry money? The fens and the lochs, the pastures, and the great sea are our heritage. We seek our food from God. We could live comfortably, if

we never saw a shilling. Is there a man standing here who would marry a girl because she had some money in her hand? Look at our sons and daughters! Do they lack anything of being perfect men and women? Nothing. For they are the children of Love, and not the children of gold."

Wild, joyful cries of assent answered this statement, and then a very old man in front of the assemblage asked:

"My chief and my brother, name the traitor. Never shall he betray any other."

"The man has eat at my table, and drank from my cup. He has had twelve hundred pounds of my gold, and he would give me the gallows in payment. He was a bondman, and I set him free, he would marry, and I loaned him five hundred pounds. Alas! Alas! You all know the man —my playmate, my schoolmate, my friend—" and Gael was silent, overcome by the intensity of his feeling and passion.

"We know him! He is a son of the Devil! He shall go deep down to hell, head foremost!"

It was Alastar, the mighty hunter, who spoke these words, and as he did so he lifted up his gun and swore the oath over it. Then out sprang dirks and knives from every belt, and the tumult of angry voices was indescribable.

Suddenly three men stepped forward, and two of them would have laid their hands on Gael's

shoulders, had he not shouted in a voice of power and passion:

"Hands off! Touch me, and my men will tear you to pieces. Have you no senses? Look at them!"

"In the name of the law——"

"In the name of the Devil, touch me not! And speak not to me!" and his passion was so terrible that Lady McIvar and Agratha covered their faces and feared to look at him. Meanwhile the clan in a black silence had edged closer to their chief, and some were standing on the steps around him. Then Gael, through some miracle of latent power more than recovered himself. He stood there like some bright young incarnation of Power and Strength, and in a voice that was vibrant from the proud, resolute heart that informed it, said:

"Saxon hounds of the Saxon law, listen to me! I will not go with you. You shall remain here, until I permit you to return to those who sent you. How long you may stay I know not, perchance the rest of your lives. You will have bed and board, while you behave peaceably, and you are free to wander where you will, even to McAlpine, if you believe you will ever reach his home. Beware of the moss and the peat bogs. Beware of the slippery hill sides, that may dash you a thousand feet below them. Remember it is easy to lose yourselves on the mountains, and to go

for a walk on the open moor and never come back. The wild bulls are savage in the pastures, and the stags on the mountains will not suffer you. Our dogs love not strangers, and the snakes are no respector of persons. You could not live on the North Minch twelve hours, if you have not a good ship and a captain that knows all its ugly moods, so you need not look seaward. But you may make the best of the situation, for here you will remain, until I return. Now you may go. Come not into my sight again."

Then turning to his clan, he stretched out his hands and lifted his cap in a mute dismissal. And they watched him with proud affection as he stood a moment with Lady McIvar and Agratha in the open doorway. They knew no one to compare with him, and they went to their homes to talk over this great affair, and to love, pity, admire, and praise him to their hearts' content.

CHAPTER TWELVE

GAEL'S TRIAL

All was now hurry and confusion in Castle Ivar, for Gael gave orders at once to look after *The Nautilus* and have her ready for sea in three days. Lady McIvar was locking away and packing, with Ladarine helping her. But Agratha had a special anxiety, and in spite of the general haste and preoccupation, she felt obliged to speak to Gael on the subject.

"It is this, Gael," she said to him with eyes full of tears, "my fader must have been the means of sending those men now in the castle, yet they brought no letter for me—no letter either from him, or my moeder."

Gael started at this statement. "Oh, my Dear One!" he answered, "how selfish and unkind we have all been to forget that likelihood. Perhaps there is one. Let us go and inquire."

The chief of the three men being questioned, tremblingly admitted that there had been a letter for the young lady, but said that it had mysteriously disappeared during the night they slept at McAlpine.

"It was with my other papers when I went to

bed," he said, "but in the morning I could not find it. The gentleman who sent the carriage and horses to bring the young lady comfortably to London, also sent the letter. He gave me a sovereign to put it into her hand, but I could not, for it was stolen—gone somehow and somewhere—I know not."

"Oh Gael, then when I get to London, I shall not know where to find fader and moeder."

"Upon my soul, Agratha, this is past endurance. I will send Donald immediately to McAlpine, with a letter to Angus, saying the letter must be there, and must be sent here."

"If you will, Gael—it is a trouble—and I am sorry—you are so busy."

"Faith, Dear, there is no more important business than just this need of yours. Donald shall go at once. I think he will bring your letter."

Late in the afternoon Donald returned from McAlpine without the letter, and with the astonishing news that Angus had appropriated the strong, comfortable carriage sent for Agratha and Ladarine, and with his wife had gone to London in it.

"The black scoundrel!" muttered Gael; then turning to Agratha, he said, "Do not trouble yourself. Sure, my dearest, everybody in any connection with this case, must know your father's address."

"But these three men? None of them knew it."

"They belong to any case, or to every case. But sure, my love, the Lord Chancellor knows it. Your father went straight to him, or he had not signed the warrant for my arrest by the *Hue and Cry*. You can get it from him, on your arrival in London."

Then he was urgently needed on *The Nautilus* and was obliged to leave Agratha with her trouble. And he was sad and fearful; he felt as if Agratha's heart was wholly fixed upon her return to her parents. For a moment this feeling dashed all his energy, but it only needed one thought of Angus and his infamous treachery to send him again with almost unnatural haste and vigor to preparations for the journey to London.

Fortunately *The Nautilus* was in good condition and perfectly seaworthy. She was already at her pier, and men were waiting to put on board the stores and victualling which Lady McIvar and Ladarine were preparing. Another crowd were busy ballasting her with the grey rocks ready to their hand.

"Is there really need for so much hurry?" asked Lady McIvar. "I am almost distracted, Gael."

"Indeed, dear mother, our hurry is a matter of some importance. It will break my heart if that dog of a man reach London before me. He must not get that thousand pounds. I will de-

liver myself to justice. No man shall sell me into the power of the law."

"Can we manage it, Gael?"

"Indeed I think so The roads are past description by Inverness and Perth, and as far as Stirling, the snow in many districts is lying. If they reach the border without accident, it will be because the devil is driving them to some deeper destruction further on. If the winds favour us, we may be in Portsmouth within three weeks, and from Portsmouth a coach will take us to London in thirty hours. Dear mother, this is the turning point of my life, sure you will help me?"

"My boy, both I and Agratha will stand at your shoulders."

"I fear, Agratha——"

"You wrong her. She is true to you as—as I am."

In less than three days *The Nautilus* was flying southward before the wind. Agratha and Ladarine had their old rooms, Lady McIvar occupied her son's luxurious cabins, and for more than a week the weather, though cold and windy, was clear, bright and almost intoxicating with the electricity and ozone that revel in the North Minch atmosphere, no matter what the conditions of the weather. Everyone on board was blithe and cheerful, at least until they were well down the English coast, and had been quite deserted by

the invigorating inspiring breath of the sea, roaring through Hebredean waterways.

At last London was reached, but it was late at night and all were exceedingly weary. They went direct to the Ivy Bush hostelry in High Holborn, had a good meal and slept so well in its big, comfortable beds, that all were ready for breakfast by nine in the morning. Gael noticed at once that Agratha was dressed for the street, and Agratha also noticed that Gael had changed his garb of old Gaul for the ordinary dress of a gentleman of that day. It was of rich material, but had the Puritanical plainness affected by the court of Oliver Cromwell. Yet Agratha was charmed by its sombre beauty; the loss of the curled wig, of the laces and ribbons, was no loss; she thought Gael far more manly and purposeful in his black velvet and plain linen.

Gael was going to call on Lord Thurlow for advice before surrendering himself to the police, and Lady McIvar was going with him. Agratha's destination was the hotel to which the letter sent from Gibraltar directed her parents. She believed they would be there, because it was the only link to her they possessed. Gael called a chair for her, and then they stood silent. The time for parting had come. In an hour or two she would doubtless be with her father and mother, and he would likely be in prison. Where, and when, and how, would they meet again? He

looked at her with his soul in his eyes. He trembled. He was dumb with sorrow. He wrung his strong young hands, and wept as only strong young men can weep. "Oh Agratha!" he sobbed, and his voice was like a sword in her heart.

"It is the only way, Gael, the only way. I must go to my fader and moeder. I must! Oh, my Love! My Love!"

"Do not forget me?"

"God knows! Not while I live. Thyself, and no other will I marry. If not thee—then none."

"If I should have to die."

"For my sake thou would die Well then, with thee I would die."

"If they ask you to say words that will slay me?"

"I will not say them."

"If those words were truth?"

"I will not say them."

"Would you lie for me?"

"Yes, if it were to save thy life."

"Oh, my darling, your goodness is beyond belief."

Then he put her in the waiting chair, and as they parted she whispered: "Gael, dearest Gael! Thine only I will be. In life or death thine only!" and so, with a smile, passed from his sight.

Alas! Agratha's visit to the Black Bull Inn was quite fruitless. No one called Van Ruyven was there, or ever had been there. The hostess

was perhaps unnecessarily positive as to that fact. Agratha stood for a moment confused and disconcerted. Then she remembered the Lord Chancellor, and she directed the bearers to carry her to the Court of Chancery.

There was quite a crowd in the yard, and the number of lawyers in little grey wigs and black gowns flitting about, seemed to Agratha a fearsome sight. "What trouble there must be in the world!" she thought, "for people in trouble always want a lawyer." At the main entrance to the hall the chairman opened the door of her sedan, and she said to someone, also in wig and gown, who was standing there, "I wish to see the Lord Chancellor."

"He has not come down to the Court yet," was the answer.

"How soon will he come down?"

"Perhaps in ten or fifteen minutes."

"Can I wait here?" she asked.

"First door to your right hand," he answered; then glancing into her lovely, anxious face, he added, "I will show you," and he turned the handle of a door, and said in reassuring tone, "he is sure to be here to-day, perhaps in ten minutes."

With a smiling "thank you," Agratha entered the room. It was a gloomy little room plainly furnished with a centre table, and some oak chairs. At the table a man sat eating a thick

mutton chop, dressed with shredded shalots, and sipping Burton ale. He looked at Agratha, but did not speak, yet if his thoughts had found words, they would have been, "By George, what a beauty!"

For a few minutes he watched her anxious face and restless movements, then he asked pleasantly enough: "Whom are you seeking, my pretty maid?"

"The Lord Chancellor, sir," she replied.

"Oh!" and he turned round in his chair, looked at a big clock behind him, and said: "You will have to wait ten minutes—perhaps longer. Lord Brudenel is not very punctual; he has to care for himself and all his whims, first."

"Not right is that. For the people waiting, he ought to care."

"He doesn't, not a bit. Can I do as well? What is it you desire?"

"Only the address of Paul Van Ruyven; a gentleman of New Amsterdam."

"I know. And pray what is your name?"

"Agratha Van Ruyven. I am his dauhter."

"Really! Do you know that Agratha Van Ruyven is at present the talk of the town? And it is you, that ran off with Lord McIvar?"

"I did not run off with Lord McIvar."

"Then he ran off with you—and little blame to him."

"Lord McIvar did not run off with me."

"What then?"

"It was an accident."

"An accident!"

"Nobody intended to run away."

"Well then, how?"

"It just happened. I wish you could give me my fader's address. For one year I have not seen my fader and moeder, so then my heart is in a great hurry."

"I understand. I will get what you wish. Ring the bell at your right hand."

While Agratha obeyed this request, he pencilled a few lines and sent them by an attendant to Sergeant Rollins. "Bring me an answer in five minutes," he said.

"That quick way of doing things is what I like," said Agratha. "It is Governor Stuyvesant's way."

"So you know Governor Stuyvesant."

"Yes."

"Many people do not speak well of him."

"That is because they are bad people."

"Do you like him?"

"No. You cannot like Governor Stuyvesant, as if he was something nice to eat You either love him, or hate him. I love him."

"Then I suppose he loves you?"

"Very much he loves me! He had his secretary give me lessons. He always sent me a New Year's gift, yes, and also a birthday gift, and

when there was a ball at the fort he wished me to be present. He called me his little ward."

"Do guardians give their wards New Year's and birthday presents?"

"It is their duty, if they are good guardians."

"Do you know what a ward is?"

"It is someone you take care of, if care is needed. My moeder told me the guardian in the Dutch Kirk is like the Godfather in the Lutheran Church."

"Lutheran Church! What church is that?"

"The English church, of course."

"Why did you have a guardian, when you were living with your father?"

"I suppose if my own fader died, he was to be a fader to me—just like a godfather."

"Have you seen the *Hue and Cry* for Lord McIvar's arrest?"

"It was brought to Ivar Castle, by that infamous creature, Lord McAlpine."

"Infamous?"

"Yes. Listen. He was a bondman in our house, and served us four years——"

"Are you telling a fairy story?"

"The truth I tell you." Then in short, vivid sentences she gave her listener the whole tale of McIvar's devotion, and McAlpine's treachery; even to the taking of the carriage sent by her

father for her use. The man listened with intense feeling, and accompanied her recital by a commentary of very ugly words.

"It is a bad tale," he said when she ceased.

"It brought us to London, for Lord McIvar will surrender himself to the Lord Chancellor, rather than let McAlpine have the money for his treachery."

"He will not get the money." He was reading a slip of paper as he spoke and he looked up from it to Agratha, and said pleasantly: "Mr. and Mrs. Van Ruyven are staying at the Charing Cross Hotel."

Then she rose in a happy hurry, all smiles and thanks, and the man went with her to the outer door, and after putting her in her chair, stood a moment to get the last look of the lovely face bending forward to give him a final smile.

At the Charing Cross Hotel she found all propitious. A comely woman in a large lace cap trimmed with pink ribbons, said a cheerful good-morning as she approached the bar, and when asked if Mr. and Mistress Van Ruyven were staying there, answered: "To be sure they are, and right welcome they be."

"Will you take me to their rooms?"

"Maybe you had better be announced first. The old lady is but poorly."

"No! no! I am their daughter, and I have not seen them for a year."

"God-a-mercy! I will show you the way right gladly."

Up some queer low stairs they went. There was a wide window at the little landing half way up, and across this window a long box of the small old-fashioned mignonette, whose heavenly scent filled the whole place with an enthralling perfume. The landlady pointed to a door nearly opposite the stairway, and said softly, as if there was something sacred in the information:

"God bless you, bairn! Your mother is in there."

Very gently Agratha opened the door indicated. The room was darkened, and Ragel Van Ruyven appeared to be asleep on a couch. Her husband sat by her side. His head was bent, and his appearance despairing. The opening of the door disturbed neither the sleeper nor the watcher, but when Agratha cried out "My fader! My moeder!" and ran towards them, Paul Van Ruyven leaped to his feet with a look of wonder and joy, and the mother raised herself with a sharp cry to a sitting posture—her white face and white garments making her look like a ghost at the call of the resurrection—the look of one who had been dead and who felt suddenly the stir of life.

In a moment Agratha was kneeling between them, kissing and comforting her mother, while her father was unconsciously crying over the lit-

tle hand she had stretched out to him. But of the precious hours that followed, full of the tenderest confidences of love that asked nothing but love, of sweet sorrows and sweeter pardons, the record is in Heaven. Earth knows it not.

The next morning Lady McIvar called on Madame Van Ruyven, and the two women liked each other on sight. Indeed it was difficult for anyone to resist the delightful cheerfulness of Lady McIvar. She took the sick woman in her care at once, promising Agratha to have her well in a month. Quite openly, she gave the anxious girl a letter from Gael, and advised her to go with him for a walk in Hyde Park. "He is waiting at the bar for you," she said, "and your mother and I can do very well by ourselves."

"But Gael? Can Gael walk in the park? I thought—I feared——"

"Gael will tell you of his good fortune. Go to him quickly."

"But very soon you must be back, Agratha?"

"Let us give them a couple of hours, Madame," said Lady McIvar. "They are young, and they love each other. Gracious! What a glory that is! We will not tithe their happiness. As for ourselves, there are many things we ought to discuss."

"About Gael?"

"About Agratha also. It is clear as daylight, whatever concerns the one, concerns the other.

To tell you the story shortly, when I was young and fair, the great Lord Thurlow was my lover, and by all that is true and good, he has not forgotten how sweet were those days of our hopes and dreams. Once, nearly two years ago, I tested his remembrance; that was to help Gael to procure the release from bondage of Lord McAlpine."

"An ungrateful creature."

"When a Highland Scot is bad, he is the worst of all men. He cannot be half way bad—he is bad all through—bad to the core. Well, I tried Thurlow's love again yesterday. It was fresh and green as ever. He took to Gael at once, was charmed with him, and said with a sigh, that 'he might have been his son.' Indeed he was eager to find out how he could help me. I told him truly the whole story, and he positively enjoyed it. I said I supposed Gael would have to go to prison, and I wished it could be to the Tower, for I had a horror of Newgate."

"*So!* he really enjoyed the story, how could he? A very sad story it was to us," said Madame Van Ruyven.

"Yes, dear, but men look on escapades of this kind differently to mothers and fathers. Thurlow had been near to running off with me himself, but McIvar reached that point first."

"McIvar ran off with you?"

"Yes, galloped twenty miles with me at the

first stretch. We were followed by the Johnstons and Musgraves and Lockerbys, and a crowd of border gentlemen, but they never overtook us, for McIvar had relays of fresh horses waiting all the way."

"Were you rich?"

"Yes, I had plenty of money."

"What did Lord Thurlow say about the Tower?"

"He said we must attend to that subject at once and that he would go with us to the Lord Chancellor who was even then holding court at Westminster. So to Westminster in Lord Thurlow's coach we went and had a present audience with the Chancellor. He also was kind to Gael, and asked him many questions, which I am proud to say, my son answered with great discretion."

"But what about prisoning him?"

"He said Gael need not be imprisoned, if he could find anyone to become surety for his appearance in ten thousand pounds. Thurlow said he would give his personal gage, then and there, which he did in some way satisfactory to the law."

"Did the Lord Chancellor speak of Agratha?"

"He asked many questions about her, and among others if Gael had any picture of a beauty that could make a young man stand under the gallows for her. And it so happened that Gael had a miniature that a Greek painted for him, when *The Nautilus* was drifting among the

Grecian Isles last summer. And the Chancellor looked long at it."

"What did he say?"

"That this case was his particularly. The young lady had been put under his special care by her uncle, whom he knew well, and that it was going to be in a remarkable manner a case for the conscience, and not for the lawyers."

"What did he mean?"

"The Lord High Chancellor is the keeper of the King's—I mean the Protector's, conscience —and sits as judge upon equitable grounds, without regard to what the law requires. Indeed he said plainly that Agratha's kidnapping was clearly in defiance of the law, and if judged by the law, the lad must die. But, he added, we shall not judge it by the law, but by that unfortunate chain of circumstance, which seem to have forced on an illegal conclusion."

"That is good, is it not?"

"It is everything."

"And Lord Thurlow will stand by Gael?"

"He promises so much, and he took Gael home with him, declaring he must keep him in sight for the sake of his ten thousand pounds. So Gael is to stay in Thurlow House, and report three times every day to its master."

"How soon will the trial be?"

"Perhaps not until late in the summer, and again it might be before the midsummer holidays.

It appears there is great public feeling on the subject and London will stay in London for the trial—even the Protector is interested, and our children are in the mouths of all, and the hearts of many."

From these few facts it is easy to construct the comparatively happy lives that both the McIvars and Van Ruyvens now possessed. In the first place, Madame Van Ruyven rapidly regained her health, and spent most of her time in Lady McIvar's company. They went to all the wonderfuls in town, and passed long hours together shopping, growing closer to each other every day.

Paul Van Ruyven also found the recreations that pleased him most. He listened to the Parliamentary debates, he followed the great Cromwell about, he read the news in the coffee houses and change houses, and enjoyed the eloquence of the preachers who at Paul's Cross and in the churches, gathered their eager congregations.

Gael became a social favourite. The women called him "naughty" and said "*fye! fye!*" when he was introduced, but they all loved and pitied him, and wondered what the creature who had brought him into this trouble looked like. For Agratha kept very much in seclusion, her early daily walk with Gael being her one pleasure, but she found it sufficient to make every hour serenely happy. And when the rain fell, and the park was impossible, then Gael sat with her and

Madame Van Ruyven, and told them all the gossip of Cromwell's Court. For Gael had early sought and obtained Madame Van Ruyven's pardon, though Van Ruyven himself knew him not, nor even spoke to him, or of him, and if perchance they met, steadily ignored his presence. It was, however, a comfort to know, that Van Ruyven had nothing to do with Gael's arrest. It had come solely from McAlpine's accusations to the Lord Chancellor, who was "through appointed representatives," plaintiff in the case.

As for Ladarine, she passed her time pleasantly between the two hotels, preferring decidedly the company of Lady McIvar. "My lady knows how to treat trouble," she said, "she snubs it, and puts it in its place, and never sets a good meal, or good sleep aside for it. There's some sense in that behaviour. And she takes me to the wax works, and the shows of all kinds, and I like London that well, it will be a heartache to leave it."

Indeed, the only trouble Ladarine found was the want of a modest conveyance to take her about; for into a chair no one could persuade the big Yorkshirewoman to step. She had a fit of hysterical laughter at Lady McIvar's first proposition of a chair for Laradine.

"No! no! My Lady!" she cried. "I will not be carried neck and heels by any two men, not while I'm alive, and able to kick the bottom out

of the thing. When I'm dead, it will like enough take two men to carry me, for I weigh about eighteen stone; but they'll carry nothing but clay, then—Ladarine won't be there."

So the spring passed into summer, and this little party with a probable death sentence hanging over them were not particularly unhappy. Still the announcement that the trial of Gael McIvar, of Ivar Castle, Ross, for kidnapping the daughter of Paul Van Ruyven of New Amsterdam, New Netherland, would begin on the twenty-fifth of June was not unwelcome.

"They do not anticipate a long trial," said a man standing in Westminster Hall to his companion in a lawyer's wig and gown.

"How do you reason?"

"The Lord Chancellor generally leaves town in July."

"There are great anticipations. Not only is London agog, but people come from the counties. Yes, and the inns are full of Scots, proud, peacocky fellows, that look at us Londoners as if we were the dirt beneath their feet; and I heard also that a little company of border gentlemen came riding into town to-day, and went in a body to the Salutation Inn. What are they coming for?"

"Perhaps for a rescue, if the youth is convicted."

"That would be beyond hope or possibility."

"I heard the defence would stick to the letter of the law, concerning the jury. He is to be tried by his peers, as the law directs, and that literally so. His peers are Highland chiefs, and border gentlemen."

"Such details are not regarded now."

"Perhaps they ought to be. It is said in this case, the Lord Chancellor will allow it, because of the difference in opinions about the kidnapping of women."

"Can he take this liberty with the law?"

"He is keeper of the King's—I mean the Protector's—conscience. There has always been a flavour of religion about his office, and he is permitted to judge cases according to his conscience."

"It is a great power. No wonder if it were wickedly abused. I thought also that this court had been abolished by the Protector."

"It has, as regards futurity; but the cases now on its hands must rest with its jurisdiction. Brudenel is a just man, but it may take him his lifetime to clear them off; and before that—there may be strange changes in the government. The Protector's health is—alas! not good."

"You think Brudenel will act justly in the McIvar case?"

"I am sure of it."

"But why this rage of public sentiment about a not uncommon event?"

"The couple are young, remarkably beautiful, both are very rich, and desperately in love with each other. The trial will serve the town for its lost theatre."

"A trial is the stupedist of events."

"But this trial may turn out a tragedy."

"If it should, the Protector will pardon."

"Perhaps. The men rave about the girl's beauty, and the women are as far gone over the young Lord's. And when it comes to youth and beauty and mutual love, the Protector has a heart all tenderness and pity. He will side with the lovers."

"Will you bet on it?"

"No. There are no chances. All is determined."

"By whom?"

"Fate! Destiny! whatever little god it is that rules in love and marriage."

The trial served the town for a three weeks' entertainment. Four days were consumed in an endeavour to get the jury literally of Gael's peers. It was an ineffectual struggle, though it served admirably to enlighten the admitted jury, as to the circustances which accounted for Gael breaking the English law, and allowed him to plead truthfully—"Not Guilty."

Every fact already detailed in this story was thoroughly sifted. Paul Van Ruyven, rather reluctantly, was forced to admit his retention of

gifts and letters, and his scornful insulting reply to Gael's honourable offer of marriage, and by the time this had been made clear, the crowds inside and outside the great hall, were enthusiastically in favour of the prisoner.

The question came finally to the consideration of the motive for the kidnapping, for the Court assumed that the prisoner knew of its ward's great wealth, and wished to secure it. Agratha was called in rebuttal of this opinion, and when she rose there was a demonstration of delight and sympathy nothing could suppress. Her mother had clothed her in a simple white linen frock, and without ornaments of any kind. She was white shod, and white gloved, and wore across her head a small flat hood of white lace and satin.

As soon as the Court began to examine her, she drew off this hood and stood clear-faced before everyone There was no design in this movement, but it acted like magic—the whole audience gave their hearts to her, but she looked only at Gael, whose face was shining with love, and who was unable to hide his pride and glory in her beauty and affection. A little later, she lifted her eyes to the bench, and saw sitting there the man who had questioned her so closely, while he ate his mutton chop, and sipped his ale. Then all fear left her, and when asked how long she had known of her wealth, she answered positively:

"Only since I read the *Hue and Cry* last spring."

Just as positively she averred Gael's ignorance, and the prosecution was failing in its last and strongest point. But Paul Van Ruyven's word was yet to be taken, and as his animosity to the prisoner was well known, there was fear in every heart that he would in some way negative this important point.

All remarked that he rose reluctantly, and when asked under oath if he believed Lord McIvar was aware of his daughter's great wealth, he remained silent so long, that the question was repeated, and Agratha bent towards him with a face full of anxiety. He felt compelled to answer this appeal, and with strong emotion said slowly:

"Lord McIvar knew nothing of my daughter's wealth."

"How can you be sure of that?" was next asked.

"Nobody knew—only I, myself."

"Your wife, perhaps?"

"No. She knew nothing."

"Governor Stuyvesant."

"No. He had her American land in charge. He knew nothing of any other property."

"Then Lord McIvar did not run away with your daughter for her money?"

"He knew nothing about her money. I have said so. It is the truth."

"Then he took her only because he loved her?"

"*Christus! Sacrament! Yes!* And he had no right to love her! *Oh God!*"

"You may sit down, Mr. Van Ruyven."

A moment's intense silence, broken by great sighs, and little restless movements followed, and the Court was dismissed in an unusual mood of sympathy for the father. But the next day, the jury, after a retirement of about ten minutes, unanimously found Gael McIvar "not guilty as charged" and he was set free to a tremendous ovation of popular delight and approval.

It is difficult to say how, or why, a great change of mind or feeling takes place, but it was evident in a few weeks that Paul Van Ruyven had considerably modified his dislike of Gael. But Paul was extremely sensitive to public approval, and very proud of the notice of great men, and Gael was wonderfully popular. All he said and did was admired, and wherever he went he was loved. Perhaps then, Paul had come to see, that it was hardly likely he was right, and everyone else wrong in their estimate of the young man; and perhaps also, the sweetness and nobility of Gael's temperament had compelled something like its own kindness and oblivion of wrongs.

At any rate when September was over, and Lady McIvar began to talk of returning to Ivar Castle, the Chancellor had a conversation with Paul about a marriage between Gael and Agratha. "The sooner it occurs and the better," he said. "It will not do for Gael to go back to Ivar without his wife. The town will talk. We do not want that."

"No, no; there has been too much talk already."

"The river of their life is at a wonderfully happy brim now, why make them wait till it ebbs?"

"Her money, my Lord——"

"Will remain with the Court until the proper time. They have enough to keep honeymoon on. Come, Van Ruyven, let us love them wisely, and make them happy."

The result of this conversation was their splendidly solemnised marriage in St. Paul's one month afterwards. And never had that grand altar seen a fairer couple clasp hands before it. The Lord Chancellor gave away the bride, Harry Cromwell walked beside the bridegroom, and the great, the noble, and the fair filled the stalls, and the spacious nave. All the world, young and old, rich and poor loves a lover, and this handsome youth so picturesquely dressed, so romantically possessed by his passion, so true to his love, so proud of her beauty, so heavenly happy in the

consummation of his long delayed marriage, was felt by all to be well worthy of the exquisite little lady, who that day came to him with the blessings of heaven and earth in her hands.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE FALL OF NEW AMSTERDAM

We spend our years like a tale that is told, but the tale is not lost, it is in our hearts, and we live it over and over in a faithful memory. This is what Agratha, Lady McIvar, was doing one morning in early May A. D. 1664. She stood at a window of her splendid mansion in Hyde Park, London, looking intently outward and westward, but seeing nothing of all that was before her. A letter was in her hand, a poor looking letter, wanting all the insignia of her own rank and riches; its paper was thin, untinted and unperfumed; its edges were not gilded, its seal was not white or pale violet, but vulgarly red and destitute of armorial honours. The interior was equally meagre. The writing did not cover even one page, it was not very legible, for the ink had been watered, and the script itself was uncertain, and evidently the work of unpractised and trembling fingers.

But it was from her mother. She dropped her eyes upon it tenderly, and then kissed it. "I must go to my moeder," she whispered to her heart, and it answered her promptly, "without delay."

Agratha had now been nearly seven years

married, her beauty had developed and perfected, and her manner and carriage taken on a distinction very different to its old simple grace and frankness. But every year had been full of vivid experiences, and had added some fresh loveliness, or some new attraction. Nearly two years after her marriage was spent in a leisurely, luxurious travel among the great capitals of Europe, in all of which she led a life of constant change and pleasure.

On her return from this delightful honeymoon she received her fortune. It had been a great fortune when first confided to the Court of Chancery, and in spite of wars and revolutions it had increased in value. Her Dutch property, under the control of Paul Van Ruyven, could proudly show a record of usage and investments which had nearly doubled its worth. Without any consideration of her acres on Long Island, and on the shores of the Hudson River, she was actually at the time the richest woman in England.

Good fortune in other respects walked beside the McIvars, for one day as they were driving on the outskirts of the Hague they approached a party which Gael instantly recognised. It was King Charles attended by a few not very well dressed gentlemen, and in an instant the love of the Highlander for the Stuarts flamed in his heart. At the same time he left his carriage, and with bared head and bent knee saluted the exiled

monarch. Charles was charmed. Beauty always appealed to him, and Gael's beauty was splendidly evident in a garb so distinctively allied with Scotland and the Stuart family. It went straight to whatever heart Charles had. Tears sprang to his eyes, he gave Gael his hand, and after a few minutes' conversation desired to speak with Lady McIvar. Agratha's loveliness completed Charles's delight, and during their stay at the Hague he frequently sought their company. However, the crowning point of satisfaction in this friendship came from a more personal reason.

One morning it happened that Gael found Charles very depressed and anxious, and as he was never backward in complaining of whatever hurt him, he confessed that he was almost at the point of beggary. "My brother of France," he said with a scornful laugh, "has forgotten me."

"Permit me, sire," said Gael, "to assume France's duty to you."

"The King of France promised me one thousand silver ducats.* He has forgotten his promise. Put not your trust in princes," and Charles laughed again.

"I will redeem his promise with one thousand gold guineas, if your Majesty will graciously permet me this honour."

"Your offer, my Lord, is a miraculous god-

*A silver ducat is worth fifty cents.

send. You have five-folded a King's gift. I may never be able to pay you, McIvar."

"Your Majesty's acceptance is repayment. My heart and my sword and my purse are yours."

"I will not forget your generosity, McIvar."

And when Charles was brought back with tumultuous rejoicing to his throne, three years later, he did *not* forget. Honours and emoluments of many kinds flowed from the King's good will to the McIvar's and the most extravagant dreams of Agratha's girlhood came as extravagantly true. This morning, however, a sorrowful word from the Far West had found her out in all her prosperity. Her father was dying. She had never thought of such a calamity. To her childish eyes he had appeared immortal, and about her home and all pertaining to it, her childish opinions had changed very little.

After a short reflection she said to herself: "I must go and tell Gael," and with the slow composure of a goddess she walked down the long room, her flowing garments of white lawn and lace, making a kind of glory around her. Gael was not far off, she found him in the library, and the young Chief, Lord Ian McIvar, was at his side, listening to some instructions his father was giving him, about the removing, or the keeping on, of his Glengary cap:

"Always, if you should meet the King, or be in The Presence, you must uncover your head,

Ian. To your mother, and to all other women give the same honour, and to the aged, whether they be rich or poor, remove your cap. But among boys, and the commonality of men, keep on your cap. It carries the crest of the McIvars, and never lower it when not necessary." The beautiful lad, though only six years old, bowed and answered:

"I will do everything you tell me to do, father, and to you I will always bare my head, for you are both my father and my chief."

Then Gael dismissed the child, whom he loved with an almost idolatrous affection, and turning to his wife said: "My dear one, have you something for me to attend to in the city?"

"Read this letter, Gael, and tell me how I ought to answer it."

After doing so, Gael said in a reluctant tone: "I suppose you must answer it in person."

"I think with you. We must go to New Amsterdam, but what must be done with the children?"

"Take them also. I cannot part with Ian."

"I do not think the long voyage will be good for them. Ian will be far better at Castle Ivar, among the heather and with the hunters and shepherds. His grandmother will take good care of him, she loves him dearly."

After some discussion, which did not bring any conclusion, Gael said, "Let us send for Ladarine,

she always knows the best way. Did you notice that mother's letter said Lady Moody was dead?"

"Poor Lady Moody! Call Ladarine, it will be odd if she does not strike the proper note at once."

In ten minutes Ladarine appeared. There was no change in her appearance, unless it were that she looked younger, healthier and far happier; and that she had also learned her manners. For she curtsied as she entered the room, and then asked:

"What does my lady want? I am just going to bathe the babies, and the water is getting cold, and they might have more clothes on, and——"

"Ladarine, Lord McIvar and myself are going to New Amsterdam immediately. What do you say about taking the children with us?"

"Well, my lady, if you want to kill the poor little things, I think you could maybe find an easier way. You must know, that the New Amsterdam babies have a hard time every summer, until they are three years or more old, and as for those not born there, it is precious little of a chance they get."

"Would you like to go back to New Amsterdam? We could take Lord Ian and you, and leave the babies with their grandmother at Castle Ivar."

"I will never give my sanction to any such foolishness. Lord Ian will be far safer with his

sisters and myself at Castle Ivar. It is only Ladarine that can manage him in his tempers."

"Then you do not wish to go back to America?"

"No, I do not. My work is here with my children, and there's none can fill my place. And I'm not seeking what the fools call Liberty. If I was, I would try the question with the Dey of Algiers, or the Grand Turk, or the Czar of Muscovy."

"But every soul desires Liberty, Ladarine," said Lord McIvar.

"Well, then, I am suited in having it so scarce. If every soul had Liberty, the world would be a monstrous Bedlam; that is my opinion, if it please you, my Lord."

"I am sorry to tell you, Ladarine," said Lord McIvar, "that Lady Moody is dead."

"Poor soul! She was just martyred for that dream you call Liberty. I always told her there wasn't such an article nowhere in this world—and a right good thing too, that there isn't."

"Ladarine, what are you saying! You that have been to the Free Colonies of America."

"I beg your pardon, my Lord, but nobody I ever saw, or ever heard tell of, found any kind of Liberty that suited them. Lady Moody tried Massachusetts, and there the preachers had all there was of it, and everybody else had none; and in New Amsterdam, the Company and the Gover-

nor had it, and the rest of the people were always in a fight with them for their share. Liberty, indeed! My poor Lady Moody left all she ever had behind her in England. But I can't stay to talk about far-offs now, for Lady Ragel and Lady Agratha are waiting for me, and what I say first and last is—leave the children with me at Castle Ivar, they'll have everything there that children want."

"No, Lada, children always want their father's and mother's care."

"Excuse me, my lady, the want is often a good thing. I have seen plenty of fathers and mothers that were most improper persons to bring up their own children; too fond of them, and the consequences bad health, bad manners, disobedience, and worse still——"

"Ladarine, I think I have told you before not to call Ragel and Agratha 'Lady' Ragel and 'Lady' Agratha."

"My Lord, as far as I can see, the girls are as much 'lady' as the boy is lord. I don't believe in down-treading girls because they are girls; and if you will now excuse me, both Lady Ragel and Lady Agratha are waiting for their bath, and cross at the waiting, no doubt, as they have every right to be," and with these words, and a little flourish of her white apron, Ladarine disappeared.

The result of this conversation is evident. The

three children went to Castle Ivar under Ladarine's care on *The Nautilus*, and Gael was left free to look for a suitable ship in which to cross the Atlantic. On the second day of his search, he met the Duke of York on Pall Mall, and after a few words of conversation, they went together to Buckingham Palace for a private lunch. Duke James then made Gael familiar with his plan for the taking possession of New Netherland, the territory which his brother, the King, had given him, and because of Lady McIvar's familiarity with New Amsterdam and its principal inhabitants, he received some sort of commission relating to their treatment and pacification. Before lunch was over, Colonel Nicolls entered and he was introduced to the leader of the expedition.

"I was charmed with Colonel Nicolls," he told Agratha on his return home, "to see him, is to love him."

"Tell me, then, Gael, is he handsome?"

"He is about forty years of age, above the medium height, and has a fine stately presence. His face is fair and frank, he has wonderful grey eyes, rather deeply set, and brown hair slightly curled at the ends. His father was a lawyer of the Middle Temple, his mother the daughter of Sir George Bruce. He has been splendidly educated, and accustomed to all the refinements of the highest European circles."

"For the Stuarts, of course?"

"He has shared all the fortunes of the royal family, and spent many years in exile in Holland. But there he learned the Dutch language and became familiar with Dutch literature. Indeed, 'tis said, he speaks both Dutch and French as perfectly as English."

"There, then, that is enough of Colonel Nicolls. I like not the man who goes to conquer my native city."

"On my honour, he will do no harm to your city."

"Have you found a suitable ship?"

"The Duke has given us the best accommodation on the *Agamemnon*. She sails in six days. Can you be ready?"

"Easily. *The Nautilus*——"

"Will be ready for sea on Saturday."

"In three days! Oh, Gael!"

"It is best so. Hurry Ladarine a little."

"On Saturday?"

"Positively, on Saturday the eleventh. We must be ready for Wednesday the fifteenth, without fail."

These arrangements were all comfortably carried out, and the voyage of the battleship *Agamemnon* across the Atlantic was generally fair, and unusually quick, so that she landed the McIvars at Gravesend on the seventh of July, and then sailed for the Connecticut coast.

Slowly and silently they took the familiar

sandy walk to Lady Moody's home. It was no longer a home. The doors were locked, the windows boarded up, and in the once pretty garden vines and weeds had taken possession. As they stood looking at the forlorn, deserted place, James Hubbard came to them.

"She is gone," he said, "what can I do?"

"We want to reach New Amsterdam as quickly as possible, Mr. Hubbard," said Lord McIvar.

"I bought her ladyship's boat, and I can get you there by the middle of the afternoon."

"That will do. Thank you."

So they turned back, and in half-an-hour were sailing in the old boat over the same watery way; but oh how different all things seemed! Lord McIvar talked to Hubbard about the English settlements on Long Island, but Agratha sat nearly silent, until they reached the little jetty at the foot of her father's garden. Then Lord McIvar went at once to the City Hotel, but Agratha slowly climbed the steps, and took the well-known flagged path to the Van Ruyven house. She noticed a slight neglect in the garden, there were fewer flowers, the growing vines were untrained, the very flags had worn a little away, and become looser.

But the homelike living room was just the same The spring clearing was yet evident in the snow-white draperies, and the polished sideboard, with its shining pieces of silver and crystal; and in the

spotlessness of the whole apartment. Madame was sitting by her wheel but she was not spinning. She looked tired and anxious, but much of her old activity and comeliness remained, and it needed but a season of happiness to renew her strength and beauty. But in Paul Van Ruyven the change was manifest. He was sitting in his big chair by the open window, but he was only a shadow of his old robust, vigorous manhood. Some secret malady, not then understood, was hourly wasting his life. Any moment he might go away forever.

These things Agratha noticed as she lifted the well known latch, entered the room, and then sank sobbing at her father's side.

It was a wonderful and joyful surprise, and that night Agratha spent with her parents, sleeping in her old white room, and noticing that not even the ribbons she had left pinned to the cushion had been removed. They were faded, but they were just as she left them. In a very short time things settled to a quiet simple routine. Agratha remained in her father's house, eating its homely fare with enjoyment, forgetting all the ceremonies of her late life, and falling back as far as possible into the ways of her girlhood.

Gael's first business was to look after Agratha's property, for in the changes certain to occur, no one could tell what the outcome might be. But Agratha's affairs were found to be in the most perfect order, and it took but a few days to

justify and admire the prudence with which they had been managed. Then Agratha went to see the Governor, and to sign the paper which released him from his long charge, and he kissed her affectionately and bid her notice that his service had been one of love, and that he had not taken a single doit for it.

During their compelled intercourse, Stuyvesant treated Gael with the most frigid toleration. He noticed none of the friendly advances made, and when the business was completed, and Gael thanked him for the excellent manner in which his wife's interests had been cared for, he refused to see Gael's offered hand, and answered:

"Lord McIvar, you may thank a rogue for being honest and honourable. Peter Stuyvesant asks neither money nor thanks because he has done his duty, and kept his word." Then he turned haughtily away. And Gael felt deeply wounded, but Van Ruyven smiled faintly, and he said to his wife when telling her of the circumstances: "If Gael had come here a few weeks earlier, Stuyvesant would have given him all he promised me—the deepest dungeon and the highest gallows in New Netherland. *But now!*"

"Well, then?"

"Gael is with the expedition, and as soon as the settlement was over, he left post haste to join Colonel Nicolls in Boston. Besides, he would have been protected by the English population,

and they are six to one. Stuyvesant durst not now come to conflict with it. That is the plain truth, Ragel."

"What did you think of the Governor, Agratha?" asked Madame Van Ruyven.

"The Governor is much changed, moeder," answered Agratha; "and Madame Stuyvesant was too anxious and busy to talk, and I did not see Madame Bayard at all."

"The Governor is nearly distracted by the condition of the country, and Madame, I hear, is moving all her household goods to the Bowery house. As for Anna Bayard she was married to Nicholas Varlett five years ago."

At this moment Madame Rose Roedeke entered, and the three ladies soon fell into a conversation about her brother and his wife. "I have not seen Lady McAlpine since her marriage," said Agratha. "Lord McAlpine broke his parole twice, and soon after disappeared. That was while I was on my honeymoon travel, and the next time Lord McIvar and I went to Castle Ivar, the McAlpine estate had been sold for a trifle, and I was told Lady McAlpine had returned to her mother."

"Her mother would not receive her. She has now only two small rooms, but she has peace, and she wants but little money. Lady McAlpine leads a noisy, gay life. I hear she returns to Paris soon."

"I wonder what became of her husband!" said Madame Van Ruyven.

"No one knows," answered Agratha. "He left no sign behind him. Some think he fell into the deep, treacherous moss water; others that he got lost on the mountains. Nothing is certain."

"I hear Madame Stuyvesant is really moving to their country house," said Madame Van Ruyven.

"What else remains?" asked Rose Roedeke. "When the English come the Fort and the Governor's house must be surrendered—or they will be cannonaded."

"Will there be no fight made?" cried Agratha. "Oh, I cannot believe that. I think surely that Peter Stuyvesant will fight, if he dies fighting. Yes, indeed he will."

"But, Lady McIvar," asked Rose, "how can Stuyvesant fight without soldiers and without arms. My husband tells me that there are only six hundred pounds of powder in the Fort, and only four hundred men in the city able to bear arms, and the distracted Governor durst not arm them if he could. All of them are in favour of the English government."

"Oh, no! Madame Roedeke," cried Agratha. "The Dutch will not desert their flag and their country."

"They do not consider it so. They are only

deserting the flag and the country of a greedy, tyrannical Trading Company, that has robbed and neglected them, ever since it had the power to do so."

"But Stuyvesant is its Governor, and he is loyal to it. He will fight. Something will happen."

"The inevitable will happen. Stuyvesant is brave as brave can be, he is also true as steel, but—he cannot work miracles."

"The people seem so indifferent," said Agratha.

"No," replied Rose, "they are not indifferent. A great many of the lower class derive great satisfaction from the fact that the captain of the English force is called Nicolls"—and Rose laughed a little.

"But why, then?" asked Madame Van Ruyven.

"Because it is the same name as their good Saint Nicholas. They may be right, there is a great deal in a name."

Soon after Madame Roedeke left, Paul Van Ruyven awoke from his afternoon sleep, and came into the room where his wife and daughter were still talking of the English invasion. Ragel Van Ruyven was truly a little indifferent; her husband's condition troubled her far more than the English. "They are civil enough, if you let them have their own way," she said calmly, "and it is

mostly a very successful way, as far as business and daily comfort is concerned."

"I never liked the English," said Van Ruyven, "but it will be hard for them to treat us worse than the West India Company have done. I am weary to death of this suspense."

"But it will soon be over now, fader. Gael says so."

"He knows?"

"Yes, he knows."

"Since ever I remember, my Dear One, we have been frightened by an English invasion, but about a year ago the best informed citizens felt that it was fast approaching. Hartford, Connecticut, New England, and most of the settlements on Long Island, then stood plainly and boldly for King Charles; and when Stuyvesant spoke of the charter of the West India Company and its right to the territory of New Netherland, he was told that 'its charter was only a charter of commerce, and as to New Netherland, they knew of no such place.'"

"That was not right, fader."

"*So!* but in this case might rules right. In April Stuyvesant called a *Landtdag* or Diet of the twelve Dutch colonies. He tried to induce the members to pay a tax, or enrol every sixth man in New Netherland in the militia. They would do neither. They would do nothing but appeal to the Company. We had been doing

that for years. However, as we sat disputing, we received notice that soldiers from Holland were on their way, and Stuyvesant was instructed to exterminate the Eusopus Indians, and severely punish the arrogant English."

"Well, then, fader?"

"Cornelis Beekman rose and said that it was impossible to punish the English. They were six to one, that Connecticut would instantly come to their help, and New England was already waiting to do so. At the very time of your blessed arrival here, Stuyvesant was at Gravesend interviewing Winthrop of Connecticut, who was cold and reserved, but insisted that the English title was indisputable. Ever since, the city has been, as you know, in a ferment; men and women are all on the watch, and are all so weary of watching."

"But, fader, the watch is nearly over."

"Yes, for the English squadron has left Boston for New Amsterdam. In my judgment, the end is not far off."

By the end of August, the English ships were anchored in New Utrecht Bay. Here they were joined by Winthrop and the Connecticut magistrates, and by Willet of the New Plymouth Colony. Scott was on hand with men from New Haven, and Captain Younge with troops from Southold and the other towns at the eastern end of Long Island. Clarke and Pyncheon came from

Boston with a report of the military arrangements there, but as an overpowering force had been collected, the Massachusetts troops were found unnecessary. All the approaches to New Amsterdam were blockaded, and the farmers of Long Island were forbidden to furnish supplies to the city.

Stuyvesant stood alone in hopeless courage, fighting the circumstance with the pathetic patience of a forlorn hope, deserted by every friend and ally; the only man in New Amsterdam who did not favour the peaceable surrender of the city to the English.

It is not here that the story of the last month of New Amsterdam's existence can be told. It was a month of fearful looking forward to evil of all kinds; for everyone knew what would happen if the city was not surrendered at the demand of the invaders. But against this solid background of opposition, Stuyvesant went on grinding corn day and night, and storing it in the Fort; and gathering in all the arms and ammunition he could from the outlying Dutch settlements.

However, when Colonel Nicolls with his four battleships arrived at Gravesend, landed his men and marched them to Brooklyn Ferry where the troops from Long Island and New England were waiting, the men of New Amsterdam knew that further delay meant ruin. Yet Nicolls waited

two days spent in useless parleying, then, weary of delaying, he moved with two of his ships to Governor's Island, and the other two with full sails set, and guns ready to open broadsides, sailed past the Fort and anchored in the East River. New Amsterdam was then encircled round about, without means of hope or deliverance. It was a matter of pure desperation, rather than soldiership, to hold the Fort, against which there were then pointed sixty-two guns.

There was no time now for words, and about one hundred of the principal citizens came with desperate resolve to Stuyvesant. They were angry men, full of threats, and determined at all risks to prevent the firing of a gun from the Fort. They found Stuyvesant standing by a bastion looking eastward for the promised troops; his wonderful eyes so full of sorrow and disappointment, they could hardly bear to meet them. He did not speak, he was dumb with grief, and the pallor of his face was the pallor of sleepless nights, and a heart sick, not only with deferred hope, but with hope utterly lost.

They waited for his usual authoritative questioning, but he did not move or speak, and Van Brugh said:

"Governor, we are come to tell you that there is not a moment to be lost. You must run up the white flag immediately. We demand it."

"Power of God! Who are '*we*'?" he cried with sudden inconceivable passion.

"Let us tell you, 'we' represent the whole city, men, women and children. We will not suffer you to fire on the English fleet. We will not suffer it! Raise the white flag!"

Then out stepped a young Zealander, and with streaming eyes and pathetic eloquence reminded Stuyvesant of the scenes that would be certain to occur if New Amsterdam was taken by force of arms.

"Governor," he pleaded, "we are men, and may fight for our lives, but will you give our women and children to massacre and outrage? Will you burn their homes above them, and lay our city in ruins. Governor, can you do these things?"

"By the Son of God! No! I would rather be carried out of here, dead!" The words came hot from his heart, he could no more have prevented them, than he could have prevented his breathing.

"Then raise the white flag!"

With unspeakable emotion he walked slowly to the main mast, and turning to the waiting citizens said:

"I will raise the white flag. Holland's free flag shall fall. Your city is not worthy of it, and you are unworthy to stand under it."

Here speech failed him. He raised his hand, and then let it drop heavily to his side, and the

flag of surrender floated over the Fort of New Amsterdam.

It was consonant with Stuyvesant's great character that he should accept the inevitable with manly cheerfulness. He invited Colonel Nicolls to his beautiful Bowery home, and there the generous terms of the capitulation were formed. This was on Saturday, and on Monday, September the eighth A. D. 1664, at eight o'clock in the morning, Nicolls delivered the ratified articles to Stuyvesant. This ceremony occurred at the "old mill" on the shore of the East River, close by the little pier at the foot of Van Ruyven's garden. An hour afterwards New Amsterdam had become New York.

And if the terms of capitulation were magnanimous, Colonel Nicolls, by his fine social manner won a still greater victory over the hearts of the inhabitants. His handsome, cheerful face, his friendly address, his ability to speak to the Dutch and French and English each in their own language, his royal hospitality completed, at least to all appearance, the desired reconciliation. Indeed, it was the rich and influential Dutchman Van Brugh who initiated a very gay winter by giving the first dinner party in honour of the English general.

Lord McIvar, who had been the friend and companion of Colonel Nicolls ever since they met in Boston, now accompanied him in all his social

successes; and thus once more was honoured and feasted in the city that had been so prominent in his life and fortune, while Agratha also received attentions enough to nullify a thousand-fold the slights and suspicions of her girlhood. A month of this gaiety was followed by a sudden hush in the Van Ruyven house. One lovely night during the Indian summer, Van Ruyven sat talking long and late with his wife and daughter. He took particular pleasure in reviewing the years when Agratha was a little child, and in slowly following her whole career.

"Everything was right though we did not know it at the time," he said; "that is God's way! Where we cannot see Him, there we must trust Him. That is so, Ragel. I am now tired. I will go to sleep."

They watched him a short time, and as they watched became aware that the silver cord that moored him to Time was rapidly slackening. He was drifting swiftly and silently away

> "Into the eternal shadow,
> That girds our Life around;
> Into the infinite silence,
> Wherewith Death's shore is bound."

Soon after this event the McIvars and Madame Van Ruyven returned to England, and the future of the McIvars was intimately blent with the

diplomacies and social events of the Courts, not only of Charles, but also of James, William and Mary, and the splendid military and literary reign of Queen Anne. During the first twenty-five years of this period they were eminently happy and successful. The young Chief Ian fulfilled all his parents' extravagant hopes, and the ladies Ragel, Agratha and Ladarine, married well and suitably:

"For Destiny that saw them so divine,
Spun all their fortunes in a silken twine."

It had been one of Stuyvesant's latest acts of authority to inaugurate a foreign mail service, and through this channel they heard occasionally how events were marching in New York from Rose Roedeke. But one morning she most unexpectedly visited them at Castle Ivar. She was richly dressed in the lugubrious widow's garments of that day, but was still pretty and graceful, and she looked with wonder on the lovely Agratha, then in her thirty-sixth year, and the very zenith of her beauty.

For a month she remained at Ivar, and during that time talked much of Stuyvesant, and the people with whom Agratha had been familiar; but every conversation, no matter how it began, ended with Peter Stuyvesant.

"I suppose," said Gael one day, "that the old

Governor retired from all publis affairs. Someone told me he became a farmer, and grew quiet and reserved."

Rose laughed heartily. "Who could have told you such a story?" she asked. "Truly, he had the finest farm in the country, but if you suppose he ever became quiet and reserved, you never can have known the man. Until the day of his death he managed the Domine and the Kirk, and directed all the city improvements. He became very social and companionable; for Colonel Nicolls he had a true friendship, and to the citizens generally he was an ever ready adviser and helper. They had always been proud of him, but in his private life they learned to love and to trust him."

"Was he long sick?" asked Gael.

"If he was, he made no complaint. Yet he must have known that the end was approaching, for his affairs were all in the most exact order, and he died as sweetly as a little child who is tired with play lies down and goes to sleep. Madame Stuyvesant told me he sat at the open window to the last moment. He held her hand, but he kept his eyes upon the heavens which were that summer night wonderfully full of stars, and just as Orion sank down in the west, he died."

"Peace be with him!" said Gael. "He was a great man, compelled to fight life in an arena far too small for him. He had not elbow room to compass his soul's intentions and desires. If he

had been Grand Pensioner of Holland, instead of Governor of New Netherland, he would have been a much greater man."

In a month Rose went away and they saw her no more. She had come to McAlpine hoping to be able to buy back the old home, but for many reasons she found it impossible; so she bought a pretty place on the outskirts of Edinburgh. In this city she had many cousins of three and four descents and her kind heart found kindred enough to love and to help.

At the close of the seventeenth century Gael and Agratha retired to Castle Ivar, and spent among their children, grandchildren, and Clan Ivar the last ten years of their lives. Gael was then seventy years old, and Agratha only three years younger. They had had full lives, and their hearts were satisfied with the past, and hopeful for the future. At this time the two mothers, as well as Ladarine had, in the dialect of Lancashire, "passed out of it." Madame Van Ruyven and Lady McIvar were sleeping side by side in the lonely McIvar cemetery, but Ladarine had utterly refused this last hospitality.

"I must go back to Outerby, Yorkshire, my Lord," she said to Gael. "I must be buried there, because the Gilpins must all rise together at the Judgment Day. We are a big family, and we can stand by one another whatever happens. I'm not afraid, for I've been a pious woman all

my life, though I never testified, there being no proper church at Gravesend, and Ivar just as bad off, and in London they were in such out-of-the-way places, and nothing but chairs!" She gave a little grim laugh at the memory of the chairs and their bearers. "So, someway or other, I never testified; but I am not afraid. *Them Above* are ready to make allowances. Anyways, I've been told so."

"It is a long way to Outerby, Ladarine," answered McIvar. "I would lay you beside Madame Van Ruyven. You knew her for many years."

"I never cared much for Madame Van Ruyven," she answered, "and nobody knows how long we may be dead. I could not rest in my grave, if it was dug anywhere but Outerby churchyard. Besides the dead and gone McIvars might not like a Gilpin among them. I'm sure I would feel more than a bit lonely myself, so I will go to my own. It is best so."

For the rest, my readers can easily write it for themselves; for life though it is set in an endless variety of frames, is in reality very much the same in all essentials—we suffer and enjoy, we love and hate, and work and wish, and the dream is happy or sorrowful, clear or dark, as it is given to us. A million lives would be like a million waves of the Atlantic, all alike, and yet all different. And, as every wave would finally reach

the shore, so all the lives would finally reach the grave.

Gael and Agratha lived long enough to see the entrance of that dynasty that was to annihilate the Highland Clans as a system of life and government; but all their life they were facing onward to the shadows in which their graves were hid in those lonely acres above the stormy Minch. For two hundred years now the great pines have whispered and crooned above them, and there is a granite pillar at their head on which is graven the words:

"THEY REST IN PEACE"

But do they: We have a nobler hope for them, the hope of

"The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view;
The sense of life that knows no Death,
The Life that maketh all things new."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

STUYVESANT AND ANOTHER

WHILE writing of Governor Stuyvesant this thing happened to me. I had collected from all possible sources the facts recorded of his picturesque personality, and as I began to clothe these dry bones of history with human passions, and flesh and blood purposes and ambitions, I became persistently aware of a familiarity which would not be dismissed. One day the source of this familiarity was suddenly revealed to me, and ever since, I have marvelled at the likeness between a man popularly considered dead for more than two centuries, and a man dwelling in our midst, and known to all, either by personal contact, or vivid reports and descriptions. Let any one consider the following distinctive qualities of Stuyvesant, and in all probability they will quickly remember a living man, who has all the fiery radiations of his character, modified in some cases by the spirit of a more refined age, and intensified in others by its wider knowledge.

Stuyvesant had a thorough respect for the ordinances of religion, and personally observed them.

He was a good husband, father, and brother, and a stickler for all household virtues.

He advocated early marriage and loved children.

His private morals were unimpeachable, his public ones equally beyond question.

He was a true friend, faithful through good and evil report. He was also an open enemy, he did not carry his hatred secretly. He stabbed no man in the dark.

He detested a mob government, and passionately advocated centralisation and one supreme head of public affairs.

He had a wonderfully magnetic presence. If he chose to win the crowd, no one could resist him.

Above all, he possessed a vivid straight-forward eloquence. His words were javelins, and he sent them home with such scathing, picturesque adjectives that men were compelled to listen to them.

Naturally he was a soldier, had true military instincts, and great personal courage.

He was a scholar as well as a soldier, and when released from the cares of government, became a great reader.

He had an inborn love of splendour, delighted in rich clothing, fine furniture and paintings, and a noble dwelling place.

He insisted on honouring the government with all respectful ceremonies, such as the flying of

flags, the booming of cannon, the incitement of trumpets and military music.

This was the man who two hundred and fifty years ago governed New York with a strong hand, and left behind him traditions of personal influence so powerful, that neither the advent of newer heroes, nor the crushing materialism of later times have been able to entirely discredit them. He is still believed to stamp about the streets laid over his beloved Bowery farm at all hours of the night, and unexpectedly to visit the watchmen of these streets, if not doing their duty.

Yet this personality, so vigorous and interesting after the lapse of two centuries and a half, is believed by the majority to have left this earth forever. They are sure that

"The good Knight is dust,
His sword rust,
His soul is with the saints they trust."

This trust is doubtful. Truly his soul, when it dropped the fleshly garment, called Peter Stuyvesant, as worn out and of no further use, would go first to those starry hostelries, which are provided for the comforting and instruction of good souls between their reincarnations.

Here it would rest until it had assimilated all the experiences of its late life, and recollected and reviewed the countless bodies it had made use

of, on its march onward. For the soul marches continually between two worlds, one containing all the memories of the past, the other all the hopes of the future.

A strong soul like Peter Stuyvesant's would not rest long even in Paradise; it would grow quickly weary of quiescent repose, it would soon recall the dear Earth, its struggles, victories and defeats. It would desire to strive, not to rest; to burn, not to smoulder; to win by merit, and never rest while there was more to win. No Isles of the Blest, no quiet seats of the just, no angel songs on the golden streets would satisfy. Stuyvesant would choose rather the wages of going on, even by the road of Earth's pilgrimages, battles, victories and defeats, until he reached the colossal manhood of a Son of God.

"For it is past belief, that Christ hath died
Only that we unending psalms may sing;
That all the gain Death's awful curtains hide,
Is this eternity of antheming."

They that have ears to hear and souls to understand, let them do so; they will likely find a new Peter Stuyvesant in their midst. If they cannot, there is no blame to them, for this faith of supreme justice and abounding consolations comes neither by preaching nor reading, it depends upon a spiritual condition. When the soul

is in that condition, the truth of reincarnation reveals itself naturally and spontaneously, just as a rose tree, when it has clothed its thorny branches with living leaves finds some morning among them the marvel of the rose.

THE END

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